

Clark Gable's Secret Romance! march

FEB 16 1949

modern screen

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MAGAZINE •
ELL
L MAGAZINE •

PER



Ava Gardner



Watch your Skin Grow Lovelier with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. BENJAMIN MOATS, Jr.
the former Marjorie Lehmann of Haverhill, N.H.
bridal portrait painted by *Pink Rose*

Charm and good looks, dates and romance,
can begin with a lovely skin! And your skin can be
softer, lovelier, with your very *first cake* of Camay.

Give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay
Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested mild Camay care
on scores of women—found most complexions grew
softer and smoother with just *one cake* of Camay!
Follow directions on the wrapper for a lovelier skin!

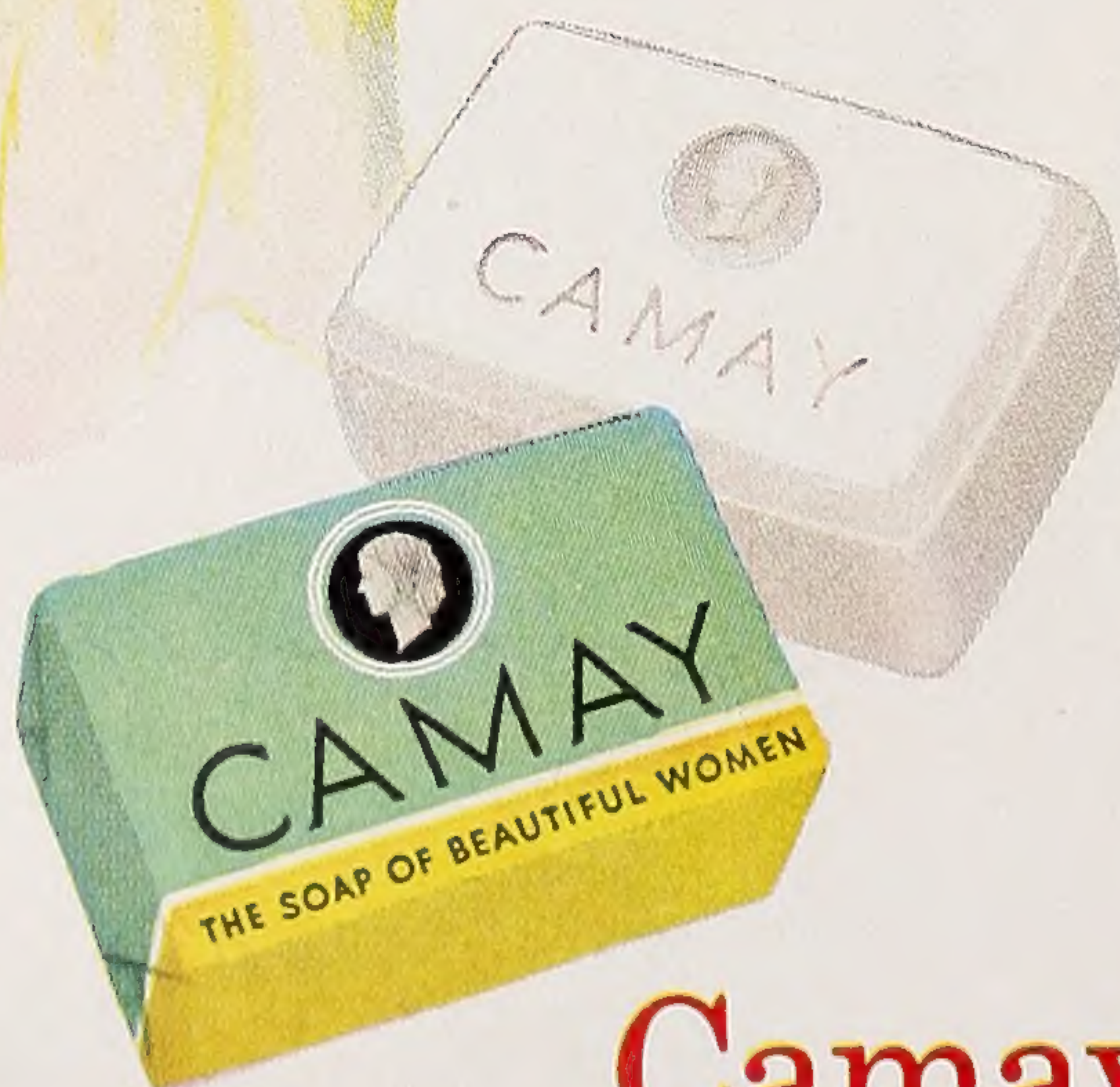


READ ABOUT A ROMANCE!

Marjorie met Ben when she
was at Skidmore—he called
with Dartmouth friends. It
was love from the start! She
thanks Camay: "My *first cake*
brought a lovelier look!"



Honeymooning at Sea Island, bride
and groom rode the ocean with-
out a tumble. But Ben's "over-
board" for Marjorie's complex-
ion. She'll stay on the Camay
Mild-Soap Diet!



Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Joan Murray shows how it can work for you, too



Sitting pretty is dateable Joan Murray, radiant 17-year-old model of Harrison, N. Y. This popular lass has a smile that wins her top honors—modeling or dating!

Of course, Joan follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . *because dentists say it works!* Her professionally approved *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .



"**The Ipana way** is easy—and fun," Joan tells friend Peggy. Dentists say it works . . . and it's simple as 1, 2:

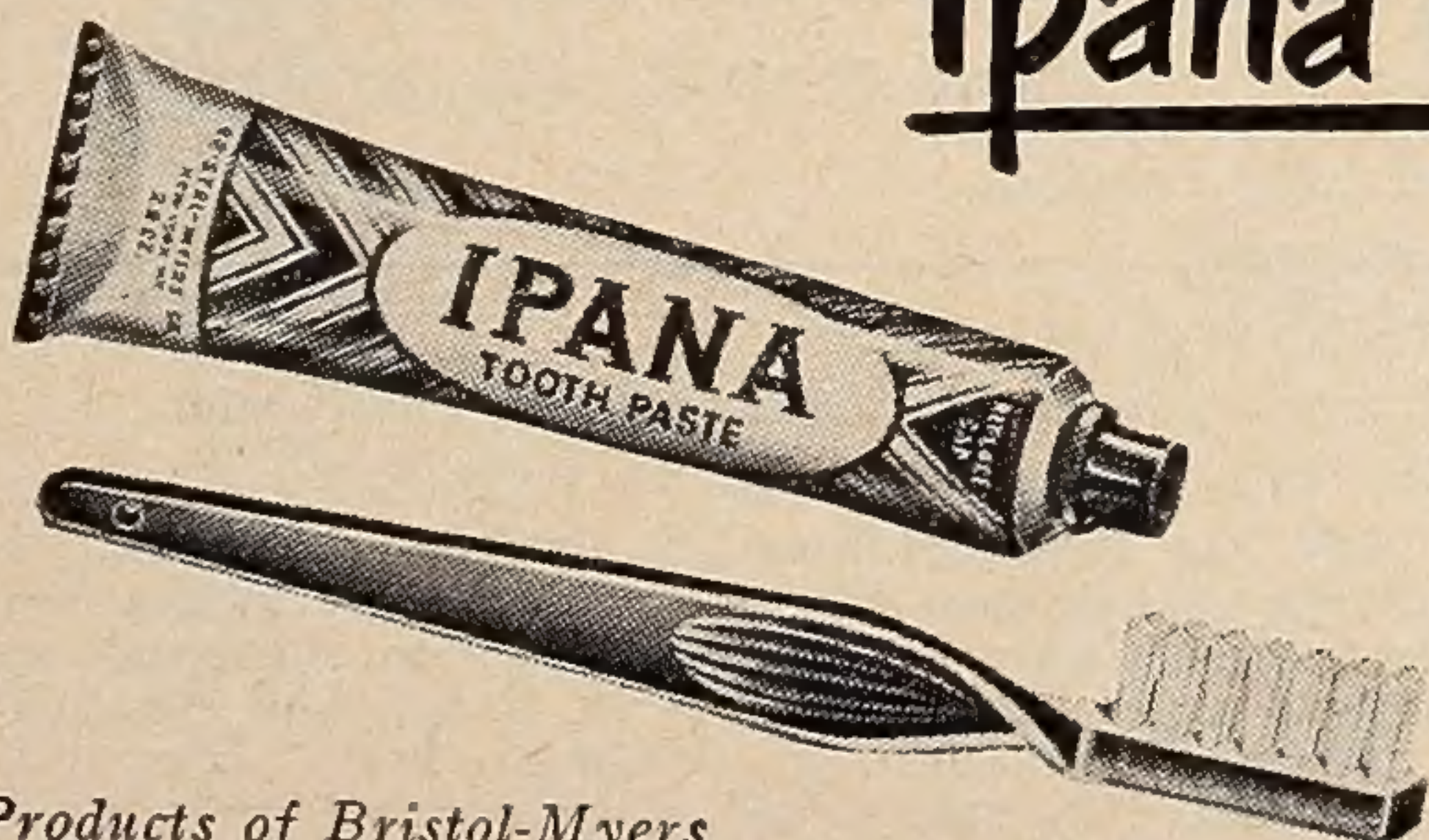
1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with *Ipana* at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (*Ipana's* unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. *Feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana* refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about *Ipana* and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes

*Healthier gums, brighter teeth**



Products of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

**In thousands of reports from all over the country.*

**Your loveliness
is Doubly Safe**



**Veto gives you
Double Protection!**

So effective ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**

MARCH, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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WADE H. NICHOLS, editor

| | |
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WATCH OUT FOR



ACT OF VIOLENCE



A shocker
of a drama
from
M.G.M.



STARRING

VAN HEFLIN • ROBERT RYAN

HIS BEST ROLE!

STAR OF "CROSSFIRE"

WITH

**JANET LEIGH • MARY ASTOR
PHYLLIS THAXTER**

Screen Play by ROBERT L. RICHARDS • Story by COLLIER YOUNG

Directed by **FRED ZINNEBANN** • Produced by **WILLIAM H. WRIGHT**

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



A MANHUNT NO WOMAN COULD STOP!

*She Took a Cruise—
but Missed the Boat!*



THIS TRIP'S A
GYP! THE WAY THE
MEN ON BOARD
BRUSH ME OFF,
I OUGHT TO GET
MY MONEY BACK!

JUDY, YOU CAN'T BLAME
THE MEN FOR STEERING A
WIDE COURSE AROUND—
AROUND BAD BREATH!
NEXT PLACE WE DOCK,
SEE A DENTIST, WON'T
YOU?



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating*
foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth
—helps clean out decaying food particles—
stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause*
of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft pol-
ishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly,
gently and *safely!*"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM'S THE TIP
THAT PUT THE ROMANCE IN MY TRIP!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before every date



To our Readers

EVER SINCE HER return from England, Lana Turner has been living quietly in Greenwich, Connecticut. Understandably, Lana's neighbors have been excited about her presence in the neighborhood. In order that their excitement and pleasure might be shared by Modern Screen's readers, we assigned Jean Kinkead to report on Lana's activities. The result is the story, "Refuge For Lana," appearing on page 46, and the somewhat gay illustration appearing at the top of this column. But as this is written, we don't feel gay. Only two hours ago, we learned that Lana had lost the baby she had been expecting. We are truly sorry about this tragic misfortune, and we extend to Lana our heart-felt sympathies. Unfortunately, we can't delete references to Lana's baby in the story appearing on page 46. A magazine is printed in sections; the section containing "Refuge For Lana" is already off the presses. All we can do, at this late hour, is to wish we could say something that would help . . .

WE HAVE A pleasant item for Hollywood's children: Kids, you can grow up now if you want to. The "awkward age" is definitely passé. Look at the way Shirley Temple, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, to name a few, waltzed through it. Look at page 64 of this magazine. Only thing you have to worry about now, kiddies, is grey hair.

IN 1945, A GIRL, name of Beverly Ott, wandered into our Hollywood office. Before she could get off the premises she was being referred to as a secretary and being given a batch of dictation. Then, before we could stop her, she'd gone back to school, wise child that she was. That was Rollins College in Florida. In the summer of '46, Bev wandered back to M. S. No questions asked, we dusted off a desk. This time she stayed a while and then started going to night school at USC. But Rollins was too much for all of us. Bev returned there in 1948 to pick up her diploma and tennis racquet. The tennis racquet is now in our New York office, as is Beverly herself, now an Assistant Editor. This kind of thing may keep up indefinitely, of course, in which case she will probably become a Ph.D and publisher of M. S. just about concurrently. In the meantime, we won't get nervous till she starts peering fondly at college catalogues again.

WE CAN'T END this without mentioning our next issue. It's a sort of present for Shirley Temple on her twenty-first birthday. We know you'll enjoy reading the stories and reminiscences about her life almost as much as we did gathering them . . . So watch for Shirley on our cover . . .

You see, girls...
I'm running
off with one of
your husbands!
Addie



A LETTER TO THREE WIVES...



...IS A PEEK INTO THE OTHER WOMAN'S ~~MAIL~~ ^{MALE}!

Jeanne Crain
Linda Darnell
Ann Sothern



*Addie is the
'other woman'
all other women
will be
talking about!



A Letter to Three Wives

(STRICTLY PERSONAL)

Promise

you won't peek-and-tell...the
ending! It's a sheer, delightful revelation!

co-starring

KIRK DOUGLAS
PAUL DOUGLAS
BARBARA LAWRENCE
JEFFREY LYNN

with Connie Gilchrist • Florence Bates • Hobart Cavanaugh

Screen Play and Direction by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ • Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL

Adapted by Vera Carbury • From a Cosmopolitan Magazine Novel by John Klemperer

20th
CENTURY-FOX

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

I think Diana Lynn was the sweetest-looking bride I ever saw, the day she said "I do" to John Lindsay, the handsome young architect.

From time to time in the past, I have frequently thought of Diana as a very self-sufficient, independent young woman. But the real sentiment in her nature came out as she planned her wedding.

First, she told Edith Head what she wanted for a wedding gown. It was to be very simple. "I don't want to look like a movie star," Diana said. "I just want to look like a happy girl."

Then she selected the small chapel on the campus of the University of Southern California for the Methodist ceremony because that is where John attended school. Only seven close friends outside of the wedding party were invited to the ceremony—but the entire chapel was as lavishly-decorated with beautiful white flowers and satin streamers as though it had been filled!

Later, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay greeted all their friends at a large reception at the home of the bride's agent and close friend, Wynn Rocamora.

In the receiving line along with Janie Withers, the bridesmaid, and Diana's parents were John's grandparents—who have been married for 52 years. They were beaming and looked every bit as happy as the bridal pair.

Among the guests, all a little dewy-eyed about the whole thing, were Mona Freeman; Betty Hutton (so cute with the shortest haircut in town); Angie Greene, wife of Stuart Martin (the best man); the Reggie Gardiners, and most of Diana's co-workers at Paramount.

* * *

Another hearts-and-flowers romance is that of 17-year-old Elizabeth (Dreamboat) Taylor and Glenn Davis. Don't bat an eyelash if the youngsters get married the first leave the former West Point footballer gets from Army service in the Far East.

Elizabeth is so deeply in love with him she isn't dating any of the lads in London where she is making *The Conspirator* with Bob Taylor.

There was a time when there might have been parental or studio objections to a wed-



On December 18, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay were married in the Methodist chapel at the University of Southern California. Diana wore a four-leaf clover gold chain around her neck. Her gown was designed by Paramount's Edith Head.



Following the ceremony, a reception was given by Diana's friend Wynn Rocamora at his home. Over 300 people attended the affair, but there were few press agents or cameramen and not many movie stars. Jane Withers was matron of honor. Betty Hutton (above) was a well-wisher.



John Bromfield, who's with Diana in Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory*, came with Corinne Calvet, his bride. Diana and her groom left early to hop a plane on their way to Nassau.



Even though Diana's bridal bouquet was mistakenly caught by a married woman, friends predict the next wedding will be that of June Haver and her constant escort, Dr. John Duzik—who were among Diana's guests.

BEAUTIFUL STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN SAYS:

"FOR DREAM HANDS
Cream your hands"



"A woman's hands are always in the spotlight. That's why... I cream mine often... with Pacquins!" says

Madeleine Carroll

TRY HER METHOD FOR JUST THREE DAYS...A 12-SECOND HAND MASSAGE WITH NON-STICKY, NON-GREASY

Pacquins Hand Cream

MORNING...NIGHT...ESPECIALLY IN HAND-ROUGHENING WINTER WEATHER

TRY IT! Massage your hands for just 12 seconds with Pacquins, every night...every morning...every time hands are chapped, weather-roughened.

You'll soon see why Pacquins is the hand beauty treatment of so many stars. Your

own hands will tell you why...they'll be smoother, softer...yes, truly romantic.

When winter cold chaps your hands, Pacquins will help soothe them, smooth them. For *dream* hands, cream, cream, CREAM your hands...with Pacquins!

Among the famous stars who use

Pacquins Hand Cream are:

LYNN FONTANNE • RISE STEVENS
VERA ZORINA • GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
JOAN BENNETT • GLADYS SWARTHOUT



CATHERINE HART, R.N. "Nurses scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. We need a cream like this. And Pacquins was originally formulated for nurses and doctors."

ALSO:
FOR EXTRA DRY SKIN
RED LABEL PACQUINS
CONTAINS LANOLIN!



ON SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS IN U.S. AND CANADA

LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS



Two-and-a-half-year-old Liza Minnelli makes her screen debut with mom, Judy Garland, in *The Good Old Summertime*, gowned by Irene.

ding, because Elizabeth is still so young.

But I think the wonderfully happy marriage of Shirley Temple and John Agar has changed all that. Married happiness and having a baby have not hurt Shirley's career one iota—and frankly, I believe the young Agars have blazed the trail for other 'teen-age marriages in our town.

* * *

While we are on the subject of Cupid—I think you'll have to look a long way before you'll find a girl as happy as Jane Powell.

A beautiful diamond engagement ring is the reason. It was given to Janie by Geary Steffan at a dinner party in the Beverly Wilshire.

Jane, who's 19, met Geary, 26, two years ago when he was her skating teacher. He used to be Sonja Henie's partner.

"I think I fell in love almost at first sight," Janie said. "He's not only handsome, but he's so nice and thoughtful."


Jane hopes the wedding will be in a few months. Meanwhile, Geary's going into business for himself in Hollywood.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: For further word of Jane's adventures, see page 66.]

* * *

Scotty Beckett, picked up on a drunken-driving charge, is so remorseful and ashamed—and has sworn to his family and his studio that it will never happen again. In fact, the kid is so low about the whole incident that immediately after it happened, MGM made a public announcement that he would not be taken out of the role of Clark Gable's son in Clark's next picture.

Mervyn Leroy, the director, said: "It's the kid's first offense. With Hollywood getting so many black eyes on all sides, it is unfortunate it happened. But taking him out of the picture would be too drastic a punishment for a boy who is so sincerely sorry. He's a good



What *really*
happened
behind the
closed door?

*... was it worth
risking murder for?*

Vicki Baum knows women! And
in this exciting story . . . based
on her famous best-selling novel,
"Mortgage On Life"—she fear-
lessly explores the souls of two!

**MAUREEN O'HARA
MELVYN DOUGLAS
GLORIA GRAHAME
BILL WILLIAMS**

in

A Woman's Secret

with

VICTOR JORY • MARY PHILIPS • JAY C. FLIPPEN

A DORE SCHARY Presentation

Produced by **HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ**

Directed by **NICHOLAS RAY**

Screen Play by **HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ**



Only one of these
men knew the
amazing truth,
that lay buried,
deep in a
woman's breast..
together with the
bullet that
struck her down!

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Chosen by MODERN SCREEN's readers as their favorite actor of the year, Alan Ladd received his trophy cup from M.S.'s editor, Wade Nichols, on the Movie Matinée radio show. That's emcee Red Benson in the center.

kid—and we believe him when he says it won't happen again."

* * *

Everybody in our town forgot the production blues and the studio shut-downs at Christmas time and the holidays were gayer than ever, it seems to me. There were parties galore—but before I tell you about them, I'd like to relate the cutest Christmas story I heard.

During the Christmas holidays, Dorothy Lamour was amazed to discover that her three-year-old son, Ridge, was plumb scared to death of Santa Claus.

Everytime she would take the little boy to a store to see the "jolly man with the whiskers," the youngster would set up a yowl of sheer terror.

Dottie, trying to pacify him, kept saying over and over, "But darling—Santa Claus is a nice, good, kind man. He is as shy as you are. You must be sweet and nice to him—don't scare him to death yelling like that."

So came the next visit.

And little Ridge screamed as loud as ever—but this is what he was yelling:

"DON'T BE AFRAID OF ME, SANTY! I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!"

"Better luck next year," sighed Dottie.

* * *

Those happily married screen writers, Mary Anita Loos and Richard Sale, came up with the first big party of the season. With the newspapers filled with front-page stories about the storms in the East—listen to this:

The local weather was so balmy the Sales used their beach home for the shindig, closed in the patio with cellophane walls and had the dinner and dancing outdoors!

You would never have suspected it was

Christmas except for the enormous, gayly-decorated tree in the living room and the crackling fireplace spreading the conventional holiday cheer.

Every time I see Shirley Temple I think she looks more attractive. She is certainly one of the "best-dressed" gals off the screen. Her clothes are one of Shirley's few extravagances—and I must say they look it.

She was a dream in a simple ice-blue satin without a gee-gaw on it—but, oh, what lines. I had a hunch it was a French model—and Shirley admitted it.

Van Johnson had the time of his life and turned out to be the life of the party. Between dances the orchestra was playing specially for Van while he went through all his dance routines from old Broadway shows. Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly couldn't have been better, or more active!

After the crowd had cheered him on his fourth exhibition, Van lay right down in the middle of the floor, gasping, "I ain't as young as I was then!"

George Sanders' fiancée, Zsa Zsa Hilton, had on the most "jools"—but then, she is a very rich girl. George seems so changed since the pretty red-headed ex-wife of the famous hotel man, Conrad Hilton, came into his life. Gone are all the cynical wise-cracks and the aloof manner.

Lucille Ball looked like her head was on fire—her hair is so violently red. She looked like a stunning poster girl in a form-fitting white dress.

I noticed that Evie Johnson is much thinner—and very becoming it is, too.

* * *

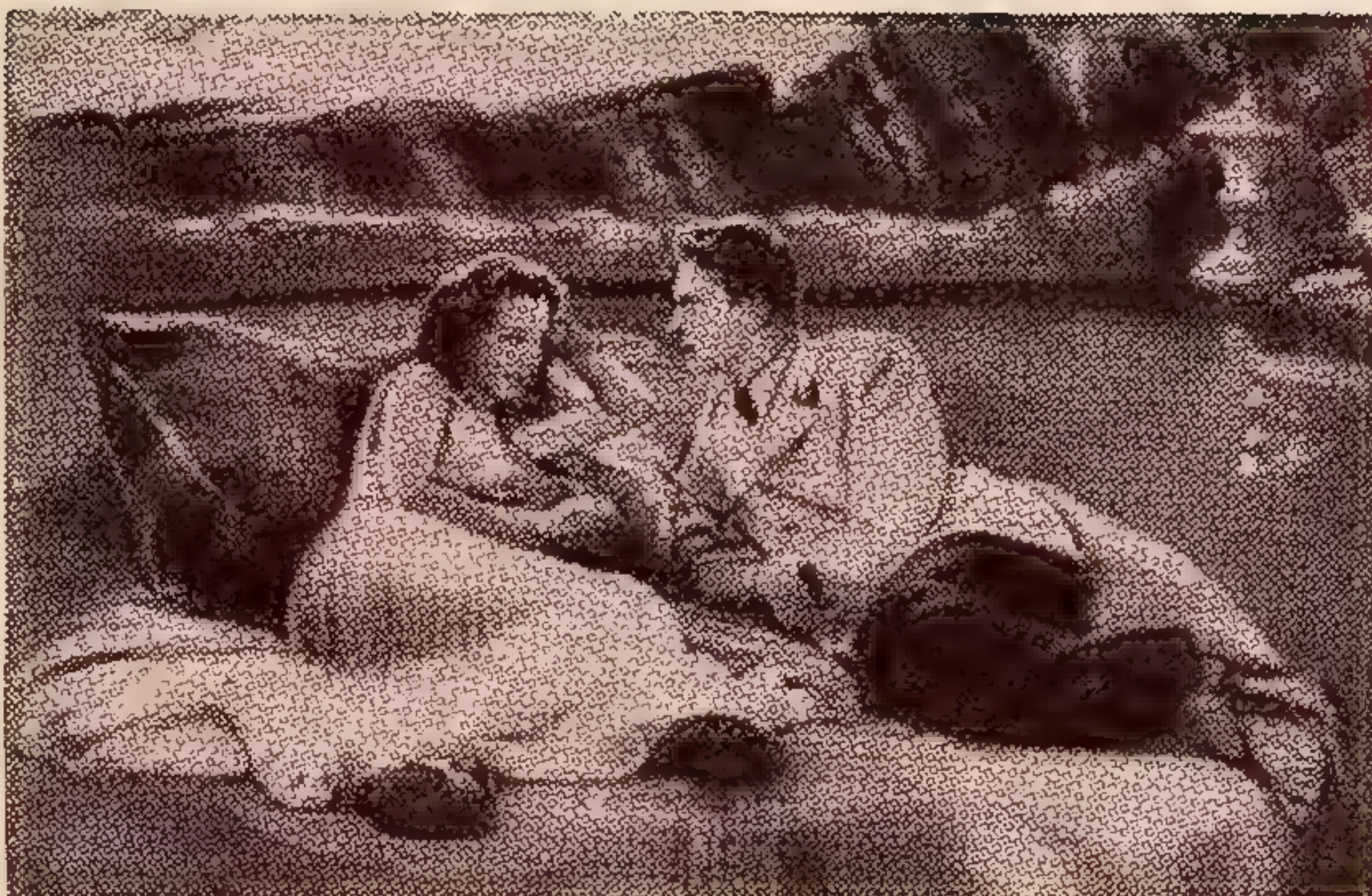
A movie star, very glamorous, but still old enough to be Farley Granger's mother, has a

On The Screen For The First Time!
ALL THE SINUOUS, SEDUCTIVE SPLENDOR OF THE SIREN OF...

THEY LIVE AGAIN!



..Legendary luxury cities!



...Exotic quarters for the Queen's favorites!



...Secret armies...ready to strike against the world!



...100 dancing hours...for the royal pleasure!

ATLANTIS!

Fabulous
land
of mystery...
Paradise
on earth...
ruled by a
ravishing,
ruthless
Siren whose
beauty
and cruelty
were her
power!

MARIA JEAN PIERRE DENNIS
Montez · Aumont · O'Keefe

in Seymour Nebenzal's

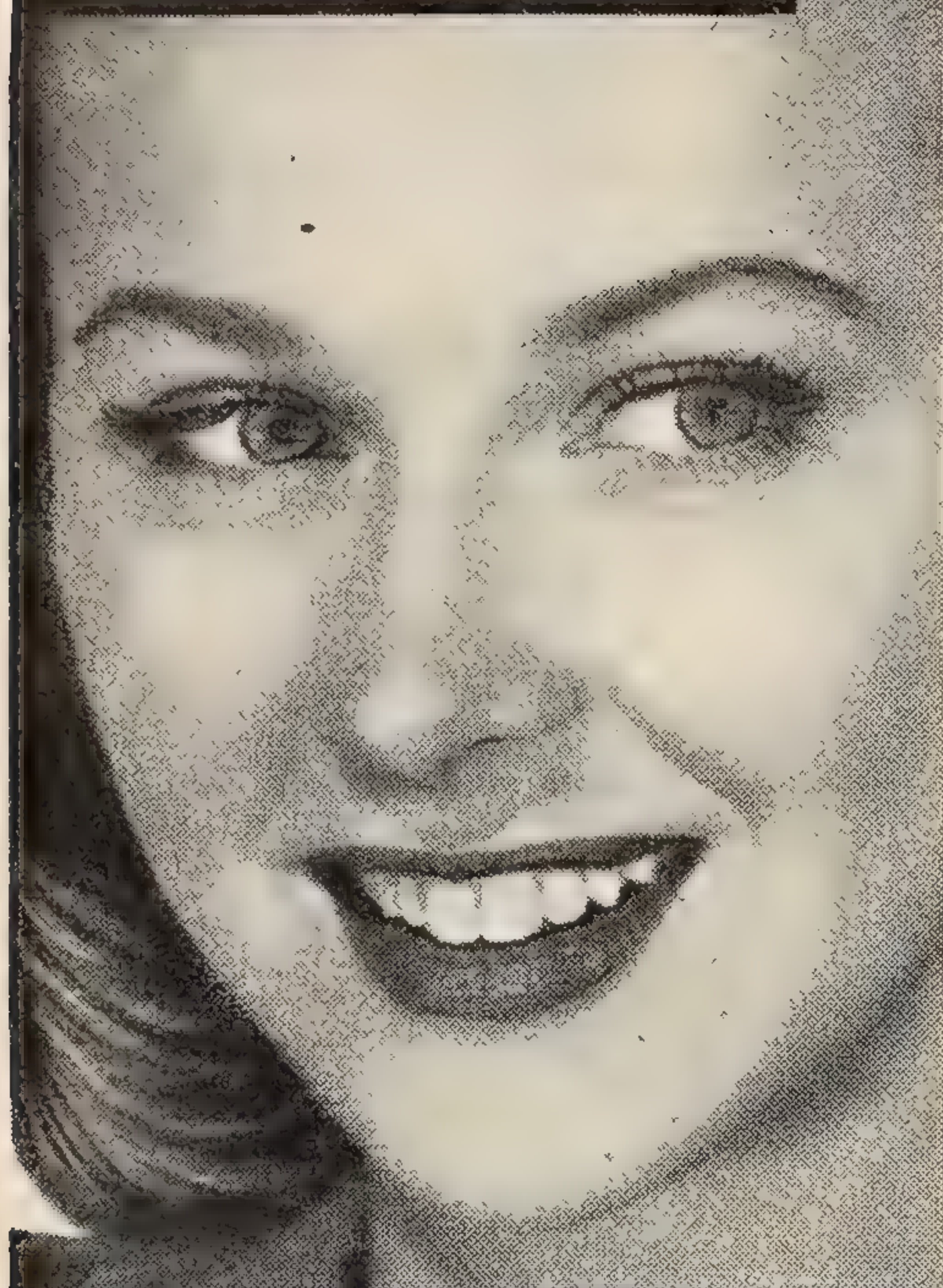
**"SIREN
OF ATLANTIS"**



Directed by **GREGG TALLAS** • Produced by **SEYMOUR NEBENZAL**

Based on the novel "Atlantida" by Pierre Benoit • Released thru United Artists

Brush up on your Smile...



USE THE BRUSH WITH

Real Nylon Bristles



Made by the makers of
DR. WEST'S
MIRACLE-TUFT 50¢

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Bob Mitchum and his wife continue to appear together in Hollywood's quieter spots. He's recently been working in *Operation Malaya*.



Jewelry which Ava Gardner wears in *The Great Sinner* was whipped up by studio prop experts. Real gems would be worth \$50,000.



Cindy Lou Bayes discusses her new Conover contract with Charles Korvin. She won it in the Miss Stardust contest, topping 28,000 entrants.



Sponnie is the piglet's name and Thad Swift is training him for a television show. Frank Sinatra thinks he may become a ham actor.

yen for him. But Farley isn't looking in that direction.

When the lady subtly conveyed word to him that she was agreeable to a dinner and dancing date, he just didn't come up for air.

The girls he takes out are definitely around his own age—Pat Neal and Shelley Winters among them.

I hear he has flatly informed press agents that he has not the slightest intention of showing up at the Mocambo or at Ciro's with a "name" star just for the publicity. Good boy.

* * *

No couple in Hollywood gets a bigger kick out of anniversaries and birthdays and giving a party than Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. Maybe that's the main reason their parties are so good. There's nothing that puts a damper on guests like slightly blasé hosts—and that "ain't" Dinah and George.

When the guests started arriving for their fifth wedding anniversary, they were greeted by the spectacle of a brand new automobile (Dinah's gift to George) standing in the driveway tied around the middle with a huge satin ribbon and bow on top!

Inside the big early-American living room the fireplace was blazing away and already

gathered around were the Ray Millands, Ann Sothorn, Eleanor Parker, the Edgar Bergens, the Danny Kayes, the Eddie Cantors, Teresa Wright and about 50 others.

I've noticed that Dinah never calls on her talented guests to perform at her parties—and she never gives with a song herself.

Dinah never drinks, either. So, it was a highlight of the evening when Ray (*Lost Weekend*) Milland told her it was bad luck not to drink to your own anniversary and she downed a glass of champagne. Like most people who don't drink—she didn't sip it. Just down the hatch to get it over in a hurry!

The food in that house is always enough to put five pounds on you just looking at it. The buffet table groaned with exotic delicacies—but I noticed the old-fashioned pot roast and potato pancakes and the corn pudding got the most "repeats."

Try those old-fashioned dishes on your own buffet sometime. They certainly go over.

* * *

If you think that the lions and leopards who work in films are as gentle as oversized kittens—listen to this:

Pretty Tanis Chandler "rehearsed" with the

New!

Introducing the Beauty Discovery of the Century... **PENATEN**

in **Woodbury De Luxe** Face Creams



—a revelation in skin care!
—cleanses, brightens, softens as never before!

Now, from Woodbury scientists comes PENATEN—newly developed penetrating ingredient. Here in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams are just-discovered formulas—for deeper, cleaner cleansing!—for superb richer softening!—for sheerest make-up flattery! Your happy promise of flawless new skin beauty!

PENATEN
penetrates deeper
into
pore openings

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream
...incomparable cleaner cleansing!
PENATEN makes this De Luxe Cold Cream deeper-cleansing. Helps cleansing oils *actually* penetrate deeper into pore openings. Seeks out clogging soil and make-up more effectively. With your first jar of Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream, your skin will be fresh and beauty-clean...as never before!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream
...superb richer softening!
Magically, PENATEN aids the skin absorb rich emollients in this De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. Lanolin's softening benefits... four more skin softeners... penetrate deeper into pore openings. Tiny lines soften. Flaky roughness smooths. Your skin looks gloriously younger!

Jars dressed in pink-and-gold elegance. Trial sizes, 20¢ to largest luxury sizes, \$1.39. Plus tax.



Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.

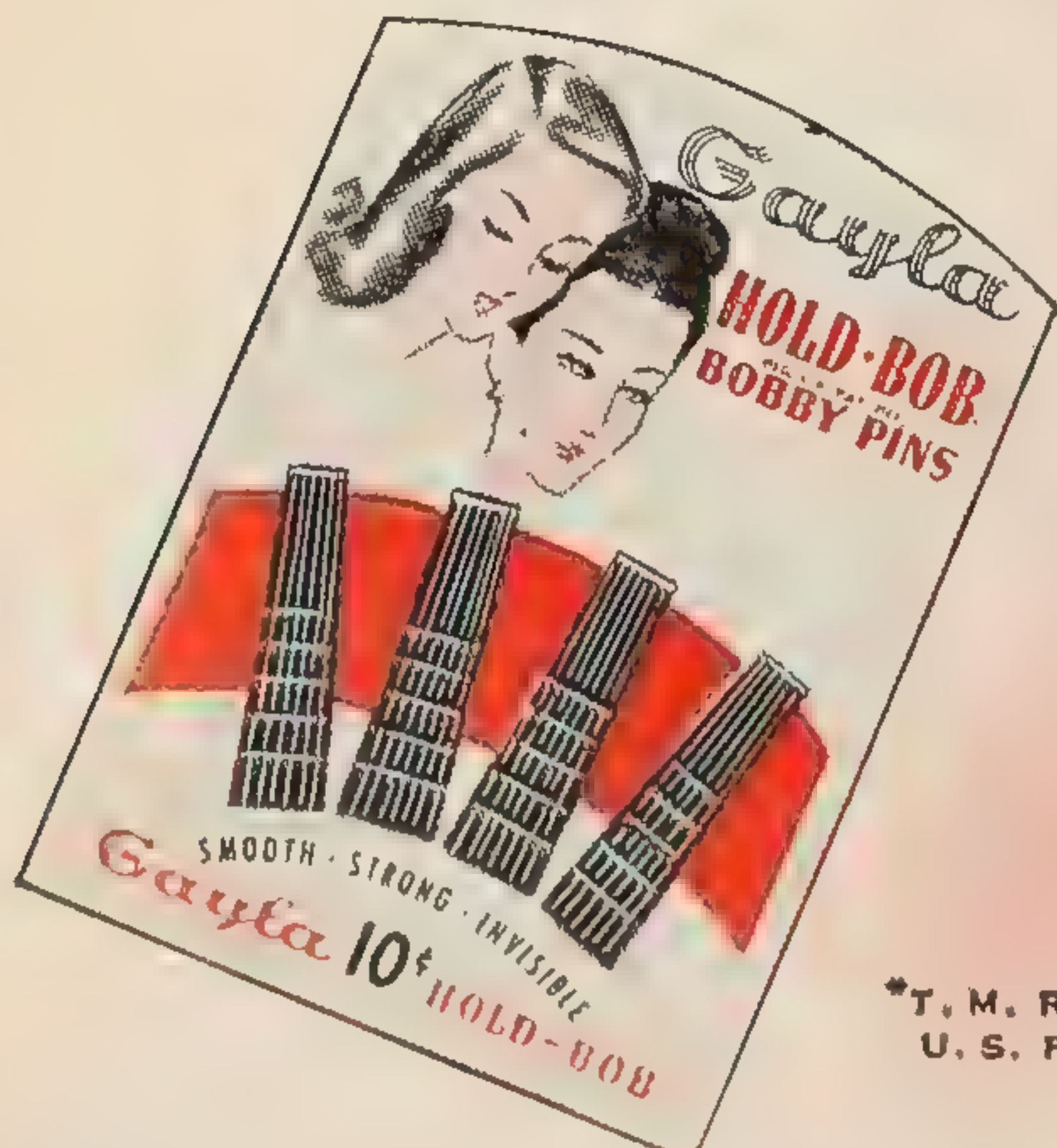
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

big cats out at Trader Horn's Wild Animal Farm for almost a month so they would get used to her before production started on *I Tamed A Lion*.

The little French-born star was carrying a monkey on her arm when she got too close to a cage, and a leopard viciously struck out at her through the bars. Tanis was badly clawed on the arm. But the gal is game. Next week she was back at work—but keeping an eye on the tabbies, let me tell you.

* * *

Close-up of Ava Gardner: She's the darling of the studio fitting rooms. Stands for hours getting pinned and tucked without a murmur. . . . She still can't quite believe she is a big star. Calls all the producers and studio executives "Mister." . . . She's forgetful and hasn't yet changed her charge accounts from "Mrs. Ava Rooney"—although she and the Mick have been divorced for years. . . . Can't stand audible apple-eating, gum-chewing or cracker-nibbling. . . . If operations are too graphically described, she gets sick at her stomach. . . . Still owns an autographed picture from Jean Harlow which she wrote for when she was a wide-eyed fan herself. . . . When the radio is playing, she dances around the room by herself, if there is no

dancing partner handy. . . . She never flares up with temper. But her feelings are easily hurt. . . . She likes to date young actors (particularly Howard Duff) because they speak her language. She enjoys talking shop after hours and admits it. She doesn't like even pretending to be interested in the insurance business or in real estate or in other careers of escorts outside the movie industry. . . . She has "sprees" of candy-eating, polishing off an entire layer at one time. Then she won't touch it for weeks. . . . She likes for heads to turn when she walks into a night club or theater. Makes her feel like a "movie star." . . . She is constantly borrowing nickels for telephone calls or 50 cents for the powder-room girl, but she always pays it back. . . . Someday, in about 10 years, she would like to play Sadie Thompson in *Rain*. . . . Anything beautiful—a sunset, a snatch of a lovely song, a poem, a fine painting—will bring a quick tear of appreciation to her eyes. . . . She wisecracks a lot to hide the fact that she's a profound sentimentalist at heart. . . . Her creed is: "Never hurt anyone—and then, you can never hurt yourself."

* * *

Dorothy Lamour won the Hollywood

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Our April, May and June issues are practically yours right now, if you'll just take a few minutes to fill out the questionnaire below. MODERN SCREEN is interested in the stars you like to read about, so let us know your favorites—in a hurry. Remember, the first 500 to return the questionnaire to us, will find the April, May, and June issues in their mail-boxes. For free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our MARCH ISSUE? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| <i>I'm Not Married</i> by Guy Madison | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>A Woman's Place</i> (Rosalind Russell) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>She'll Never Stop Fighting</i> (Ginger Rogers) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Strange Loves of Hedy Lamarr</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Clark Gable's Secret Romance</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>State of the Reunion</i> (John Payne-Gloria De Haven) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Soldier of God</i> (Colleen Townsend) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>No Time for Fun</i> (Jane Powell) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Venus in Blue-Jeans</i> (Ava Gardner) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>End of the Beginning</i> (Mark Stevens) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Refuge for Lana</i> (Lana Turner) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Awkward Age</i> (Margaret O'Brien) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Good Skates</i> (Roddy McDowall, Donald O'Connor, Farley Granger, etc.) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Picture of the Month</i> (Portrait of Jennie) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>How Sweet is Sixteen?</i> (Peggy Ann Garner) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Boy Gets Girl</i> (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) | <input type="checkbox"/> | | |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am years old

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BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the \$15 beauty shop wave? See answer below.)



Compare Toni with any other permanent – any home wave, any beauty shop wave – and you'll find there's no finer wave at any price!

The secret of lovelier hair is yours – with a Toni Home Permanent. For your Toni wave is so soft, so easy to manage, so *natural-looking* that people will probably ask if you have naturally curly hair! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

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Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month another two million women use Toni Home Permanent.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?

Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon solution. Instead it's a mild creme lotion – made especially

for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into beautifully soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni, you can have just the amount of curl you want . . . from a loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets.

How long will my TONI last?

Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only \$2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just \$1 . . . yet *there is no finer wave at any price.*

Which twin has the TONI?

Lovely Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I want a permanent that's soft and natural-looking right from the start. And that's just the way my Toni is!"



NOW over ²/_X million women a month use Toni

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Jinx Falkenburg makes her entrance into blockaded Berlin. Irving Berlin and Bob Hope assist her. They flew there to entertain occupation forces and airlift personnel at Christmas.

Women's Press Club golden apple as "the most cooperative actress of 1948" in a walk-away—and it couldn't happen to a nicer girl.

Glenn Ford won honors as the good boy—but Glenn came in on a photo finish with Burt Lancaster and won by just a handful of votes.

The booby prizes as the "least cooperative" stars went to Rita Hayworth and Errol Flynn—and they had no competition for the dubious honors.

There was a big to-do about Shirley Temple being on the list of "least cooperative" actresses—which is hard for me to believe. I've always found her to be most helpful and willing to be interviewed.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: So have I!]

But Shirley did not take the rumor that she was in the doghouse, lying down. She telephoned the press ladies and said she wanted to appear before them and find out actual cases of when she had failed to cooperate! I like her fighting spirit and, as I said before, I'm sure where Shirley is concerned, it must have been a big misunderstanding.

* * *

I don't know whether to laugh or cry over what Rita Hayworth is doing to her career.

It's a fantastic story—of that once too-plump little dancer who started out practically dancing for her supper in the patio of the old Agua Caliente hotel, who's on the verge of marrying an Indian prince—heir to one of the great fortunes of the world.

Before she left Hollywood with Ali Khan to spend the holidays at his fabulous horse-breeding farm in Ireland, Rita is supposed to have said:

"Who wouldn't prefer pushing a button for whatever you want instead of getting up at dawn to make movies?" She didn't say it to me, so I do not know whether it is true or not.

But it's hard for me to reconcile that frame of mind, with the Rita I have known, the girl who was so proud of her career and of the way she had pulled herself up to an enviable place in the sun by her dancing boot straps.

Less than a year ago, when I interviewed her, she told me, "Through my own efforts I have earned one of the greatest things life has to offer—independence. I am my own woman. No man is doing my thinking or living for me." And she said it with such pride.

I wonder if she has made a decision that will really bring her happiness? Untold riches are at her feet after Ali's divorce, when he's free to marry her. And she must be in love with him to have left herself open to so much criticism by "accidentally" showing up with him in all corners of the globe.

But she is giving up a great deal that can be measured in values beyond money—the solace of good work, achievement, being her "own woman."

Rita, Rita—as an old friend, I wonder. . . .

* * *

That's all for this month. And, as always, thanks for your letters. The letter scoreboard this month reads:

Lots of mail on Robert Mitchum—pro and con.

An upsurge of interest in Farley Granger. Ditto for Ann Blyth.

And Rita Hayworth should read some of my mail on her recent escapades!

Well, keep right on speaking your mind—I certainly enjoy all your letters.

AROUND AND AROUND IT GOES (and where it will stop nobody knows)



GOING aboard the *Britannic* in N.Y. with her four-year-old daughter Rebecca, Rita Hayworth adds new chapter to her royal romance.



GOING from *Britannic* to land in Queenstown, Eire, Rita tried to avoid press, when queried stated she was very fond of Prince Ali Khan.



GONE? Alone but aboard the *Britannic* was Ali (center). It was reported that he and Rita spent Xmas together in County Kildare, Eire.



FURS BY ESTHER DOROTHY

Suddenly, on every hand—
This luxury polish! So low priced!

Wondrous NAIL BRILLIANCE BY CUTEX *only 25¢**

If you love luxury—utter luxury—you're the Nail Brilliance type.

No other polish offers so much . . . not even the most expensive polishes! See how many extras! Steady-based beauty of a bottle. Long-handled "artist's" brush for smooth-and-easy application. Miracle wear! Ten devastating, fadeless colors!

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Imagine! A lipstick as wickedly flattering to your lips as Nail Brilliance is to your hands! Silkier-than-silk texture! Clinging-vine *cling*! Vibrant color-intensity! Colors to complement Nail Brilliance . . . compliment *you*. Only 49¢*. *PLUS TAX.



LADD'S IN THE WEST... IN TWO-GUN TECHNICOLOR!



Here's a LADD you've always dreamed about—quiet, gentle-like—but the most feared man on the wild frontier! Afraid of nothing but the woman who loved him!

Filmed on a scale to rival the never-to-be-forgotten "Union Pacific"!

ALAN LADD

ROBERT PRESTON · BRENDA MARSHALL

DONALD CRISP

in
**"Whispering
SMITH"**

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

A Paramount Picture with

WILLIAM DEMAREST

Fay Holden · Murvyn Vye · Frank Faylen

Associate Producer Mel Epstein · Directed by Leslie Fenton

Screenplay by Frank Butler and Karl Kamb · Based on the Novel by Frank H. Spearman

state of the reunion

Gloria always wanted
so much—she wanted John
and the children and
the glitter of Hollywood.
But John said she couldn't
have them all. Now he's
changed his mind . . .

BY MORGAN MacNEIL



Together again after their third separation, the Paynes (married in 1945) are compromising. Gloria will have her career, but will keep it outside the home.

■ The latest reconciliation of John Payne and Gloria De Haven was announced on November 28th of last year after Gloria had already filed for divorce. John merely sat down and sent a telegram to several columnists, saying, "John Payne and Gloria De Haven have reconciled and are now living together again." (Florabel Muir had predicted this would happen in the story called "Parting Is Such Sorrow" in the January MODERN SCREEN—which went to press a few days before the reconciliation.)

That announcement was received with a good deal of happiness in the movie colony, largely because Hollywood has known for a long time that Gloria De Haven has always been in love with her husband. She has loved him tempestuously, passionately, with the singular ardor of a young girl who has known true love only once.

Even when she sought her freedom and filed for divorce, even when she went dancing with Peter Lawford and Jerry Lewis and other young bloods around town, even when she journeyed to New York with June Allyson and dated the flip Manhattanites whose main interest in life is the escorting of beautiful women to the Stork Club or the Colony or the Maisonette Room of the St. Regis—even then, she was in love with the tall, proud guy from Roanoke, Virginia.

And he with her. That's why they've come back together—the bond between them is yet too strong to be rent asunder, their children still cry out for the care and guidance of both parents, they still think that with understanding and compromise and perseverance their marriage can again be a joyful going concern.

As 1949 gets under way, John Payne and Gloria De Haven are taking up their marriage on a new basis. "Each of us," declares Gloria, "is to have a separate professional career. John will go his way as a free-lance actor or as a producer of his own independent productions—and I'll go mine as an actress under contract to MGM. We know that two acting careers in one family usually (Continued on page 113)

He's married,
he isn't married,
he is married—
that's what the columnists
say. Now, Guy
himself sets the
record straight in this
remarkable story.

I'M NOT MARRIED

by Guy Madison

■ I go out with Gail Russell. I have gone out with her almost from the time we first met three years ago. We are not married.

The way I am, when I go with a girl I "go steady"—whether the girl goes steady or not, which may or may not be a good thing. The point is, if I'd shifted about—gone with one girl, then another, and then back again with Gail—there'd have been no need for writing this story. Everyone would have said, "That's typical of Hollywood"—and that would have been the end of it. But so far, I haven't been the kind of guy who operates that way. Maybe I'll change. I sure don't expect to, but you never can tell.

The three statements in the first paragraph truly represent the facts of my romance with Gail Russell. I know only too well that they're not the statements you hear in Hollywood about us. Every now and then the same report is heard: Gail and I are married. There are several versions of how this happened. We eloped to

Las Vegas. We ran off to Mexico and there, in some small village consisting of three 'dobe huts and a cantina, we were wed by a local mustachioed justice. Or we slipped away to my home town of Bakersfield, California, and there, with the aid of cooperative local officials, we were married secretly.

I think I was personally responsible for the last report of this kind—broadcast on a Sunday a few months ago to the whole country. At a party held just the day before the broadcast, someone came up to me—a male guest—and asked, "Say, why don't you marry Gail Russell?"

I should have answered carefully. Instead, I chose to kid him. "I guess you don't read the columnists," I replied, "or you'd know I married Gail a year ago."

"No!" he cried, and was gone. Another guest came up and I forgot about the first man. The next day came the broadcast



GUY AND GAIL HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR THREE YEARS, YET THEIR BUSY CAREERS HAVE GIVEN THEM COMPARATIVELY FEW OPPORTUNITIES TO BE TOGETHER.

—and my joking remark was given as the real inside dope!

I denied the report, as usual. Gail denied it. (Or, as I remember, this time she just stayed in hiding.) And, as usual, nobody paid any attention to us. Nobody ever has. It's a good thing we don't doubt each other the way the rest of Hollywood seems to doubt us.

So let me state it here again, for anyone who may be interested: *I am not married*. And let me add—again for the benefit of anyone who may care to know—that if and when I decide to get married I will announce it loudly and proudly!

I've been doing a lot of thinking since this all started, and I believe I know what's causing most of the talk. If I'm right, it's less of a reflection on Gail and me than it is on Hollywood for being unwilling to understand the problems confronting young people in pictures today.

"Of course they're married! They've been going together for three years. That would be an overlong engagement period in the most conservative circles in the country—let alone Hollywood. You can't tell *me* they're not married!"

That seems to be the general opinion. The answer is simple. Yes, I have been going out with Gail almost since we met, three years ago—but *we have not been going together for three years!*

Right from the beginning, our romance has consisted of a day or two together, followed by many, many weeks of separation because of work. That's show business in Hollywood today; that's how a boy and girl go together out here when they're both starting out in pictures! The wonder is not that we haven't married—the wonder is that we've continued going together despite the little time we've had for ourselves.

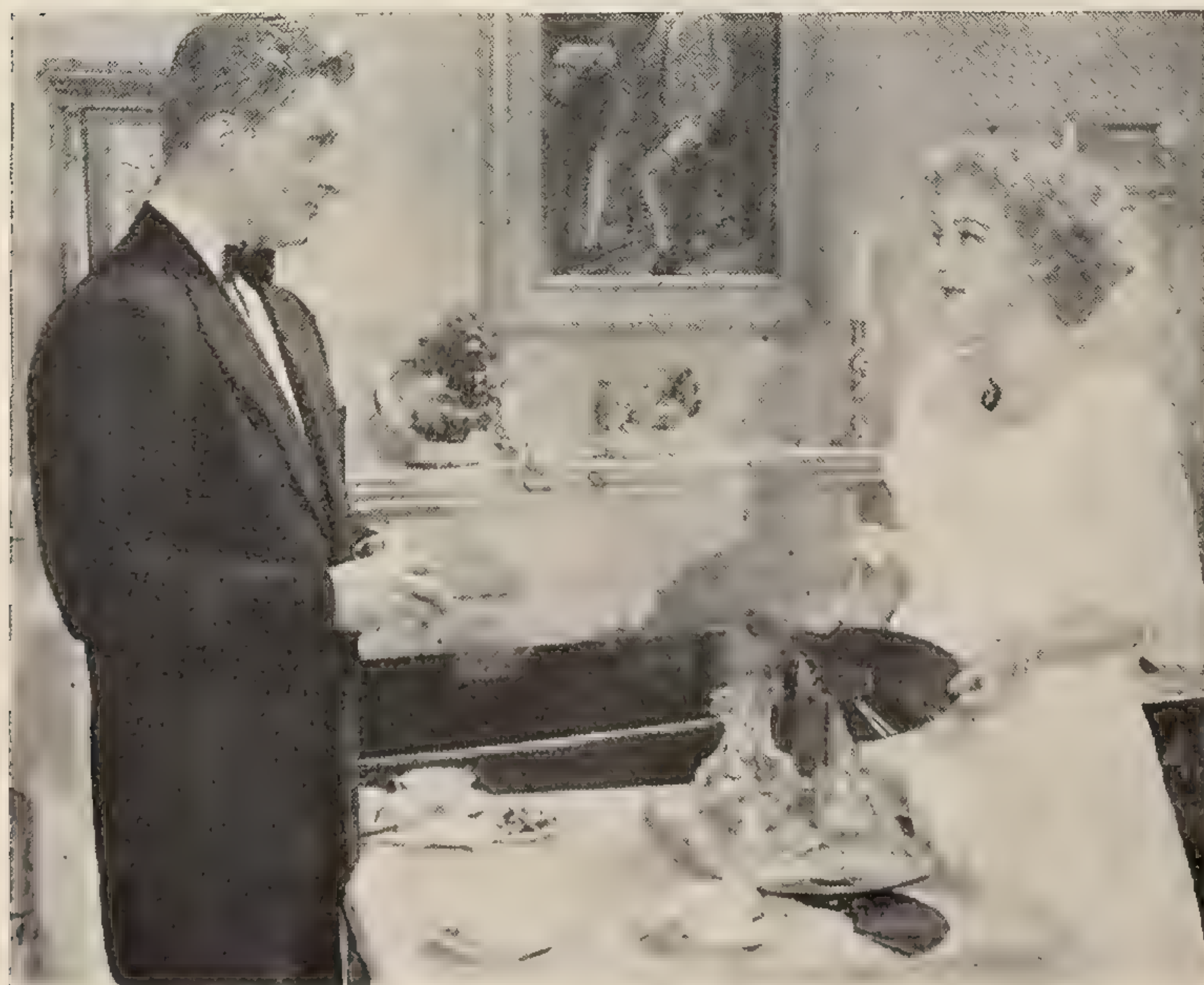
I have a boyhood friend, Danny Shull, (*Continued on page 115*)

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



The three wives concerned in *A Letter to Three Wives* are Linda Darnell, Ann Sothern and Jeanne Crain. Linda (above) is wed to Paul Douglas—who's not too interested in her spiritual side.



Ann Sothern's mate is Kirk Douglas. He's a school-teacher, and their harmony is as shattered as that record over Ann's wanting to write a soap opera—a form of art he looks down on.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES

They'll probably call this a "woman's picture," but it's fascinating. Lady named Addie has a letter delivered to three wives. In it, she says she's leaving town and taking one of their husbands along. The three girls—Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern and Linda Darnell—are starting off on a day-long excursion with a bunch of under-privileged kids, none of them wants to admit she's scared and go home, so they face out the day, each with her private thoughts. Jeanne's married to Jeffrey Lynn; she thinks maybe he's tired of her. She was a farm girl before they married; he's always had money and social position. Ann's married to Kirk Douglas, a high-school English teacher. They fight a lot because she writes a soap opera to piece out their income. He says soap opera's a menace; she says you can't feed children with high ideals and good grammar. Linda's husband is Paul Douglas, who owns a chain of department stores. Linda came from the wrong side of the tracks; Douglas married her because he couldn't get her any other way. As for whose husband leaves whom, wait and see. The pace of the movie, the flashbacks, are consistently interesting, funny, even exciting. There are performances by Connie Gilchrist as Linda's mother, and Thelma Ritter as a maid named Sadie, that are nothing short of magnificent. These two (drinking beer in the kitchen of the house down by the railroad tracks, shaking up and down heroically as the trains go by) are worth three times the price of admission. Incidentally, Hollywood should give Ann Sothern more good parts. She's very nearly the cutest, smartest-looking girl out there.—20th-Fox



Jeanne Crain has Jeffrey Lynn for a husband. He's rich and social, while she ain't, and she begins to think maybe the guy has become bored with her.

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Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster
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Command Decision: Brigadier General Clark Gable has the terrible Air Force duty of sending flyers out on missions on which many must die.

COMMAND DECISION

Command Decision calls for that pompous word, "splendid." Everybody's cast perfectly, and the dialogue is magnificent. Since it's a war picture, it's grim. You won't hum, as you leave the theater—that's fair warning. Clark Gable plays an American brigadier general left by his superior, Major General Walter Pidgeon, in charge of Air Force operations over Germany. A certain "Operation Stitch" has been planned for some time. It's an operation necessary in order to knock out three German cities which are manufacturing aircraft superior to American aircraft. But the three German cities are deep in the Reich, beyond the protection of American fighter planes. Now, the campaign will take several days, and good weather is vital to any kind of success, so when the weather experts inform Gable that a few fine days are coming up, he orders "Operation Stitch" begun. In two days, the losses are so huge, everyone's appalled. The talk is that Gable's power-crazy; that he doesn't care how many lives he wastes. Pidgeon returns, upset. He's more diplomatic than Gable, he's used to juggling tea-cups and buttering up the right hostesses to get to important people—people who can help Air Power appropriations. He's just as concerned about the war as Gable, but they do their fighting along different lines. He wants "Operation Stitch" called off. A Congressional investigating committee's in the act of descending upon them, and he'd like the losses to look a little less horrifying for a few days. Gable claims that delaying "Stitch" means losing the good weather, and not knowing when good weather will come again. Whichever way the decision is made, men lose their lives. If it's done Gable's way, possibly it will mean a few men today, to have many men tomorrow. Some of the actors involved—John Hodiak, as a colonel, and Cameron Mitchell, as a lieutenant—give such quiet, forceful performances, they should both have medals. Van Johnson's excellent as

Gable's aide, Charles Bickford plays a reporter, Edward Arnold a horrible congressman, and Brian Donlevy a brigadier general and a gentleman.—MGM.

CRISS-CROSS

Some of the most fantastic dialogue in the whole wide world turns up here. Our hero, Burt Lancaster, comes home to Los Angeles (he's been away for a year, trying to forget his divorced wife, Yvonne de Carlo) only to discover that he's still haunted by memories. He talks to himself. It goes like this. "You're eating an apple. You get a piece of the core stuck between your teeth. You tear a piece of cellophane off a pack of cigarettes, try to work the apple out. The piece of cellophane gets stuck too. . . . I knew I was going to see Anna. . . ." A little later, one of the other characters involved says (of Lancaster), "He's got her in his bones." And while you're attempting to figure whether she's in his teeth or his bones, the story unwinds. Since the divorce, Yvonne has been hanging around with a gambler (Dan Duryea). She still loves Burt, but she marries Dan out of spite, when Burt says a few mean things to her. Dan leaves town on a trip, Burt and Yvonne see each other (he seems to like her better when she's somebody else's wife) and when Dan comes home, he decides to wipe Burt out. Burt says, wait a minute, let's go into business, you're a big crook, and I'm a guard on an armored car, why shouldn't we be friends? This suits Dan. Together, they work out a robbery scheme, and it goes off flawlessly until Dan shoots down Burt's fellow-guard (Griff Barnett) in cold blood. Then Burt gets mad, and wrecks the whole works, and he lands up in the hospital acclaimed a public hero. A cop friend of his—ex-friend, anyway (Stephen McNally)—realizes Burt was involved in the robbery plot, though it looks to the world as if he'd been busily defending the payroll when the bad men struck. So

New lotion sensation a beauty miracle for your WHOLE HAND!



BEAUTIFIES SKIN

New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly — protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

SMOOTHS KNUCKLES

Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast — never feels sticky!

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Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

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Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs . . . try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

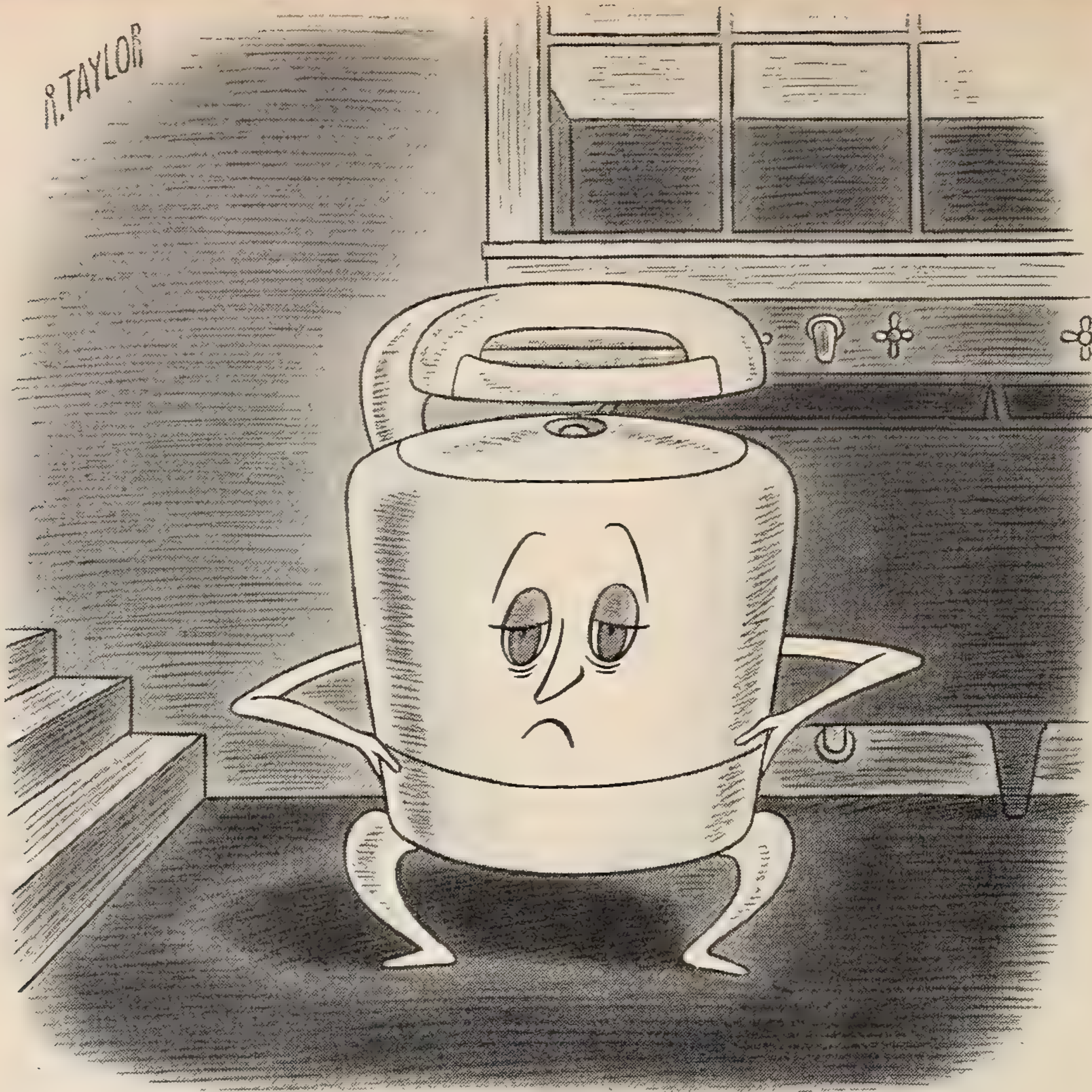
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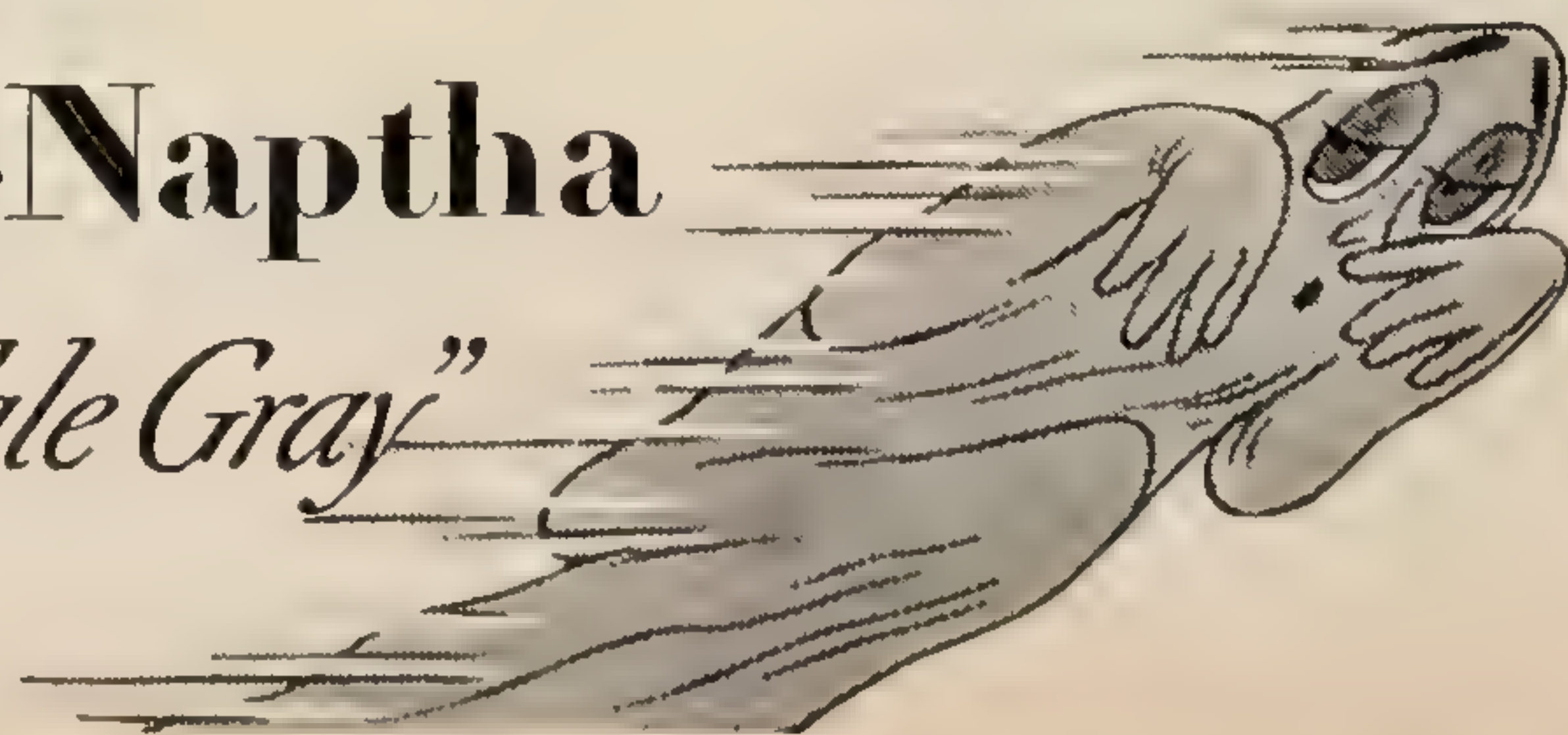
"Seems to me it's about time I had some capable help on this job. After all, I don't ask for *too* much . . . just some Fels-Naptha Soap."



Golden bar or Golden chips

Fels-Naptha

banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Criss-Cross: Criminal Burt Lancaster finds he still loves his ex-wife, Yvonne de Carlo.

you know Burt's going to get it in the end—either from the cops or from Dan's gang (Dan's still alive and kicking). So you know, but you don't really care.—Univ.

A KISS IN THE DARK

If you can believe the story of *Kiss in the Dark*, you've won half your battle with the movie. David Niven's a concert pianist whose manager buys him an apartment house. (His manager invests all his money, because Niven's considered a feeble-minded child about anything but music.) When the manager (Joseph Buloff) goes away for a while, the ex-owner of David's new apartment house comes to call on David. This ex-owner (Victor Moore) considers the house his baby, and he wants to make sure David will treat the tenants right. Maybe David would even put in a roof garden, and a recreation hall, and a day nursery. . . . David's apathetic until he gets a load of photographers' model Jane Wyman (she lives in the apartment house) and then it's love. He gives up the stuffy old world he's been living in, and he goes out to listen to swing music, by gosh. His old teacher (Maria Ouspenskaya) advises him to do just this, as a matter of fact. "Don't let *that*," she says, nodding toward the piano, "dominate your life as it did mine. Don't get old and lonely." Since, by Madame's admission, she's older than almost anybody, at the time we meet her, and since she's in the process of being given a party by her many friends and admirers, and since she's considered one of the world's foremost musicians, and has behind her a long and glorious career, it's a little hard to be sorry for her. She's neither in the poor-house nor the old folks' home. However, David gets the point (more than I did) and changes his ways. He haunts his new apartment house, plays the piano loudly to get rid of an undesirable tenant (Brod Crawford), trains lowbrow Jane to like a high-class piece of music like "A Kiss in the Dark," and finally marries her, despite the protests of her loutish insurance-salesman-boy-friend, Wayne Morris. After which, deciding a man can have his cake and eat it, too, he and Jane depart on a concert tour. (First, though, he knocks



A Kiss in the Dark: Longhair pianist David Niven is introduced to jazz by Jane Wyman.

down his manager, who's tried to prevent the romance, and then he knocks down Wayne Morris, who's ditto. (David's allowed Wayne to insure his, David's, hands, you see.) Maybe while he's on tour, he'll discover he prefers socking people to playing the piano, and then we have a sequel, in which he plays a boxer (man, not dog).—Warners

JOHN LOVES MARY

John Loves Mary, the movie, must be a lot like *John Loves Mary*, the play, was. Most of the characters stand around in one room, while other characters arrive, depart, make off-stage noises, and come rushing in with dramatic stories about what happened to them down the street a piece. Why the movies don't make more use of their facilities, when translating from the cramped stage, I can't understand. Which still doesn't mean that *John Loves Mary* isn't pretty funny. It concerns Ronald Reagan, a soldier who's come back from the war to marry the girl he loves (Patricia Neal), a senator's daughter. Only trouble is that his best friend, Jack Carson, the man who saved Reagan's life in battle, has returned to the United States long before Reagan. He's not only returned, he's returned broken-hearted. Because he's fallen in love with an English girl (Virginia Field) but he's lost her somewhere in the blitz. When Reagan—right before sailing for home—re-discovers Virginia, he wants to bring her back with him as a surprise for Carson, but to get a girl across, you have to marry her. Ronald does his duty, marries Virginia. He figures they'll be divorced in Reno, she'll marry Carson shortly thereafter, his own girl-friend will understand everything, etc. Carson, however, develops a wife and child at the first sight of Reagan, and there's Reagan with a wife and a fiancée, and oh, so much trouble. The movie's full of expert clowning (Carson's in particular), Edward Arnold and Katherine Alexander are charming as a senator and a senator's wife, and Patricia Neal makes an effective debut, though I wish she wouldn't say "Mahther" (instead of "mother") like an imitation of Hepburn.—Warners

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Chicken Every Sunday: Dan Dailey does an awful lot of good, but keeps going broke. Celeste Holm's his wife, Colleen Townsend's their daughter.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY

Dan Dailey stops dancing long enough to enact a lovable if nerve-wracking husband and father in *Chicken Every Sunday*. He practically builds the city of Tucson, Arizona, single-handed, but his wife (Celeste Holm) has to take in boarders to pay the bills. The way it is, Dan can't resist a gamble. He starts a street-car line, but the minute it begins to show a profit, he sells it and invests the money in a creamery, and the same thing's repeated with a laundry and an opera house and a hotel. He thinks the town needs a hospital, and when nobody comes across with the necessary money, he pledges it himself, and there he is in hock again. Celeste, who's followed a policy of building a room on the house and taking in a new boarder every time Dan indulges himself in a new investment, finds herself worn to a frazzle at the end of 20 married years. She has three children, but she doesn't even own her furniture: Dan's given the banker a note on it. Meanwhile, life in the bustling boarding-house is eventful. Colleen Townsend (Dan and Celeste's oldest girl) is being bearded about by two callow young men (Alan Young and Bill Callahan), a crazy old lady (Connie Gilchrist), who used to be in show business, yodels all day long and throws around empty liquor bottles, and William Frawley (he's rich, and Dan wants him to invest some money in a copper scheme) wears a toupee that looks like a fur hat. Celeste is on the verge of divorcing Dan for non-support (this is right after the men have come and taken away the furniture) when suddenly the men come trotting back and replace the furniture. They've taken up a collection and paid for the stuff, because everybody in town loves Dan. This makes Dan feel even worse. He's middle-aged, and his friends have to

arrange things so his wife and kids have beds to sleep in. But Celeste begins to see things differently. You can't be a failure if you have friends, she decides. And the only real security is the kind that comes from the heart. This picture is warm and pleasant and amusing. It's slow in spots, but unless you can't stand nice people, you won't find it dull.—*20th-Fox*

WHISPERING SMITH

If railroad detective Alan Ladd (*Whispering Smith*—he talks soft, but he shoots straight, ole pal) had cut down Preston Foster (a rat, who also works for the railroad) at his (Preston's) very first sneaking underhanded move, everybody could have gone home much earlier. Because Preston starts acting funny at the very beginning of the drama. However, Alan, being an old buddy of Preston's, gives him the benefit of every doubt. He doesn't holler even after Preston wrecks a few trains, and steals a few cows, and gets mixed up in a few assorted murders involving train crewmen. (The reason Preston's acting this way? Simple. The head of the railroad told him he couldn't loot wrecks any more, and he likes to loot wrecks. Feels everything on a wrecked train belongs to the men who go after it.) I think it's when Preston starts smacking his wife (Brenda Marshall) around, that Alan, who loves Brenda too, is really hurt to the quick. But not quick enough. The good guys (on Alan's side) include William Demarest; the bad guys (on Preston's side) include British Donald Crisp, who talks with a Western twang, believe it or not, and Frank Faylen as weirdly-named Whitey Du Sang, in the gold-darnedest make-up you've ever seen.—*Para.*

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Words and Music: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are just part of all the bright fun.

WORDS AND MUSIC

Supposedly based on the lives of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, the song-writing team, this picture is full of lovely melody, witty lyrics and attractive performers. I think there may have been a flaw in casting—Mickey Rooney attacks the Hart role enthusiastically, but it doesn't seem possible that a man capable of the sophistication Hart brought to his lyrics could have acted with such collegiate and undignified abandon in his private life. Mickey's death scene—he goes staggering out of a sickbed into a stormy street, knees buckling, eyes popping—is typical of what I mean. Still, hand him an E for effort, and let's get on. Since *Words and Music* is a show-case for Rodgers and Hart hits of years gone by, you're bound to be smacked nostalgically by one number or another. There's the spectacular dance sequence, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," beautifully done by Gene Kelly and Vera-Ellen—so beautifully, that even those who remember Ray Bolger's Broadway version won't mind. There's Judy Garland doing "I Wish I Were in Love Again," and being just about the best thing in a movie filled with good things. Lena Horne appears and sings "The Lady is a Tramp," Perry Como appears and sings a lot of other tunes. Betty Garrett plays a girl named Peggy whom Lorenz Hart loved and lost, and Tom Drake acts the way he thinks the young Richard Rodgers must have, while Janet Leigh is Dorothy Feiner, the girl Rodgers marries. There's so much wonderful music, there's so much beautiful color, there's so much to satisfy your soul in *Words and Music*, you'll be sorry when it's over.—MGM

LIVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW

This is a gruelling picture. It exploits all your feelings, to no end whatever. You are forced to watch Florence Eldridge slowly dying of an incurable brain disease, while Fredric March, her loving husband, learns the meaning of mercy. (He's a judge who's always adhered to the letter of the law, when handing down decisions. Very strict. Old Maximum, he's called by courtroom hangers-

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Live Today for Tomorrow: Geraldine Brooks tries to comfort her father, Fredric March.

on.) Be that as it may, when Miss Eldridge develops her staggering sickness, Fredric, tortured at the sight of her pain, decides to take matters into his own hands, and attempts to kill both his wife and himself by driving his car off a cliff. He doesn't die, however, and so he insists on standing trial for murder. (He's still awfully legal-minded.) The thing gets messier still, when an autopsy's performed on Miss Eldridge's body to prove whether or not she mightn't have been dead before the car crashed. You wonder why anyone so sensitive to his wife's agonies as Fredric—a man who obviously considers his own life ended anyway—doesn't take some step to stop this last indignity. He faces it coolly, however, and the ending of the picture verges on the absurd. Hollywood doesn't dare come out for mercy-killing, it doesn't dare come out against mercy, and so it winds up histrionically, saying nothing, but at great length, and defeating itself on almost every count. The acting is so good—particularly Florence Eldridge's—and you suffer so intensely when she suffers, that you're particularly resentful when you discover you've been suffering for no good reason. Geraldine Brooks plays the couple's daughter, Edmond O'Brien is her lawyer boyfriend, and Stanley Ridges is fine as a doctor.—Univ.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE

Melvyn Douglas gives up chasing ladies around the bedroom and turns to heavy—or at least medium-weight—drama. He's a widower, a British army officer, demobilized at the end of the recent war, living in London. His daughter Sheila (Wanda Hendrix), who's been a member of the Women's branch of the army, introduces him to a girl named Joan Clews (Phyllis Calvert) also a female soldier. Melvyn dates Phyllis, likes her, invites her to come stay with Sheila, once both girls are out of uniform. Phyllis, who's being divorced by a soldier she married in haste, and who has memories of concentration camps (she's been a spy) accepts the offer of friendship gratefully. She falls in love with Melvyn, he reciprocates, and everything's going fine until Melvyn's son (supposedly miss-

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My Own True Love: Melvyn Douglas and son Philip Friend both fall for Phyllis Calvert.

ing in action) comes home. He's lost a leg, and he's so disagreeable, you'd think Melvyn had had something to do with the tragedy. When the son (Philip Friend) discovers that Phyllis has shared certain common experiences with him (he's been in prison camp too) he makes her his confidante. In the Pacific, he'd married a native girl, the Japs had killed his wife and baby. Subconsciously, he resents his father's having two good legs, and, now, a chance of happiness with Phyllis. That's the situation, and you sit there waiting for lightning to strike. It doesn't. A happy ending's in order. The acting is very good—Phyllis Calvert is especially warm and real—and while some of the scenes may be slightly overdone, the picture's interesting.—*Para.*

MAN FROM COLORADO

Colonel Owen Devereaux (Glenn Ford) and Captain Dell Stewart (Bill Holden) are pals who fight together on the Union side in the Civil War, and who return together to Colorado, afterward. Colorado isn't a state yet, but it's under federal jurisdiction, and Owen's elected federal judge. Dell agrees to serve as his marshal, not because he likes to handle a gun, but because he hopes he can keep Owen from handling one if he, Dell, is standing by. The sad truth is that Owen's been changed by war. He's become a killer. He does not recognize it himself; practically nobody does except Dell and a few soldiers who served under Owen, and who caught him in a couple of unsavory acts. (Like shooting down men who carried a flag of truce.) Nevertheless, things run smoothly in post-war Colorado until a bunch of veterans, deprived of their rights, come to Owen's court. These men had had gold claims staked out before the war. They'd gone off to fight for their country, only to come back and find their claims being worked by a big mining syndicate. All perfectly legal, too. The law said if a man hadn't worked his claim in three years, he'd forfeited his ownership. Owen sticks to the letter of the law, he makes no attempt to establish real justice, and a number of the veterans subsequently turn to lawlessness because they can't make a living any other way. Owen, enraged by what he considers defiance of his all-mighty edicts, swears to hang every outlaw he catches. His reign



The Man From Colorado: Glenn Ford doesn't seem gay as Bill Holden cuts in on Ellen Drew.

as judge becomes increasingly bloody; even his wife (Ellen Drew) and Dell turn from him. Now, quite evidently mad, Owen goes on a weird, vengeful rampage, hanging an innocent boy, setting fire to a whole town. Before he gets his, you worry yourself silly. *Man From Colorado* is fascinating; it's got good acting, a taut script, terrific pace.—Col.

HIGH FURY

During this last World War, many French children were sent to Switzerland for shelter. This is, supposedly, the story of one such child. His name is Roger (Michael McKeag) and he's an orphan. He's been billeted with a lady named Magda (Madeleine Carroll), who owns an inn in the Alps, and her husband Rudolph (Michael Rennie). Magda loves the boy, Rudolph hates him. Chiefly because Rudolph himself is a very insecure person. He resents not owning the inn (it's been handed down through Magda's family), he feels the village laughs at him, and he gets even with the world by small, nasty independences—unfaithfulness, for instance. Eventually, after peace is established, the authorities say that Roger must return to France unless Magda adopts him. Magda can't adopt him because Rudolph won't consent. The only thing that makes Rudolph change his mind is Magda's signing the inn over to him. So now everything's horrible. Rudolph gives the orders, Roger creeps around wishing Rudolph liked him, the village doctor (Ian Keith), who's in love with Magda, tells Magda she's a big fool, and you never saw so many mixed-up people. Then Roger, knowing that Rudolph thinks he's a coward, begs Rudolph to take him mountain climbing. It's okay with Rudolph, and once Magda's convinced that it's important to the boy, that he's got to prove something, she gives her consent. Thereafter, in some of the most terrifying scenes in motion picture history, the rise—and fall—of Roger and Rudolph is depicted. They're trapped lord knows how many feet up a mountain, when a storm rises. Roger gets into trouble, Rudolph goes to rescue him, and is hurt. Realizing that the boy can be saved only if he, Rudolph, cuts the rope that holds them together, he does just that, and plunges to his death. Magda and the doctor find the boy, and the three undoubtedly live happily ever after. I wasn't

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prepared for Rudolph's heroism myself; I was so convinced he was a rat, I expected him to push Roger off a cliff, once they started climbing. Also, Roger seemed a little old (he was about 15) for the pitiful orphan role, though I suppose a boy of 15 can be as lonely as a boy of 10, even if less defenseless. The most spectacular parts of the picture are of course the mountain-climbing shots. They're actually painful to watch.—U. A.

FAMILY HONEYMOON

If you believe Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert had trouble in *The Egg and I*, well, you just wait a while. The hapless couple is at it again; apparently they're slated to be the Garson-Pidgeon of slapstick. In *Family Honeymoon*, Claudette's a widow with three small children. What they lack in size, they make up in horridness. Fred—a kind, simple (you can say it again) botany professor—marries Claudette, even though rich, handsome Rita Johnson (whose father is going to build the college a new botany building, or something) wants him. Well, Claudette's sister (Lillian Bronson) breaks her leg on Claudette's wedding day, and since she was to have stayed with Claudette's children, (she probably fell downstairs on purpose) there's nothing to do but take the darlings on the honeymoon. The little girl (Gigi Perreau) asks loud questions on the train (E.G.: "Mother, is that man going to sleep with you?"), the little boys (Jimmy Hunt and Peter Miles) get off the train at one station and don't get back on in time, and they have to be chased for quite a spell, and when the company finally gets to the Grand Canyon for the honeymoon, who should be there but rich, handsome Rita! Before one day has passed, Fred's whaled the tar out of his two new sons (all they did was barricade themselves in the hotel elevator) and Claudette's told him (Fred) to remove himself from her life. You, however, being way ahead of her, are already anticipating the happy ending. This picture didn't seem screamingly funny to me, but I'm sure it will make men think twice about marrying widows with children.—Univ.



Family Honeymoon: Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert take her tots honeymooning.

also showing...

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR (U. A.)—A down-to-earth fantasy in which a youngster becomes an outcast when his hair suddenly turns green. Highly entertaining besides being an effective blow at that horrible absurdity, bigotry. Dean Stockwell is excellent as the young victim and Pat O'Brien and Barbara Hale give solid assistance.

THE DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE (Warners)—A story of the effect of his parents' divorce on a 12-year-old boy that somehow doesn't arouse the sympathy it should. There are some unusual dream sequences, but the total effect is artificial. With Ted Donaldson, Alexis Smith and Robert Douglas.

DON JUAN (Warners)—Errol Flynn as the legendary lover of Old Spain finds his true love in Queen Viveca Lindfors—and proceeds to give her nefarious enemies (and the facts of history) an awful beating. Pretty hammy, but exciting.

ENCHANTMENT (Goldwyn)—A beautifully-done love story spanning three generations of an English family. Seven-year-old Gigi Perreau is superb and so are David Niven, Teresa Wright, Jayne Meadows, Farley Granger, Evelyn Keyes and a number of other top-drawer performers. One of the year's best pictures.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED (RKO)—Betsy Drake decides that Cary Grant is for her and woos him, to put it mildly, dynamically. Diana Lynn, Franchot Tone and Eddie Albert are involved in the scrimmage. Maybe Betsy Drake's characterization is kind of overdone, but she is a cute thing. Everybody else is fine indeed and so, all in all, is this bright comedy.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO)—You'll be disappointed if you expect this to be the greatest movie of all time, but the Technicolor pageantry is wonderful and there are some stirring and moving moments in the two-and-a-half hours.

THE KISSING BANDIT (MGM)—Frank Sinatra goes out to early California and is surprised no end to learn he's supposed to follow in his late father's dashing footsteps as an amatory outlaw. Frank can't ride and he's plumb bashful, but he tries hard. Kathryn Grayson, Ann Miller, Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban and J. Carrol Naish are also engaged in the Technicolor festivities. Very pleasant.

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE (Univ.)—Advertising exec Robert Cummings has to choose between marrying cosmetics queen Anna Sten or losing her million-dollar advertising account. Before the decision's made, he becomes a patient of psychiatrist Hedy Lamarr. This works out to get the poor guy even more mixed up. An abundance of laughs.

THE LUCKY STIFF (U. A.)—An indescribably complex murder mystery with Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor and six plots. Well, it's all fast and sinister and maybe you and your date can figure it out afterwards.

THE PALEFACE (Para.)—Bob Hope and Jane Russell in a seam-busting Technicolor burlesque of the Old West. You'll hear "Buttons and Bows" and probably wind up being carried out by the ushers. You'll die laughing, that is.

THE RED SHOES (Eagle-Lion)—The high point of this Technicolor backstage drama of the ballet is a long, original ballet featuring

ballerina Moira Shearer—one of the most magnificent exhibitions of imaginative dancing ever recorded. Definitely one of the better films.

THE SNAKE PIT (20th-Fox)—Olivia de Havilland loses her mind and is helped back to sanity by psychiatrist Leo Genn and husband Mark Stevens, despite the dreadful handicaps of the typical state mental hospital in which she's been put away. Absorbingly dramatic, educational, and with an outspoken social theme, this great motion picture is further distinguished by Miss de Havilland's inspired and flawless performance.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART (RKO)—Bobby Driscoll, a farm kid, wants to raise a tiny lamb to win a blue ribbon at the county fair and works his heart out to achieve it. Luana Patten is his little friend and Burl Ives his uncle. There are several cartoon sequences. Walt Disney has created an absolutely enchanting movie, funny, tender and beautiful. Please go!

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (20th-Fox)—Here we have Rex Harrison, a symphony conductor, having daydreams as he conducts—very special daydreams, in which he imagines various dramatic ways in which he can deal with the supposed unfaithfulness of his wife, Linda Darnell. Another highly unusual comedy from Preston Sturges.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME (20th-Fox)—Dan Dailey, a burlesque comedian, rises to the Big Time but is felled by rum. His long-suffering wife, Betty Grable, manages to make him a solid citizen again. This may sound grim, but it's really not and is filled with good old songs and nifty dancing.

YELLOW SKY (20th-Fox)—Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, Anne Baxter and other frontier characters drawl and shoot and walk bow-legged through a big Western that misses being first-rate but is still a superior item.

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY (Univ.)—Joan Fontaine runs away from her stuffy bridegroom and gets Jimmy Stewart and his sidekick, Eddie Albert, to take her to California on their cargo plane. It's all highly illegal, from several angles, but love and legality eventually conquer all. A cute romantic comedy.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6, 7 Bob Beerman—8 Wide World—10 Nemeth from Harold Stein Studios, N. Y.—12 T. Lt. Bob Beerman, T. Rt. Wide World, Bot. Lt. Allan Squires, Bot. Rt. Wide World—15 T. H. W. Tetlow from Keystone, Bot. Lt. Wide World, Bot. Cen., A. P. from London, Bt. Rt., A. P. from London—19, 20, 21 Bob Beerman—37 T. Stork Club Bot., Bob Beerman—38, 39 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—40 Lt., Acme, Rt., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—41 United Artists—42 Bob Beerman—43 T. Bob Beerman, Bot., Gladys Tippet—44, 45 Bert Parry—46, 47 Nelson Morris Exc. Top Rt., Jay Seymour—48, 49 Bert Parry, Bob Beerman—50, 51 Bob Beerman—52 Eagle-Lion—54 Lt., Bob Beerman, Rt., Monogram—55 Bob Beerman—56, 57 Bert Parry—58, 59 Bob Beerman—60 Clarence Bull of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—61 T., Wide World, Lt., Scotty, Cen., Wide World, Rt., Jules Buck—62 20th Century-Fox—63 Bob Beerman—65 T., Paramount, Cen. 20th Century-Fox, Bot., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—66, 67, 68 Nelson Morris—69, 70, 71 Selznick—73 Gene Fenn—78, 79, 80 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top; A. P., Associated Press



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the hard way

an open
letter to
dorothy lamour
and
glenn ford

Dear Dottie and Glenn:

Hollywood is busily telling the people that they've got a terribly wrong idea if they think movie stars are a bunch of roistering characters who spend their leisure hours working up sins and sensations. There *were* some regrettable incidents, the town concedes—but now everyone has learned his lesson, now the acting folks are going to be chaste and circumspect.

Somehow, though, the front pages we've seen recently have made it seem that funny business is still going on as usual. A handful of the merrier men of movieland have continued to fight the bottle, tussle with cops, drive while drunk and kick in plate-glass windows. A few of the lighter-hearted ladies have involved themselves in gambling raids, drinking bouts and love affairs that mock their own not-yet-final divorces.

This impression of riotous living is, as we said, what we gain from the front pages. It must be more than an impression—it must be a wholehearted belief—on the part of many who get their ideas from the “scare” headlines. And from Hollywood itself have come a few evidences of such belief: Trade papers have noted that at least two actors and one actress proved to be “better boxoffice” after getting mixed up in scandals. A few actors, we hear, have been wondering out loud whether they shouldn't cash in on this easy way to the big dough.

Well, our advice is nobody's gospel: it's worth 15 cents, so to speak, and anyone can get it at the corner newsstand. But here it is, for taking or leaving alone: Our advice to those actors is, don't do it. Don't try that “easy” way. Pretty soon it's not going to pay off any more.

Our advice, further, is for Hollywood to take a long and thoughtful look at you two, Dottie and Glenn. You were recently given awards by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. Superficially, the awards were for your outstanding cooperation with the press in general during 1948. More than that, though, we have no doubt that the press ladies were conscious of the wholesomeness and sane living which both of you embody. We'll bet they wanted the world to know that among women who know best, it's Lamour and Ford—and the things you stand for—by 2-to-1 (or better).

You know, as other stars probably do, that you won't get on page 1 by living quietly in the love of your families and working as hard as you can at your jobs. It's not an easy way to get famous fast. But it's the way that endures, that maintains the respect and esteem of the public.

We hope you're justly proud of the honors given you. We hope Hollywood is proud of you. And we hope, most of all, that other actors will make you their example.

If they do, we think they'll find—as you have—that the hard way is the best.



Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



SHE'LL NEVER STOP FIGHTING

by Hedda Hopper

There were three
strikes against Ginger, but
the game wasn't over . . .
Millions of fans
clamored for Rogers,
and now she's just hit
another home run.

■ One dusty day last summer, Ginger Rogers leaned her Levis against a show-ring fence at an Oregon prize cattle show, narrowed her keen blue eyes and nibbled a wisp of hay reflectively.

Next to her, a sunburned man in a Stetson grinned to see Ginger on the spot. He was Fred Bayliss, manager of a big ranch and one of the West's top cattlemen. He'd just given his friend Ginger—who's sort of new in the cattle business—a sporting challenge. "Let's see how much you know about steers," Bayliss had smiled. "Tell me how you'd judge 'em—one, two, three and four."

"Okay," said Ginger, tenderfoot owner of the 4-R ranch. "*That* one for first, then *that* one, *that*—and *that*."

"Here come the judges with the ribbons right now," the cattleman observed. "We'll see how you came out."

And a few minutes later, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be darned!"

The badges landed on the beef exactly where Ginger had pointed. She'd picked 'em right down the line—"one, two, three and four!" Fred Bayliss poked his hat back on his head and bent an admiring stare.

"How in thunder does a Hollywood gal like you (Continued on page 92)



Fred and Ginger are dancing together once more in their new musical, *The Barkleys of Broadway*.

Clark
Gable's

He'd go off with
other girls . . . but Virginia
Grey was the one
he'd always come back to.
Now they've parted—
and Hollywood wonders . . .

BY JANET FRANKLIN

SECRET ROMANCE



Clark attended tennis matches with Virginia Grey—but more of their dates were spent at home.

■ It has been months since the romance ended, yet it is just getting to be known around Hollywood today . . .

When Clark Gable left California for his European jaunt last summer he spent his last afternoon visiting a girl who lives not far from his house in the valley. It is said that it was a somewhat uncomfortable afternoon for both of them. Perhaps this was not to be wondered at, since he had been dating this girl for five years, and now, as it was being reported around the town, he was bound for France—destined to be the fifth husband of Dolly O'Brien, who awaited him there.

No, the visit was not featured by the usual exchange of happy banter between them, nor light-hearted by-play. When train time neared and Clark finally stood up and said, "Well . . ." the girl just quietly expressed the hope that he would have a good time. His mood was not unlike her own as he replied that he'd try to.

There was, of course, no marriage to Dolly O'Brien. Clark was summoned back to Hollywood in a hurry by the sudden death of his father. He found a message from the girl—but he didn't phone back immediately. When he did get around to it, she wasn't in. It was not until he had tried for three days that he got her on the line. Then . . . they discovered that they had surprisingly little to say to each other. Something lay between them that they weren't able to hurdle. It was one of those conversations in which the pauses are so much more eloquent than the words that just sound like prattle. It wasn't long before Clark was saying, "Well, I'll see you when I can find you"—and she was replying, "Yes." Just, "Yes."

The way it is told around town, neither was fooling the other with these closing words. They haven't seen each other since.

But, even more unusual, it is not unlikely that Clark was a little baffled when he walked away from the telephone that night. For it was not in the books that this girl would act so distant, answer so coolly. Not *this* girl. In fact, any one who knew them both would bet on just an opposite reaction on her part. Because she was Virginia Grey . . . the same Virginia long-identified in Hollywood talk as "the girl Clark can always be sure of"!

"Why, Virginia is Clark's 'steady'!" gasped a well-known feminine star when she heard about it. "They've always been together—she was the first girl he was even friendly with after Carole's death! And besides, who does she think she is? You just don't do that to Clark Gable!"

An upset like this can affect a man's confidence—the average man's, that is. But Clark Gable's? Any sort of report purporting to even connect him with marriage is always (*Continued on page 102*)



Clark met the beautiful Virginia Grey at the start of her career; later she had roles in his *Test Pilot* and *Idiot's Delight*. She was the down-to-earth sort with whom he could relax.



Hollywood likes her. She's
young and talented and charming. But
Hollywood is just beginning to understand Colleen
Townsend, who puts service above self . . .

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

soldier of God

■ The other evening at 20th Century-Fox, some of the younger players were giving a musical for the studio personnel. Between acts they were gathering backstage and someone asked Colleen Townsend why she was so quiet. "Oh, I bet she's in love," somebody offered.

Colleen knew what was coming. Having to conquer a fear of startling people is a situation she faces every day. "Well, you're close to the truth," she replied. "I've been thinking of Someone."

"Who is it?" came an eager chorus from the others.

Colleen gulped. She hates seeming smug, but she does not permit herself to dodge. "It's Jesus Christ," she said simply.

The silence was finally broken by a few uncertain little coughs. They all looked at her strangely.

Yet, after the show when she was seated in her dressing room and wondering, as she sometimes cannot help, what good she might have done with her truthful answer, there was a knock on the door. Two of the crowd, a girl and a boy, were standing there. They wanted to come in. They wanted to know more.

When she recalls a scene like the first part of that incident, and can add the second part—that someone came to her later and showed interest in her belief—there is a shining something in Colleen's blue eyes. "Oh, it's then that you know it was right . . . right to say the words that come so hard," she tells you.

The words come hard, but Colleen says them. She doesn't march up to people and try to redeem them, neither does she always wait until chance provides an opportunity. She goes where those in need can be found (she spends probably more time at this sort of work than before the camera) and lets it be known everywhere else that she will talk to *(Continued on page 111)*



Colleen was a lonely child. Her parents were divorced and she lived with her mother (above) who was out working to support her.



At 15, Colleen discovered a need for spiritual aid, and she became deeply religious. Here, she speaks at a Christian College Conference.



It took her a while
to find herself, but now Ava
knows that even in
overalls she'd look like
a siren, that even
in mink she couldn't
act like one.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

VENUS

in blue-jeans

■ Irene, designer of the period costumes for *Great Sinner*, was telling a friend one day how Ava Gardner loved the clothes, how good she was about fittings—

"That's fine," interrupted the friend, but why doesn't she dress up on her own and look glamorous, the way people expect her to look?"

"I'll ask her," Irene promised, and did at the next opportunity.

Ava laughed. "I'm at home in skirts and sweaters. Fussing up is a bore."

With that face and figure, MGM's siren, model '49, would look the part in a potato sack. Only don't expect her to act it. Her eyes aren't sultry, they're clear and candid. Her manner's simple, her talk direct, her smile is friendly. She's free of the airs and graces of the stock movie star, and doesn't think she rates any cheers for their absence. Cooperation's part of the job. "Besides, I hate bickering, hate having anyone mad at me. It makes me feel very good when people like me. Which is probably silly, because why should you care? But I do."

She can't waste time pretending to be anything but what she is—and that's a straightforward, warm-hearted girl who wants a husband and kids more than she wants a career. She says: "It's a question of meeting the right man, and I haven't yet."

A husband? I asked her about Howard Duff. She smiled. "People try so hard to make a romance of Howard and me. But they lose sight of one thing: I'm not the girl I used (Continued on page 88)"



Sweaters and skirts are Ava's favorite garb, but jeans run a close second. Here, on the set of *Great Sinner*, the former tomboy shows she hasn't lost her touch.

refuge
for

LANA

To neighbors in
a small Connecticut town
where she awaits
her baby.

she's still the golden Lana—
even with an armful of
groceries.

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Connecticut neighbor



Dorse Bronson, reporter for the Daily Item, said the neighbors were surprised the Topping phone number wasn't private.



On the Radie Harris show, MODERN SCREEN's editor, Wade Nichols, gives Lana her trophy as winner of MS's 1948 popularity poll.

On a recent CBS broadcast of the Radie Harris "Broadway and Vine" program, Lana Turner was presented with the silver trophy she won for being MODERN SCREEN readers' most popular actress of 1948. In the course of the presentation, Lana told of how much she was enjoying the relaxed, friendly atmosphere of Greenwich, Connecticut, where she and Bob Topping await their baby—who arrives in May. It occurred to us that readers of MODERN SCREEN would like an account of Lana and her life there as seen through the eyes of local people she encounters in daily activities. So we got in touch right away with a writer who lives not far from Lana—and the happy result was the neighborly story below.—THE EDITORS.

■ When Lana Turner returned from her honeymoon in Europe last fall, the reporters who met her boat had conflicting stories to tell about her. "She's going straight back to films." "She's put on 40 pounds—her looks are shot." "She and Bob are washed up."

So when I picked up the local paper one night and saw a small, chaste item in the social notes to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Topping were at home at "Dunnellan," the beautiful old family house on Round Hill Road (which is the Park Avenue of Greenwich, Conn.), I was kind of surprised and more than slightly curious. Everyone in our town (I live in Stamford, right next door to Greenwich) is pretty blasé about celebrities, for the countryside is loaded with them—Henry Fonda, Mary Martin, Elmer Rice and Betty Field, Tallulah Bankhead, Benny Goodman, to name a few. But that Turner gal has a special brand of magic. She's not just a celebrity. She's a legend.

I found myself taking little jaunts over to Greenwich, hoping for a glimpse of a bright blonde head—a close-up of that fabulous face—and a (Continued on page 107)

look at Lana Turner, like what they see...



A salesgirl in a Greenwich stationery store, Ronnie Cohen, finds the store is busiest when Lana is due to appear.



George MacKenzie is a traffic cop in Greenwich—he's never had to ticket law-abiding Lana for any violation.



Etta Marshall enviously watched another salesgirl sell Lana a pound-and-a-half of candy kisses in the local 5 & 10.



Irving Cohen, stationery store proprietor, cashed a small check for Lana one morning—as he gladly does for all the folks.



John Derek gets down on his knees for wife Pati while Marsh Thompson watches amused. Marsh's fiancée Barbara laces her own.

good skates



Farley Granger and Geraldine Brooks play it smart—they're resting on the safe side of the wall around Sonja Henie's ice rink.

■ The whole idea was Donald O'Connor's (for which I may never forgive him). He and his blonde bride Gwen hauled out the phone book and rounded us up. Us being Bob Arthur and Betty Lynn, John Derek and his wife Pati Behrs, honeymooners John Bromfield and Corinne Calvet, Farley Granger and Geraldine Brooks, Marsh Thompson and his fiancée Barbara Long, Roddy McDowall and myself. Myself is Viola Moore, MODERN SCREEN reporter and general handy-woman.

Gay as could be, we arrived at Sonja Henie's Ice Palace in Westwood. We rented our skates; we laced them on tightly; we ambled nonchalantly toward the ice.

"Roddy," I said very quietly, "I have never skated in my life."

He smiled. "Neither have I."

"Let's sit this one out," I said.

"Nonsense," he replied. "Just take my arm."

I took his arm—an altogether futile gesture. In a moment we had slid to the center of the rink. In another moment we were lying on it. I covered my face with my hands as skaters whizzed by perilously close. When I finally looked up, Roddy was crawling towards me on his knees.

"Here," he said, "take my arm."

"I did that (Continued on next page)

Ice-skating is fun—I kept telling myself—and how often do you get a wonderful chance to break your leg to sweet music?

by Viola Moore

Envy of the skating party was Donald O'Connor, who cut figure eights like an expert. Here he and his bride Gwen buy a souvenir doll for remembrance—others took home swollen ankles, fallen arches.



Bob Arthur lends a not-so-helping hand to his date, Betty Lynn. "Ouch!" she cries, "you made the lace too tight!" They were the first ones ready—after a brief warm-up, they really cut ice.



Corinne Calvet takes a tumble—but husband John Bromfield (now in Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory*) swoops her up just before she hits the ice.



before," I answered coldly. Whereupon I grabbed him by the jacket, hoisted myself up, banged my head against his and pulled him down in a heap.

The music was in waltz-time, and as it drifted over the rink, Corinne Calvet drifted with it. Her navy blue ballet skirt whirled above her knees, her curls bobbed prettily under her white wool cap as she performed dainty pirouettes. Donald and Gwen flashed by with expert strokes. Bob Arthur and Betty could have been dancing on a cloud, for all the effort it seemed to take. . . .

If it hadn't been for John and Pati Derek, Roddy and I might have languished on the ice till spring. But these two came along to give us back our dignity. They tried awfully hard, and our hearts were with them, but nothing could get us up. They prodded; they pushed; they coaxed; they threatened. Then Marsh and Barbara joined in—and we were hauled like sacks of meal toward safety.

Gasping, Roddy and I clung to the wooden wall that circles the rink.

"Thanks, kids," Roddy puffed. "Guess we've had enough for a while."

"The understatement of the century," I muttered.

The gang skated merrily off with hardly a backward glance. We carefully lowered ourselves to a sitting position on the steps and watched them with envy.

"It's like riding a bicycle," Roddy said to me. "You fall off a few times, but once you get your balance it's easy—and then you *never* forget."

"I'll never forget," I said bitterly, wringing the slush from my skirt.

Just then the kids skimmed by in a long line—they were playing snap-the-whip. This broke up into a game of tag. (Nobody fell.) Then they all stood around and watched Donald execute figure eights. (Gwen, especially, was enchanted.) I could see Roddy puzzling them out in his mind. That boy never gives up!

After a while they all came over to where we sat and announced they were starved. Food—that's my specialty, and there aren't many can eat it better. (*Continued on page 114*)



Marsh Thompson and Barbara Long pause for autographs. They'll be honeymooning down in Mexico when you read this.



Quick energy's provided at the peanut machine. Pati gets a handful while John (who put in the pennies) awaits his calories.



Oops, slips! This really explains itself. I am the girl (Viola); the boy is Roddy McDowall; the question is—how long can we stay up?



Nobody wants to follow the leader! Donald O'Connor does a few fast spins; watching him are wife Gwen, Pati and John Derek, Betty Lynn and Bob Arthur.



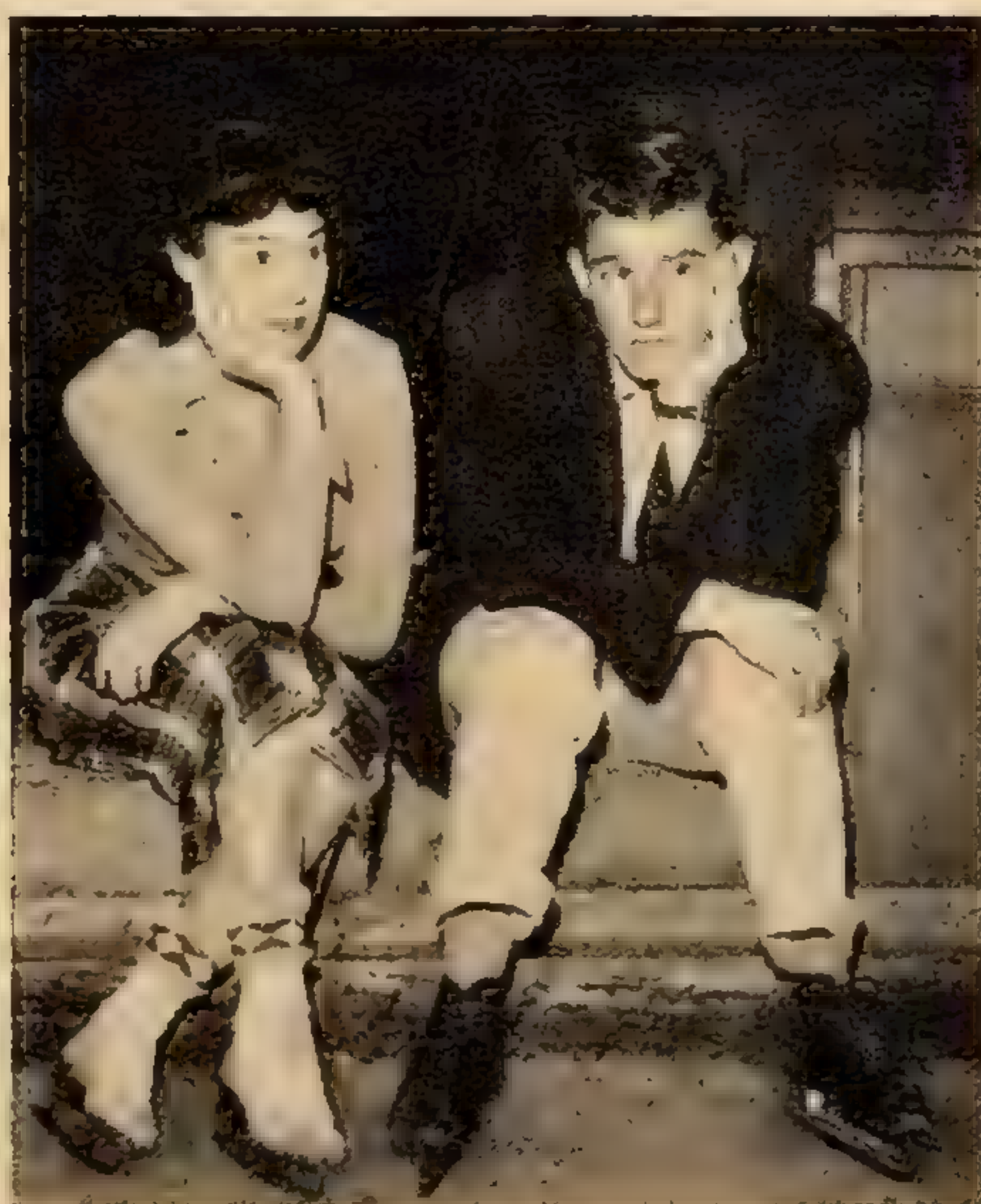
Bob Arthur leads, Betty, John, Pati, Marsh and Barbara follow. Corinne (of Hal Wallis' *Rope Of Sand*) was off figure-skating.



Bob, Betty Lynn and hot dogs—food's supplied by Homer Shields. Homer's run the stand for fifteen years—he knew everyone by name and appetite.



Donald gets his due from Homer as Gwen, John and Pati Derek stand by—afternoon was full of eats, ice and plain good fun!



Down for the count! Roddy wanted to try again—but I know when I'm licked.

good skates



When you're sixteen
like Peggy Ann Garner,
you're almost
grown up . . . but things
like slinky dresses
are still an awful problem.

BY MARY DALTON

You've reached the age when you can make your own decisions without the aid of your family—and it's wonderful! You decide to do your room over in chartreuse with touches of crimson and by gosh, your mother gives in and says you're *right*. You give her a pep talk on allowing you to attend public school, and after listening respectfully to your watertight arguments, she gives in. She says: "I see exactly what you mean. Of *course* you should have the fun that goes with football games and dances!"

So you can start in at once at University High. Naturally you feel pretty good. You've grown up at last.

You're *sixteen*—and from now on you can't be wrong . . .
. . . That's what you think, but it doesn't quite work out that way.

Sixteen, it unfortunately develops, isn't such a sublimely adult state after all. Look what just happened to Peggy Ann Garner.

Peggy Ann and Elizabeth Taylor had a date to go shopping.

They wandered down Wilshire Boulevard to look for a purse for Liz in one of the big department

stores strung out between La Brea and Fairfax Avenues.

Idly they looked in the show window of a store—
then suddenly moved close against the glass.

"Jeepers!" breathed Peggy Ann. Her eyes rounded as she took in the two elegant models. They were displaying the most stunning, slinky, satin dresses she had ever seen.

"The blue one was just *made* for you," said Elizabeth.

"And that flamingo pink is just super for me. Let's go in and try them on!"

Into the store went Peggy Ann and Liz. Out of the window came the dresses, yanked out by a testy saleswoman who had to take her shoes off so she wouldn't spoil the decorations. "They won't like them when I do get them out," she muttered. "They never do."

But she was wrong. Peggy and Liz slid into the satin cocktail gowns like eager little eels. They pivoted before the long mirrors and assured each other that they looked

simply dreamy! True, Peggy Ann's bustle seemed to

hit her in the wrong spot, and Liz had to hold her breath as she tugged her zipper closed. And both dresses were sort of "form-fitting."

The saleslady, who had climbed back into her patent pumps, shook her head and struggled with her conscience. (Continued on page 87)



BOY GETS GIRL

He won the girl—

Wanda, of course. And

Audie found some-

thing else he'd been looking

for—a new faith in

life and in himself . . .

BY DORA ALBERT



Audie Murphy was the most decorated U. S. infantryman of World War II. Right: He and Wanda Hendrix in friend Al Foster's shop.





After completing *Prince of Foxes* in Italy, Wanda came home to marry Audie—an event they'd been planning for three years.

■ This is the story of two lovers. It is the story of a man whose being alive today is a miracle, and of the girl whose shining faith in him reawakened his faith in himself.

It is the story of Audie Murphy, the most decorated hero of World War II and the star of *Bad Boy*, and Wanda Hendrix, Paramount's beautiful young starlet.

Audie and Wanda have been in love for three years. But she was so young—only 17—when they first met and she was just getting started on her career. So for three years they prayed and dreamed and dated and sometimes fought, as young people in love will. Then came the knowledge that Wanda would have to go to Italy, on loan to 20th Century-Fox, to make *Prince of Foxes*. Being a contract player, she had no other choice.

Before she left for Italy, Wanda and Audie almost yielded

to impulse, almost sealed their love in marriage. They talked of eloping by plane to Mexico, of how they could avoid all the fuss and pomp of a big wedding, of the blissful honeymoon they could have. . . .

But even as they talked, Audie saw something in Wanda's eyes that made him decide that a swift elopement to Mexico was not for them. All her life she had dreamed of a church wedding, with a beautiful wedding gown and music and flowers . . . and all the little things that mean so much to a woman.

"If a thing can't be done right," thought Audie, "I guess it shouldn't be done at all."

So they parted at the airport in Inglewood, after clinging to each other in a farewell embrace that would have to last them almost half a year. They knew they wouldn't be able to see each other again till *Prince of* (Continued on page 95)

a Woman's place...

Rosalind Russell's
 home mirrors her vital
 personality . . .
 poised and elegant—
 but gay as
 Spring flowers.

By JACK WADE



Above: Rosalind Russell
 bought her French Provincial
 home from Mary Boland
 five years ago and has been
 decorating it ever since.



Above right: Georgian
 stairway carries out house color-
 scheme of blue,
 green and yellow in its
 wallpaper design.

Right: A view from
 Roz's bedroom. Formal gardens,
 thickly planted with
 cypress and olive trees, surround
 the hedge-bordered pool.





The book-lined den is sturdily furnished for work and play. Here, five-year-old Lance and his mom work out a mechanical problem.

■ Rosalind Russell's Beverly Hills home is a stately French Provincial house in which Roz has mingled her own New England heritage with the continental traditions of her Danish husband, Freddie Brisson. In this setting the Brissons have composed a pattern of family life that is a fine blend of elegance, comfort, dignity and hilarious fun.

The house itself is set in a mass of trees, bordered with hedges. It is completely private, from the curbing in the front to the swimming pool edged with stately rose gardens in the back. Beyond the pool Roz has a three-room guest-

house hidden among rustling palms. Cary Grant stays here sometimes. More often Roz and Freddie hide away here for long, peaceful hours far from the bustle of the big house.

As soon as you step into Rosalind's house, you get a feeling of spaciousness. Roz hates doors. Simply will have *none* of them. From the curving stairway in the front hall, you can look into every room on the downstairs level. Throughout the house, the basic color scheme is the same. This makes the furniture of the various rooms interchangeable. According to Rosalind, it gives a feeling of coherence

a WOMAN'S place...



Plant life is found everywhere in the Russell home—in wall brackets, lamp bases and end tables. Roz is gifted with a pair of green thumbs—and all this decorative vegetation comes from her own greenhouse.

and unity which a large house very often lacks.

Roz bought her house from Mary Boland five years ago. She has been plastering, painting and puttering in it ever since she moved in. She started right out with Freddie's room. He liked it the way it was but, like most wives, Roz just couldn't see the man was happy.

"Darling, what color scheme would you like?" she asked, walking up to him with an armload of wallpaper patterns. Freddie's eyes took on that glazed, vague look men get when they aren't really listening at all. "Blue, I guess," he said absently. Roz knew he would say blue. All men say blue. So she wrote down "sunny yellow." And that's what he got.

"I knew what I was doing," Roz confided, her dark eyes crinkling at the corners. "Freddie's room has a northern exposure, so just plain blue would have been much too chilly. So I did the bed and matching built-in couch in nubby yellow cotton. Just to make sure that he'd think it was masculine enough, I practically turned it into a stable with all the horsy decorations I could think up. I got him hand-painted horses' heads for the couch cushions, riding-boot book-ends, and hunting prints for the walls. Fred thinks it's fine. Forgot all about that 'blue' stuff."

Brown piping on draperies and pillows is repeated in the nut-brown carpet of this functional room, equipped with deep easy chairs and a sturdy mahogany writing desk.

After Freddie's room, Roz got to work on her own. She furnished her own quarters in tones of deep cream, gentle green, (*Continued on page 82*)



The living room is often the scene of gay parties, where usually-dignified guests are given stray bits of material and feathers and asked to design hats—in the dark. Bill Powell's an expert at this.



Her dressing table holds only a part of Roz's perfume collection. The mirrored walls do double duty when she has a dress-fitting.



The Brissons dress for dinner every night, and are often hosts at small, formal dinner parties. Frequent guests are the William Powells, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, and Irene Dunne and her doctor-husband.



Fred announced he wanted a blue bedroom, but Roz did it in warm shades of yellow and brown. Hand-painted horses on the sofa cushions carry out the horsey motif of which he's so fond.



■ A few months ago, the Hollywood columns were filled with brisk speculation about a new romance Hedy Lamarr was said to be having with a mysterious San Francisco millionaire. One columnist stated that every weekend the infatuated fellow was flying to Hollywood to be with Hedy. Another knowingly announced that it was only a matter of time before Hedy yielded before his cyclonic advances and murmured "Yes." It seemed clear to another authority that this admirer had the inside track to Hedy's affections.

What did this burning romance actually amount to? Nothing.

It's true that Hedy and the millionaire—and he *was* a millionaire—did meet at Lake Tahoe, where Hedy was having a holiday with her children. The stranger admired her beautiful youngsters, got himself introduced to Hedy—and then asked permission to take a picture of the tots. Permission was granted, he snapped his camera, said thanks a lot—and that was that. Yet the little incident was enlarged upon by Hedy in her own mind, given romantic trimmings by onlookers and gossips, and represented as a mad passion by the eager press. (Continued on page 104)



Reginald Gardiner, the British comedian, spent lots of time with Hedy and it was rumored that he'd become her second husband. Reggie is now happily married to Nadia Petrova.

Strange loves of HEDY LAMARR

by sheilah graham

She still seeks
the man she needs—
this strange
woman of legendary
beauty . . . and
strange and legendary
loves . . .

Hedy has recently
finished Cecil DeMille's
Samson and Delilah.



Hedy seemed to have found happiness with her third husband, John Loder—but her career stood in the way of a successful marriage.



There was a real romance between Hedy and George Montgomery. But their engagement was short-lived and soon after George took Dinah Shore for his bride.



Gene Markey, now married to Myrna Loy, was Hedy's second husband. Her divorce suit stated he neglected her.

end of the beginning

He was so
loaded with luck it broke
his back. His
luck's still the same, but
now Mark has
learned how to take it.

BY JACK WADE



Mark Stevens (on the ground) and Rory Calhoun in a scene from *Sand*.

■ One morning last summer when Mark Stevens was on location for *Sand* near Durango, Colorado, he bounced out of bed bright and early. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the air like wine. He felt swell and he couldn't wait for the cameras to roll. He even hummed a tune as he bumped along the road to the shooting site. His wife, Annelle, gave her blithe mate a sleepy glance.

"You seem pretty cheery and chipper for so early in the morning, dear," she said.

"Tip-top and right as rain!" Steve replied. "What a day!"

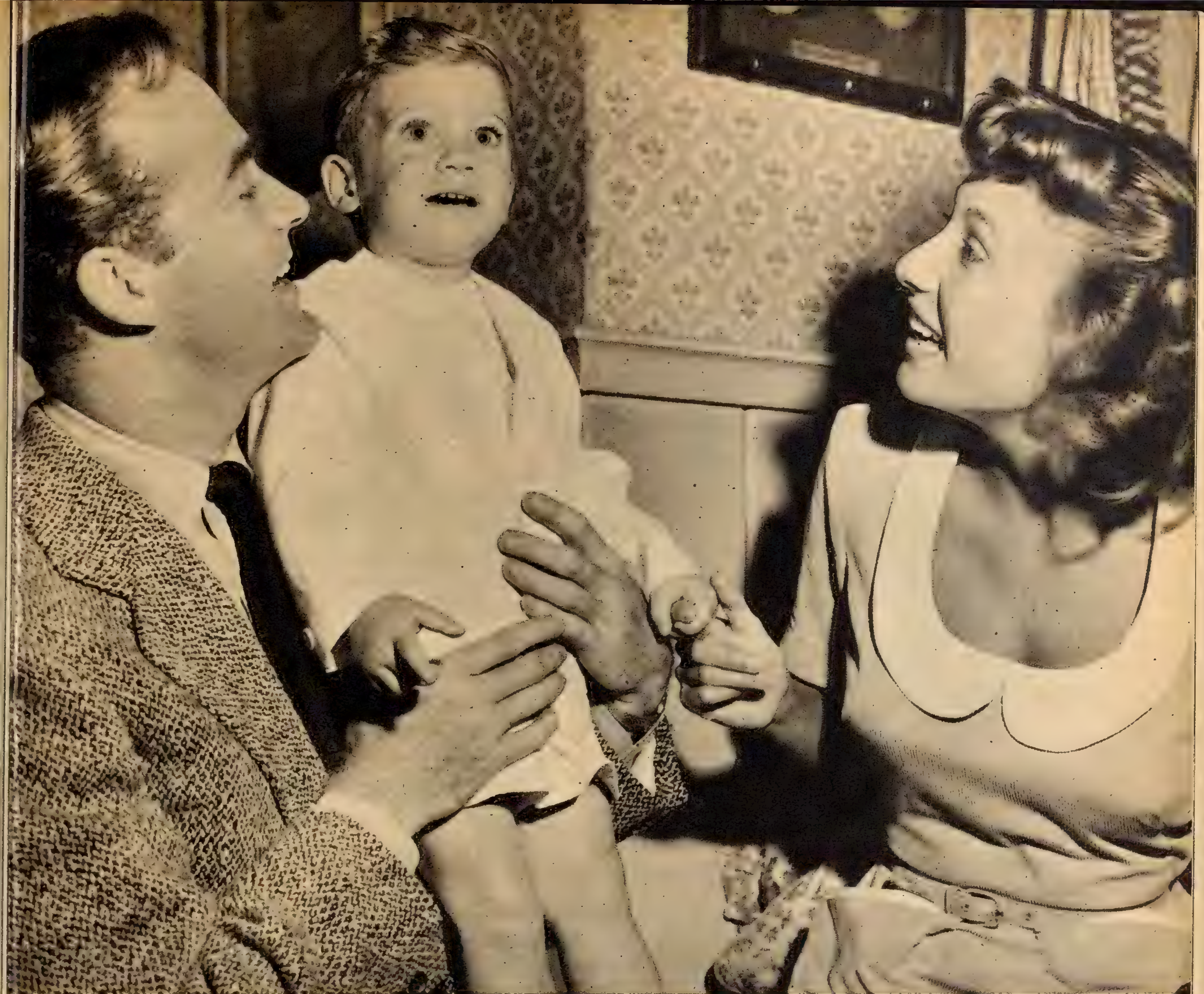
Well . . .

In the very first scene he dived under a barbed wire fence and laid open a long gash in his neck. No sooner was that patched up than a wasp buzzed up and let him have it in a particularly tender spot. Mark rallied to stage a slam-bang

movie slugfest with Rory Calhoun. Rory muffed his timing and a ring on his finger laid open Mark's eye. He slapped collodion on that and noticed that he felt dizzy and hot. "High altitude sunburn," explained a local citizen. Mark stepped to a tumbling mountain stream, slopped water on his face and drank. Pretty soon he had belly pains and they wobbled him off to bed. He was laid up three days with dysentery.

"Honey," croaked Mark to Annelle, as she spooned him milk toast in the motel, "you are married to a guy who's loaded with luck. The trouble is—it's all bad!"

Mark Stevens isn't really so depressed as all that about his shake out of life. Actually, come to count it up, he knows he's one of the most fortunate characters on this earth. His terrific talent got a break where he could prove it. No one knows better than Mark about the thwarted thousands bruising



For the first time since their marriage, the Stevens have a cozy home of their own at Toluca Lake. Junior is two.

their fists against the brassy gates of opportunity (as he did for years all over Canada and the U. S. A.) trying to get a "come in" from Hollywood, or Broadway, or practically any place in the show-business world.

But there are times when Mark is convinced that if someone handed him a horseshoe it would drop on his toe and smash it. What other actor, Mark points out, ever had a lake full of trout stealing his scenes? What other jinxed Hollywood Joe ever got chewed by a horse?

Mark was emoting for *Sand* up there in the Rockies with crystal Lake Molas for a backdrop when he suddenly quit cold. Director Lou King asked him why. "I don't mind supporting a wild horse in this picture," explained Mark, "but my contract doesn't say anything about fish." Behind him, all over the lake, rainbow trout were leaping and splashing—and who'd look at even Mark Stevens with such (Continued on page 99)



Life used to make a donkey out of Mark, but not now. (Ears are an optical illusion—just plant leaves!)

by erskine johnson



the awkward age:

curse or blessing?

It happens to everyone . . . and to movie kids it used to mean "all washed up." But now more and more of them are breezing through the awkward age—with long term contracts.



Now grown up, Mitzie Green and Jackie Coogan have been unable to capture the public fancy as once they did when they were starred together in *Tom Sawyer*.



Shirley Temple is a fine proof that kid stars need not fade after adolescence. Her roles grew up with her, and helped her through the awkward age to new fame.



Mickey Rooney is the only still-popular member of this group. Jackie Cooper is making grade B movies, while Freddie Bartholomew is now entertaining in night clubs.

■ Seven years ago, five-year-old Margaret O'Brien hit the popularity jackpot in *Journey for Margaret*. Since then, in one success after another, she's become the youngest major star in pictures. Now, at 13, she's confronted by a hurdle that few child stars in the past have managed to survive.

Margaret O'Brien is facing that classic bugaboo, "the awkward age"—the age when lovable tots begin to grow into rangy, sprawling creatures with knobby knees and angular elbows.

At the moment, Margaret's doing fine. Having finished one of the major roles in *Little Women*, she's now busily engaged in *The Secret Garden*. She's bigger box-office than ever.

And yet—is she slated, in a year or so, to fade into screen oblivion?

Time was when that would have seemed a foregone conclusion. It's by no means that today. For the truth is that "the awkward age" has of recent years been rapidly losing fright-power as the horrendous prospect it once was. There are any number of cases to prove this fine fact. There's Shirley Temple. There's Elizabeth Taylor. There are, among others, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin and Peggy Ann Garner and Jane Powell.

We'll get to them in a minute. First, let's examine some of the sad cases in the past that have justified the general fear of this bugaboo.

One of the first that springs to mind is that of Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie was an extraordinarily appealing and talented ten-year-old when the public fell in love with the little guy after *David Copperfield* in 1935. His next role was in Garbo's *Anna Karenina*—and from then on he received star billing. For a while, his fan mail at MGM exceeded that of Clark Gable. By 1939—Freddie's career was finished. At 14 he was a long, gangling string bean, all wrists and neck. "If the cinema tired of me," the youngster said as he set out to salvage what he could with a personal appearance tour, "I should keep my chin up and carry on with other things." Freddie kept his chin up, all right, but he's still trying his best to make a screen comeback via summer stock, vaudeville and night clubs. At this writing, he's making night club appearances in Australia.

Take the two Jackies, Cooper and Coogan.

Jackie Cooper was launched into pictures by his uncle, director Norman Taurog, a shrewd man who knew all about Hollywood. When Jackie was coining the money with roles like *Skippy*, Uncle Norman saw to it that the boy's income was salted away for the rainy days.

It's a good thing he did. Today Jackie is still on the screen, but he (Continued on page 109)

No
Time for **FUN**



by florence epstein

Personal appearance? People think it's a glamorous tour. Jane Powell knows it's just plain work from coast to coast and home again . . .

■ She'd finished her engagement at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles. *The Student Prince*, her first complete operetta, had gone over well. After that she'd headed East on tour. Cincinnati was behind her, and so was Chicago. All that remained was two weeks at the Capitol Theatre in New York. It was a busy schedule, but New York lay waiting like a giant mardi gras, and a 19-year-old girl could really have herself a time. Only the way it turned out for Jane Powell, there was no time at all.

There was, to begin with, a cold. It took place in the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel on the ninth floor. Jane's mother sat in one corner of the suite, worrying. Dorothy Day, of the M-G-M publicity department, sat by the phone and cancelled appointments. And Jane stayed in bed, downing cold tablets.

The whole p.a. (personal appearance) was Jane's idea, though. She could have stayed home and experimented with the 16mm camera her father had just bought. Up until now, all the pictures had come out unrecognizable.

She could have stayed home and dated Geary Stephen. Geary used to be Sonja Henie's skating partner, but he'd given up the ice for the real estate business. Now he was in Hollywood, willing to give up the real estate business for a screen career. Jane could have made it easier for him. She could have sung to him every night while they were out dancing. . . .

But Jane had thought the tour was a good idea. Apart from the money, there was the experience, and there was the thrill of playing to a live audience and having them in the palm of your hand. The cold, though, was unplanned.

The rest of her time in New York was planned too well. There were five shows a day, and in between the shows she was interviewed. In between the interviews she nibbled on sandwiches, and in between sandwiches she thought how nice it would be to go shopping. To keep from being depressed she embroidered cats' faces on turkish towel bibs—presents for some babies she knew in Hollywood.

The sad fact was, she had only one date and *that* was arranged. Tom Rogers, who handles radio appearances for M-G-M stars, escorted her to Radie Harris' CBS show. Jane was the guest star. And that night Tom took Jane to the opening of Madeleine Carroll's new play, *Goodbye, My Fancy*, and to the Stork Club. Tom was lovely. But Jane kept wondering about Geary and whether he was lonesome, too . . .



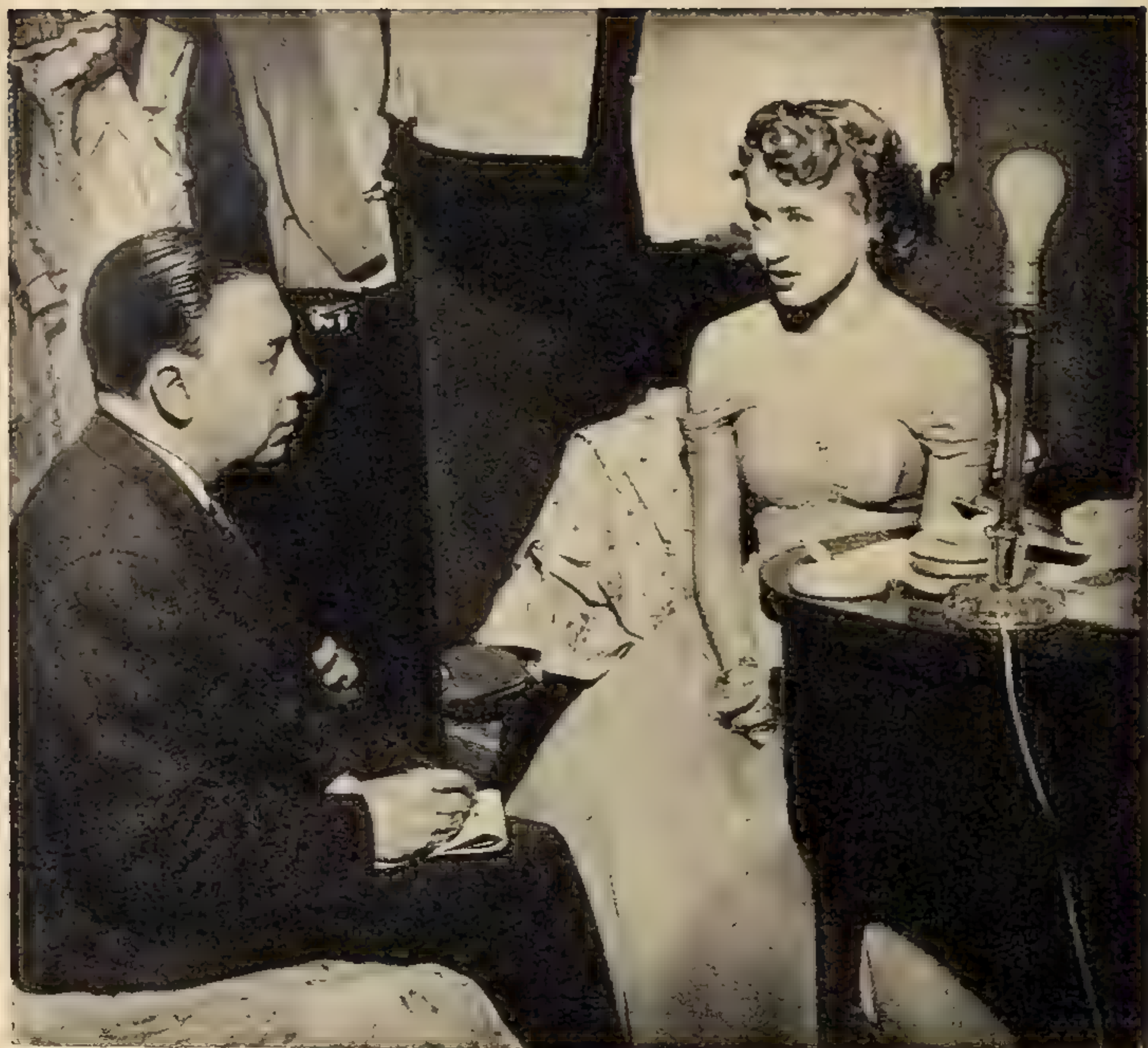
The beginning of a wild dash: Jane, above, consults her watch while waiting for a cab. Below, a frenzied conference at the Capitol Theatre.



Shep Fields' orchestra accompanied Jane during her two-weeks engagement. Here, Shep and Jane rehearse downstairs at the theater between shows.



No time for **FUN**



Between shows there were interviews. Here, New York Post columnist, Earl Wilson, visits Jane in her tiny dressing-room. Magazine and newspaper writers beat a path backstage.



Whenever Jane stepped into the street, fans surrounded her—she always obliged. This was outside the swank "21," on one of the rare occasions that Jane left the Capitol to dine.

If she had thought back to her New York experiences of last year, she might have chosen to stay home this time. Last year she lost ten pounds (that left eighty-eight) climbing to and from her dressing-room upstairs at the Capitol. And everytime she turned around, someone had a question, or was pointing a camera at her.

This year it wasn't much different—except for the dressing-room. The stagehands at the Capitol had built her a sort of lean-to, covered with burlap. It stood backstage against the rear wall and it was the noisiest place in the city.

The few people she met went out of their way to please her. Tony Canzoneri, the former ring champ who was on the same bill with Jane, called up all the restaurants near the Capitol one night, to find out who served *pizza*. (*Pizza* is an Italian pie made of cheese and tomatoes.) And if no one thereabouts served *pizza* it wasn't his fault. If Jane had to eat soup it was because that's what they served around the corner from the Capitol half-an-hour before showtime.

There was the little boy whose name she never learned—he was too shy. But all day, every day, he waited near the stage door with a bouquet of flowers in his hand. When Janie came dashing out, he gave her the bouquet and helped her into a taxi.


The closest she ever really came to New York was when she sang to New Yorkers from the stage. At night, after the last show, she saw it from her window—the lights, the cars, the flavor of glittering excitement. But the view was all—there had been no time for fun.

THE END



Caught in the act:
Jane wowed 'em all with tunes from
Date With Judy, *Luxury Liner*.





Portrait of JENNIE

Picture
of the
Month

IN "PORTRAIT OF JENNIE," THE LOVE OF JOSEPH COTTEN FOR JENNIFER JONES TRANSCENDS TIME AND SPACE.

■ *Portrait of Jennie* is the story of an ethereal love affair between a young artist (Joseph Cotten) and a strange girl (Jennifer Jones) who comes to him from beyond the bounds of time. He first encounters her as a child playing in the snow in New York's Central Park. She disappears but returns—and disappears—recurrently over a span of months, on each reappearance having aged several years. When he sees her for the final time, she has grown into a lovely young woman. In the course of this fugitive association, he finds in her the inspiration that brings to life in him his great but dormant talent—and he paints a marvelous portrait of her to establish his career.

David Selznick and his associate, David Hempstead, have done a remarkable job in turning Robert

Nathan's exquisitely-shaded novel into a film. Even those who look askance at fantasy will find it a rewarding experience, so convincingly and deftly is the gossamer dream-stuff woven into the fabric of recognizable reality. This poetic fable, aside from the ephemeral spirit-girl, is peopled by very realistic folk moving in the solidly factual world of Manhattan in the 1930's. And the climax comes in the wild and terrifying actuality of a New England hurricane.

Jennifer Jones gives a beautifully illuminating performance in the many-sided role of the heroine; Joseph Cotten blends spirituality with forthright virility as the artist; and the best supporting cast of the year does all anyone could ask in helping make *Portrait of Jennie* an extraordinary film.

portrait of jennie



1. As *Portrait of Jennie* begins, Eben Adams (Joe Cotten), a penniless young New York artist, meets a strange 10-year-old named Jennie who leaves him with the request that he wait for her to grow up.



2. Some days later, Eben sells a sketch of Jennie to art dealer Henry Mathews (Cecil Kellaway) and his assistant, Miss Spinney (Ethel Barrymore). Mathews asks Eben to do a portrait of Jennie.



3. Eben celebrates the sale at a tavern run by Mr. Moore (Albert Sharpe). Eben's friend Gus (David Wayne), a hackie, gets Moore to give Eben free meals in exchange for painting an Irish mural.



4. A few weeks later, Eben meets Jennie skating in Central Park. She seems older this time, but he thinks it must be the clothes. She's vague on her background, but agrees she'll pose later on.



5. Soon after, Eben sells more sketches of Jennie to Mathews. But he can't begin the portrait—he doesn't know where she lives. He works on the mural while Gus tries vainly to locate her.



6. Then one day she comes to Eben's studio. He now learns she died years before he met her and, being lonely, has come to him out of eternity. She leaves, he seeks her at her convent school.



7. In actuality, she had been at the convent long ago—but Eben sees her there nonetheless. She returns to the studio, the portrait progresses. Soon, the young girl has become a grown woman.



8. Eben and Jennie go out in the country for a picnic. This is to be their last day of happiness together—at least, until they are finally joined deathlessly on another plane beyond this earth.

9. Jennie appears once again—at a lighthouse on Cape Cod in the course of a howling hurricane that sweeps her from Eben's arms.



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†Fabric shrinkage not more than 1%



IT'S A
DAN RIVER
WRINKL-SHED
COTTON

spring comes early to fashion

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Even if there is still a lingering trace of snow on the ground, it's spring as far as fashion is concerned. The designers are always ahead of the first robin, and the fashions you'll be wearing this spring and summer are planned long before the crocuses show up.

In this issue we concentrate on two typical signs of spring—new shoes, and print dresses.

As for shoes, we've always believed the shoe makes the costume. Cute shoes pep up the simplest dress; but the most important gown in the world is ruined if your feet look dull. In the belief that nothing, but nothing, can make or break your outfit like shoes—we give you a shoe show, beginning on page 74. There is every kind of shoe you can think of—high heeled and low heeled, wedgies, platforms, ballerinas, louis heels—and lots of shoes which will be available in bright colors. If these don't keep you foot-happy for the rest of the season—we don't know what will!

Was there ever a girl who didn't crave a fresh bright print just around Washington's birthday? We've never heard of one, so beginning on page 78 we show you three prize prints—guaranteed to give you a lift like a daffodil.

Have you caught our Spring fever?



janet blair says hello to spring in bright plaid

■ Janet Blair blooms like a rose in a fresh spring plaid with a demure look to the ruffle-edged yoke and a bit of fresh white at the throat. The skirt is pleated. Dan River cotton plaid, in blue or green. Junior sizes 9-15.

By Peggy Paige, about \$8.95.

For where to buy, see page 86.

**modern
screen
fashions**



1. BLACK PATENT CROSS
strap pump, with new scallops.
By Modern Miss. \$6.95.

2. SCALLOPS (very new) on a
suede baby doll pump.
By Mary Jane. \$5.99.

the shoe makes the costume



3. SQUARED INSTEP
ballerina flat. Black
suede gold edged bow.
By Mary Jane. \$2.99.

4. TRIPLE STRAP green
leather pump. Louis heel,
high back.
By Mode Art Jr. \$10.95.

5. CLASSIC spectator
in white suede with blue
calf trim.
By Prom-Spec—\$10.95.

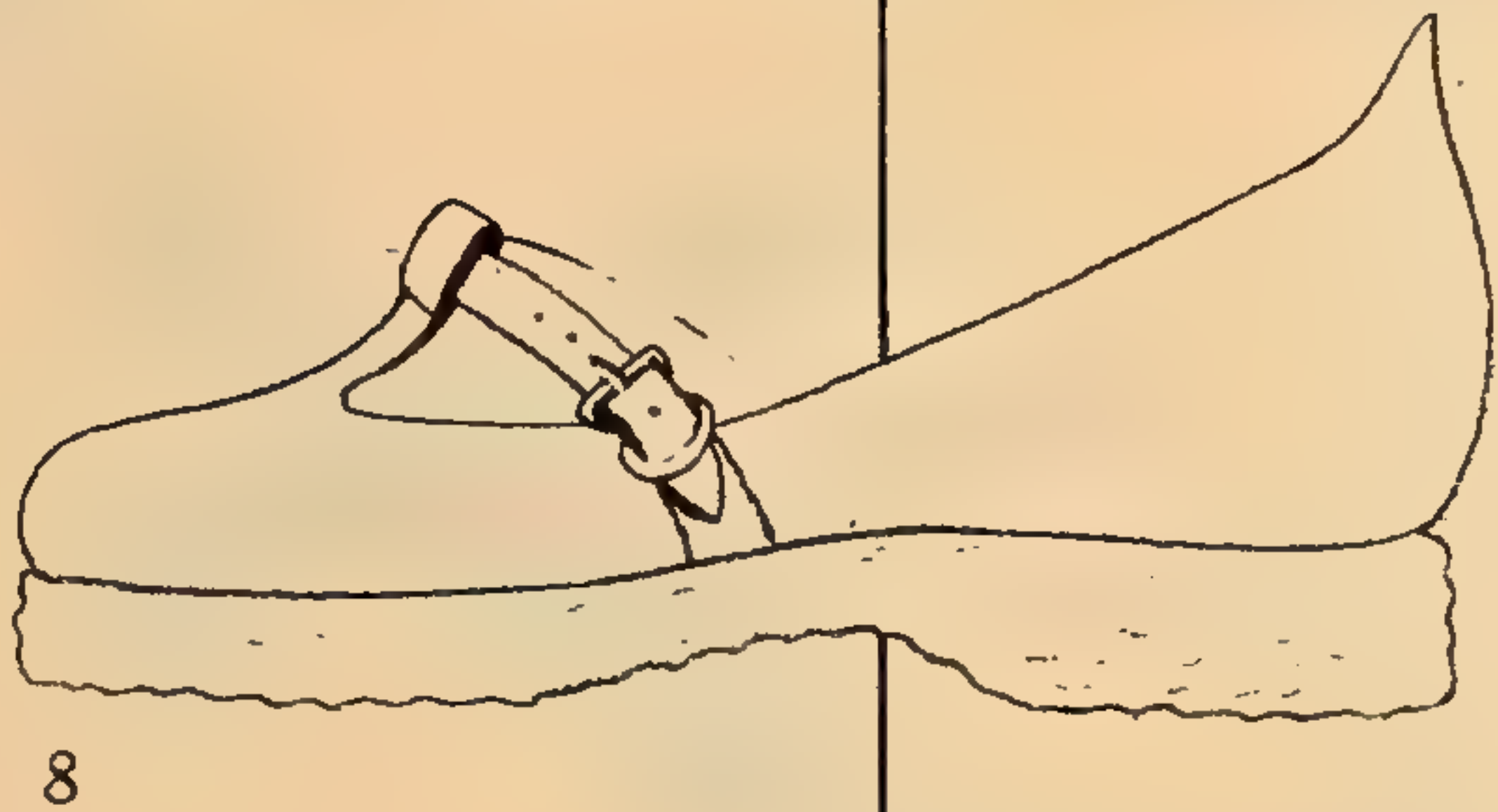




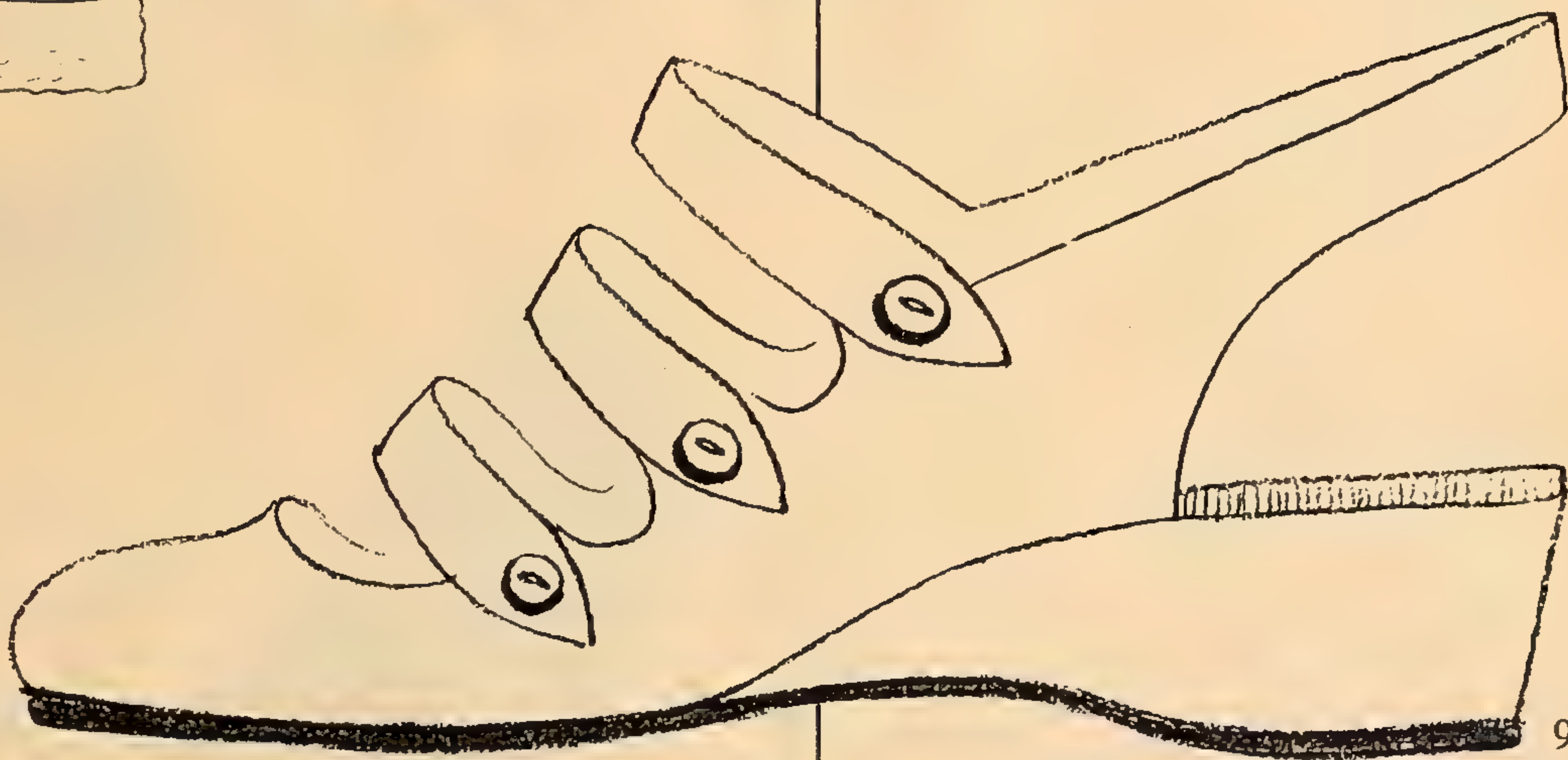
6. BOW TIE double strap green calf pump. Many colors. By Mode Art Jr.



7. LATTICE pump with wedge sole, especially for sizes 1½-5. By Cinderella of Boston. \$9.95.



8. CREPE SOLES—new and smart after long absence. Red calf with T-strap. By Modern Miss—\$6.95.



9. THREE-BUTTONED strapped wedgie. Black or copper suede. By Trim Tred. About \$10.00.



10. PLATFORM ankle strap pump in grey, blue or black suede with leather contrast. Sizes 1½-5. By Cinderella of Boston. \$12.95.



11. PALE GREEN calf open work pump, fastened with tiny removable strap. By Trim Tred. \$8.

12. BUCKLED straps on a calf play shoe with new crepe soles. Green, tan, wine; also red and tan with white. By Laconia Debs—\$6.95.

13. SQUARE perforations on gay elk leather playshoe. Bright multicolor, or white with multicolor trim. By Parkhill Casuals—about \$4.

14. DOUBLE STRAP calf pump in black, brown, red, or white. By Valentines. \$8.95.



the shoe makes the costume



15. GOLD EDGED strapped sandals in suede-like arrabuk. Black, white, multi-colored, or all gold. By Parkhill Casuals. About \$3.

16. LOUIS HEEL on a smart single strap suede pump. By Twenty-Ones. \$10.95.

17. TWO COLORS, two straps on an open calf pump. Tan with brown heels or all grey. By Queen Quality. \$12.95.



straps are very high fashion in shoes. They can be single, double, or triple. They can circle your ankle, or, smarter, cross your instep. They can either buckle or button (buttonhooks are coming back!) To put your feet in fashion, wear straps!

heels go to all heights. For sheer fashion, the louis heel is super-smart. It curves in gracefully, flatters the foot, and gives even a simple opera a new look. Watch for a return of the Cuban heel, too, as a medium between very high and familiar flat.

soles are newest in crepe; newest of all in a bright color to contrast with the upper. Crepe rubber disappeared during the war, but now it's back for all those girls who doted on it for sport and play. However, wedges, platforms and soft ballerinas are still favorites.

Lovely Dresses Given to You!

and EARN
up to \$23
WEEKLY
BESIDES



If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics—such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Spring dresses, *without paying a penny of cost?* That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, Inc., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. *We need new representatives right away* to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you're married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—*dresses that will not cost you a penny.* In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to \$23 and \$25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to \$3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot. It's really a cinch.



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For other stores carrying this Modern Screen Fashion, see page 86.



*Two shades of Spring
— and it's a half-size*

Smartest half-size in town—a two-tone butcher rayon with new shawl collar, rounded sleeves, and a dramatic applique. Grey with yellow; navy with pink; cocoa with blue. 12½-18½. By Peg Palmer, \$12.98. Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

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FACE POWDER...creates a satin smooth make-up...in Color Harmony shades for your type...the finishing touch.



ROUGE...to harmonize with your Lipstick...correct for your type...adds color, and accents your beauty.



LIPSTICK...3 flattering shades for your type: Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Correct for your coloring, correct for your costume.

A WOMAN'S PLACE

(Continued from page 58)



Beauty is my business—

SAYS BEVERLY BURTON, FASCINATING COVER GIRL

and **SWEETHEART** Beauty Care Keeps My Skin Looking
Velvety Soft, Radiantly Young—and Helps Prevent Chapping!

● "I'd be through as a model if I had rough, chapped skin. That's why I changed from casual skin care to SweetHeart Care. For it helps prevent chapping," says Beverly. "And in just one week, my complexion looked far lovelier. Yes, so much softer, smoother, and younger!"

You can expect the same glorious results! Yes, *this time next week you can*

have a lovelier complexion. It's easy! Simply change to SweetHeart Beauty Care today.

Each night . . . each morning, massage your face with SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm . . . then cold water. One week from today you'll see an amazing difference! Your skin feels softer . . . smoother. It looks radiantly fresh—actually younger!

Beauty is my business, too!

● At 10 months, Nadine Koehne is already a model! And she has always been bathed with pure, mild, fragrant SweetHeart Soap.

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.

IT'S A REMARKABLE ACTION!

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SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



and shell pink. The same functional lines prevail here, as in Freddie's room, but the striped chairs are feminine-looking. The burnt-glass coffee table and the blond wood desk would fit in anywhere in the house.

"I believe bedrooms should be adaptable to general living, not just places to sleep. I keep a silver tea service here for entertaining my women friends, and I do all my household business at my desk."

The contents of Roz's desk are typical of Roz. Practical, sentimental, and studded with humor. She has neat pigeon-holes for her bills, but above them is a conglomeration of books, ceramic horses, a tiny American flag, and the bronzed baby shoes of son Lance—now five.

Roz is essentially as romantic in nature as she looks in person. Her cloud of soft dark hair and vibrant pink skin give her the loveliness of a porcelain figurine. Her heart is easily touched, and she saves family photographs and souvenirs with the fierce, maternal protectiveness of a lady lion. But in Lance's upbringing she is determined to be unsentimental.

toughening process . . .

"I want to toughen him up to meet life, not soften him up," she said. "He has to learn, even while he's just a little fellow, that life has its disappointing moments. That way, he'll be able to face his bigger problems when they come along." To illustrate her point, Roz told of a crisis in Lance's life just recently.

She gave him a cowboy hat and belt with a gun in the holster. It was just a cheap outfit, for she feels that it is foolish to buy expensive toys for little children. The hat was just made of paper-thin cardboard, but Lance thought it wonderful. He stuck it on his happy head, and swaggered off to the park to show it to the other kids. But some of the other kids didn't like it at all.

"That's a crazy hat," said one.

"Where are your boots? You can't be a cowboy without boots!" jeered another.

"I can so be a cowboy!" he said stoutly.

"You can *not*!" said a hulking brute of seven. To give his words more emphasis, he reached out and pulled Lance's cowboy hat down over his eyes. There was a ripping sound, and Lance's furious red ears poked through the brim. An instant later his hat was on the ground and the boys were tangled in an angry whirl of arms and legs. Timmy Hartmann, Joe Pasternak's boy, Stephanie Wanger, and George Murphy's "Missy" watched with round eyes. Roz watched too, from a discreet distance. Instinct made her want to fly to her child's rescue, to beat off the other boy and tell Lance that it was too a lovely hat, and of course he didn't have to wear boots to be a cowboy. But she stood still on the gravel walk and waited for the battle to end. More important for Lance was a major lesson in disappointment and frustration.

The fight was over at last, and Lance was holding his battered hat against his bloody nose. Roz held out her handkerchief to him.

"Here, use this," she said gently, "and let's go home." She just won't be sentimental over her son, Roz says.

Being sentimental with her husband is something else again. When Freddie comes home in the evening, his blue eyes alight with happiness at just being home, Roz enters into the spirit of celebration. She always dresses for dinner. Some-

times she wears a silver brocaded jacket over a cloud-grey chiffon skirt, or a flame-gold lamé gown with a matching stole lined with jade green. For Fred, like most European men, likes formality and ceremony in the evening—dinner gowns, candlelight and wines.

Dinner parties are held in the blue-and-green dining room with its polished pine table that seats 12. Shining silver pieces on the English buffet sparkle against the mirrors, and scintillate with the conversation. Frequent guests are Loretta Young and Tom Lewis; William Powell and Diana Lewis; Cary Grant; Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin; and Bette Davis and her husband, William Sherry. Danish-American dishes find high favor, and Roz goes over each detail with her cook before serving-time. Her favorite dinner menu consists of Danish *blinis* (savory pancakes with caviar), clear turtle soup, a light fish course served with cucumbers, breast of chicken in cream sauce accompanied by tiny peas, and ginger rolls for dessert.

While the men chat over their brandy and cigars in the dining room, Roz takes the girls up to her room for a good gabfest. Then, the formal part of the evening over, they all troop into the living room for old-fashioned parlor games.

The living room invites the eye with its soft, deeply-cushioned couches and chairs in lime green. White Ming horses prance over the burnt glass coffee tables. Huge square mirrors on the walls reflect the mirrored corners on either side of the antique Dutch chest. These corners conceal a radio on one side, a movie projector on the other. Chinese trees with clear jade leaves trace a pattern of loveliness against the mirrors.

relax, relax! . . .

Roz has definite ideas about entertaining her favorite people. She believes that there is nothing more dreary than a party where the guests sit around nursing their drinks and coming out with abrupt statements of what they said to the boss, or why their movie company should never have made that last picture. "No shop talk" is the rule of the Brisson household, and Roz is alert to enforce it. Tired movie producers, worried writers, tensely glamorous actresses find renewed vitality after an evening of fun with Freddie and Roz. Before they know it, they have shed their tension with their hats, and are busily popping their own popcorn.

After dinner they romp through a session of games. Roz tugs open the drawers of the old Dutch chest and distributes handfuls of felt, feathers, ribbons, and gaudy ornaments. Then the lights are put out, and amid muffled giggles, the Powells, the Lewises, and their assorted friends struggle in the darkness to concoct the best-looking or funniest hats out of the materials Roz has given them. Lights on again, the hat-makers are forced to wear their creations for a full half-hour. Muffled giggles turn into shrieks as Bill Powell usually turns up the winner wearing some fearful contraption of lace and opulent plumes.

They play other games, too. They draw funny faces on paper bags and wear them over their heads. They team up, and with the ends of a piece of dental floss in their mouths, they chew vigorously towards a spinning piece of candy strung across the center. The first to get there is the winner! They feed each other popcorn from tablespoons while blindfolded—and find that ears have a way of being mistaken for mouths and that noses get smacked smartly with spoons. They play Indications and Charades. When everyone is exhausted, Freddie plays the piano.

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now touring in the East. The senior Brisson is only 17 years older than his son. His youthful blue eyes and terrific breadth of shoulder have kept him looking like Freddie's older brother. Lance has learned to speak Danish through the little-pitcher method of listening to conversations not intended for his ears. So his grandparents have resorted to spelling things out—in Danish.

Lance's room has plenty of growing space. His walls are a plain off-white without any nursery designs, and though he has a fondness for stuffed animals, he is leaving these behind as he moves forward into more fascinating mechanical mysteries. He still insists on his bedtime story, and only Roz can read it to him. To the little boy in the sturdy striped pajamas, the story hour is his highlight of the day. Afterwards Roz knows that she has drawn a little closer to her son.

For a movie star, Rosalind's clothes closet is surprisingly simple. Her Travis Benton suits are hung in orderly rows. Her hats are filed in three shelves. Shoes are her pet vanity.

"I have one pair of brown-and-white spectator pumps that I bought 14 years ago," she admitted. "Though I paid \$65 for them, it wasn't really extravagance, because they are just as good today. During the war, I didn't buy a single pair."

fragrant setting...

Roz has an oblong, mirror-walled dressing room between her bedroom and bath, which is a dream of ingenuity and beauty. She can see herself from any angle, which is fine for adjusting skirt lengths or having wardrobe fittings. Her dressing table glitters with crystal and silver bottles. Roz hoards perfumes of all fragrances and brands, like a sniff-happy squirrel.

Only in a bathroom belonging to Roz Russell would you expect to find philodendrons twining their leaves towards the window. But knowing her sheer delight in growing things, and finding at least three greenhouse products in every room of the house—well, you're not surprised to meet philodendrons in her bathroom. Roz has a tub equipped with a glass-and-chrome shelf which runs across it and holds her bath accessories. With this gadget on hand, she can cream her face, remove her nail polish or set her hair while bathing. This is real movie-star stuff and ties in with the glass shelf above the bathtub which shimmers with jars of bath oils.

Their life around the house is just as important to the Brissons as that which goes on inside. The whole Brisson family takes an interest in the garden. Freddie spades up the rose bushes, Rosalind putters in the greenhouse, and Lance has his own little garden. At the moment, Lance's fraction of an acre poses quite a problem. According to the directions which Roz read to him from the seed packet, he was supposed to plant his corn two feet apart. But when his mother wasn't looking, Lance dumped in a few packages of nasturtium and carrot seeds, as well. Now he confronts the devastating problem of what to weed out.

The son of the house is as round and brown as a sunburnt pearl. He has Roz's fine sense of humor, and her forthrightness. He has Freddie's blond good looks and charming manner. Lady visitors swoon with delight when Lance bows to them with one chubby hand on his stomach, his tow-head bowed almost to the floor. He is all Danish then, the Continental charmer, the smoothie. Then, like as not, he will straighten up and say: "Gee, Mom, kin I stay up tonight and hear Gene Autry on the radio? Kin I?"

He's an all-American kid again.

THE END

stuck for a gift?



Vendome carryall in blue canvas with red leather trim. Carries anything anywhere. By Atlantic Products, at Macy's, N.Y. \$9.98.



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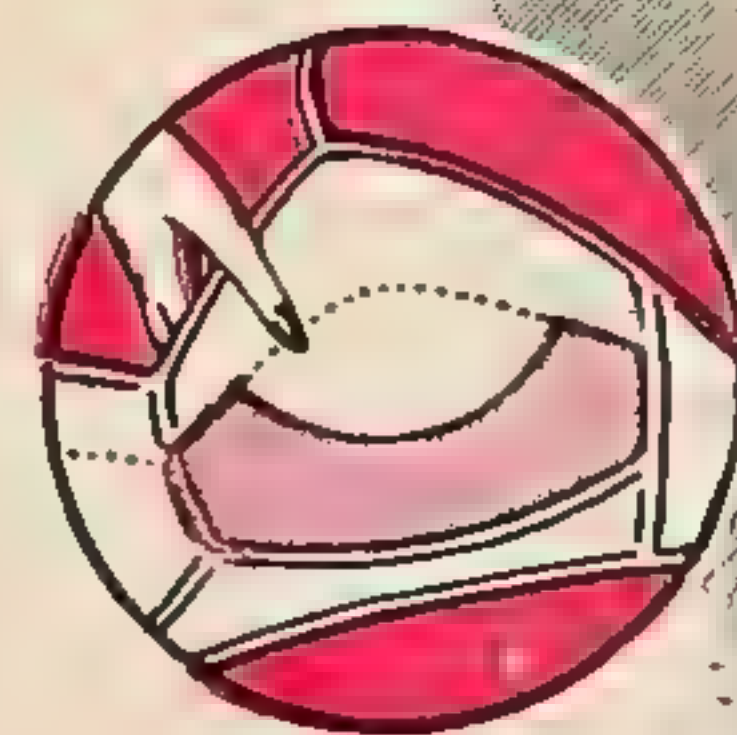
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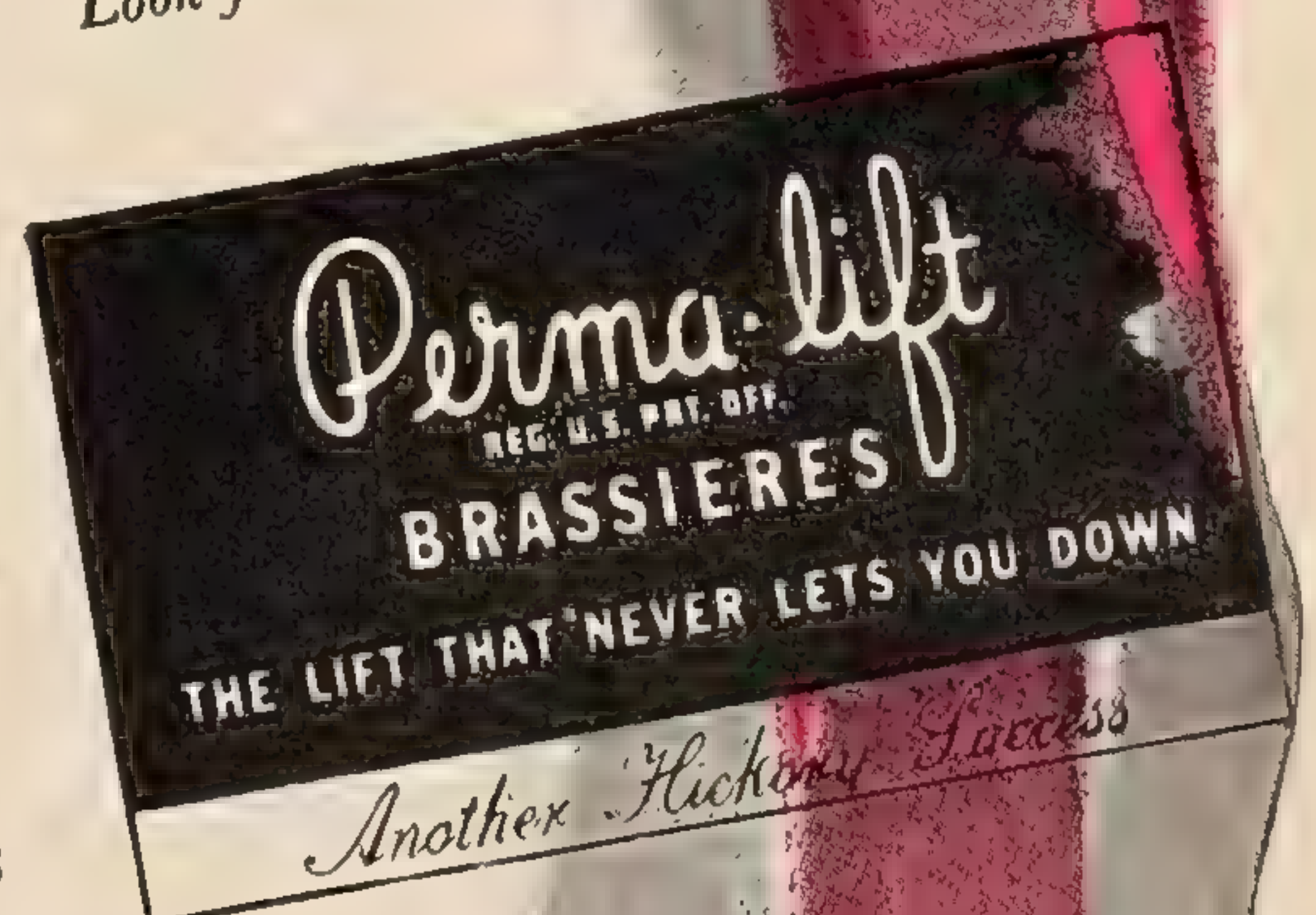
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(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Plaid dress with ruffle-edged yoke worn by Janet Blair in the full color photograph (page 73).

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Shoes shown on pages 74, 75 and 76

1. BLACK PATENT cross strap pump

New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 W. 42nd St.,
Shoes, 2nd Fl.

2. SCALLOPS on suede baby doll pump

Philadelphia, Pa.—Mary Jane Shoe Store,
1009 Market St.—and all Mary Jane
Shoe Stores throughout the country.

3. SQUARED INSTEP ballerina flat

Philadelphia, Pa.—Mary Jane Shoe Store,
1009 Market St.—and all Mary Jane
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4. TRIPLE STRAP green leather pump

Jackson, Tenn.—Bond's, 107 E. Main.

5. CLASSIC spectator shoe

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co., Peach-
tree and Ellis Sts., Shoe Dept., 3rd Fl.

7. LATTICE pump with wedge sole

Order by mail from: Cinderella of Bos-
ton, 59 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

8. CREPE SOLES T-strap shoe

New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 W. 42nd St.,
Shoes, 2nd Fl.

9. THREE BUTTONED strapped wedgie

Write: Roberts, Johnson & Rand,
Division International Shoe Co.,
1501 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

10. PLATFORM ankle strap pump

Order by mail from: Cinderella of Bos-
ton, 59 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

11. PALE GREEN calf open work pump

Write: Roberts, Johnson & Rand,
Div. International Shoe Co.,
1501 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

12. BUCKLED straps on plaf play shoe

Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist Co., 417 Wash-
ington St., 3rd Fl.

13. SQUARE perforations on elk play shoe

Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.,
Illinois & Market Sts., Shoe Dept.,
Downstairs

14. DOUBLE STRAP calf pump

St. Louis, Mo.—Scruggs, Vandervoort &
Barney, 10th & Olive Sts.

15. GOLD EDGED strapped sandals

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co., 226 S. Main
St., Downstairs

16. LOUIS HEEL suede pump

New York, N. Y.—Mary Lewis, 746 Fifth
Ave., Shoe Dept., 2nd Fl.

17. TWO COLORS, two straps, open calf pump

Louisville, Ky.—Kaufman Straus Co., 427
Fourth Ave., Street Fl.

Gaslight print cotton dress (page 78)

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St. &
Ave. of Americas, Daytime Dress Dept.,
2nd Fl.

Striped rayon print dress (page 79)

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co., 19 N.
State St., Budget Sportswear

Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.,
Meridian & Washington Sts.

New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins,
33 W. 34th St., Budget Dresses, 4th Fl.

Half-size two-tone dress (page 80)

Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerer Co., 465
Main St., Budget Dresses, 3rd Fl.

Houston, Texas—Sakowitz Bros., Main &
Rusk Ave., 5th Fl.

Memphis, Tenn.—Goldsmith's, Main &
Gayoso Sts., Dresses, 3rd Fl.

New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins,
33 W. 34th St., Budget Dresses, 4th Fl.

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Locust,
Olive & Sixth Sts., Daytime Dress Dept.

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HOW SWEET IS SIXTEEN?

(Continued from page 53)

"Maybe—maybe you're both a little young for those dresses," she ventured. "Your mothers might not like them."

"You don't know my mother," said Peggy indignantly, "she'll love it."

But apparently Peggy didn't know her mother either. Her mother did *not* love it. She pointed out that Peggy looked like a fugitive from a fancy dress ball. The bustle, she said forthrightly, looked like a battered sofa pillow after Peggy had sat on it. Furthermore, satin, draped over the hips, was not Peggy's type of material.

"But Mother—aqua's so *right* for me."

Mrs. Garner marshalled further arguments. There were dozens, nay hundreds, of aqua dresses in greater Los Angeles. If Peggy searched diligently, she'd be sure to find at least one more suitable to her age and figure. What's more, Mrs. Garner would personally assist her in the search.

Sadly, Peggy dragged herself to the telephone to confer with Liz. Liz had her sorrows too.

"Mother says I have to send *mine* back!"

Yep—when you're sixteen, darn it, you're still not quite ready to handle things as a woman of the world. Take the matter of dates. For instance, the time she wanted to go to the football game with Chuck, and Alan asked her first. Peggy said she would go if she could. Could they keep the date tentative for a few days? Because Chuck had sort of mentioned something about the next game . . .

enter chuck . . .

Then, later that day, she met Chuck on her way to study-hall. He stopped her and spoke with superb dignity.

"I hear you are going to the game with Alan. I *was* going to ask you to go with me." And, nose in air, he strode on by.

But sixteen has its great moments, too. Peggy Ann dined at Romanoff's with a school friend, Clark Hardwick. Peggy's hair was braided smoothly on top of her head, and she wore a long, pleated skirt of navy blue with a matching stole. Peggy had qualms inside, as she dug into her fruit cocktail. Qualms that perhaps she didn't look as elegant as she felt. Maybe she just looked like a girl trying to appear older—and that's fatal! Her hands froze, and her smile trembled a little as she looked up to see Sheilah Graham passing her table. Suddenly Sheilah halted.

"Good heavens, it's Peggy Ann! I didn't recognize you. You look so tall and slim!"

Peggy Ann seemed to grow two inches. Her heart felt as if it would burst with pride. This was the thrill of accomplishment, for by shaking her head at chocolate malts, she had lost 15 pounds in six months. Now Sheilah Graham had told her that she looked tall and slim. Those few words filled the room with quivering rainbows and the sound of far-off music.

Being able to feel this way—this was the best part of being sixteen. You may not be a full-fledged woman, a creature of stunning poise and mysterious depths—but, all in all, what a wonderful, wonderful age!

THE END

The screen story of *The Big Cat*, Peggy Ann Garner's latest film, is a feature of the March issue of Screen Stories.

THE LOVABLE GIRL-OF-THE-MONTH

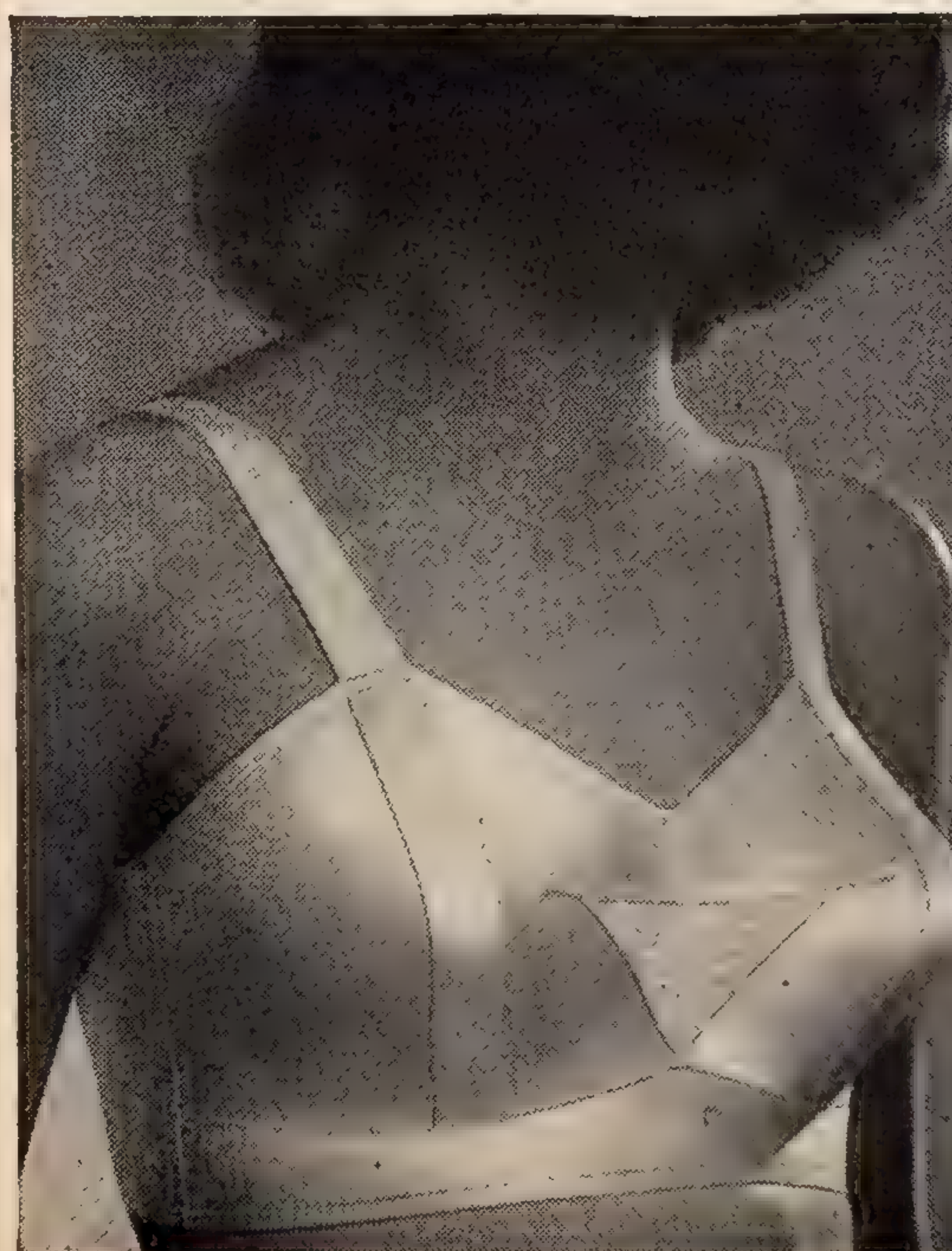
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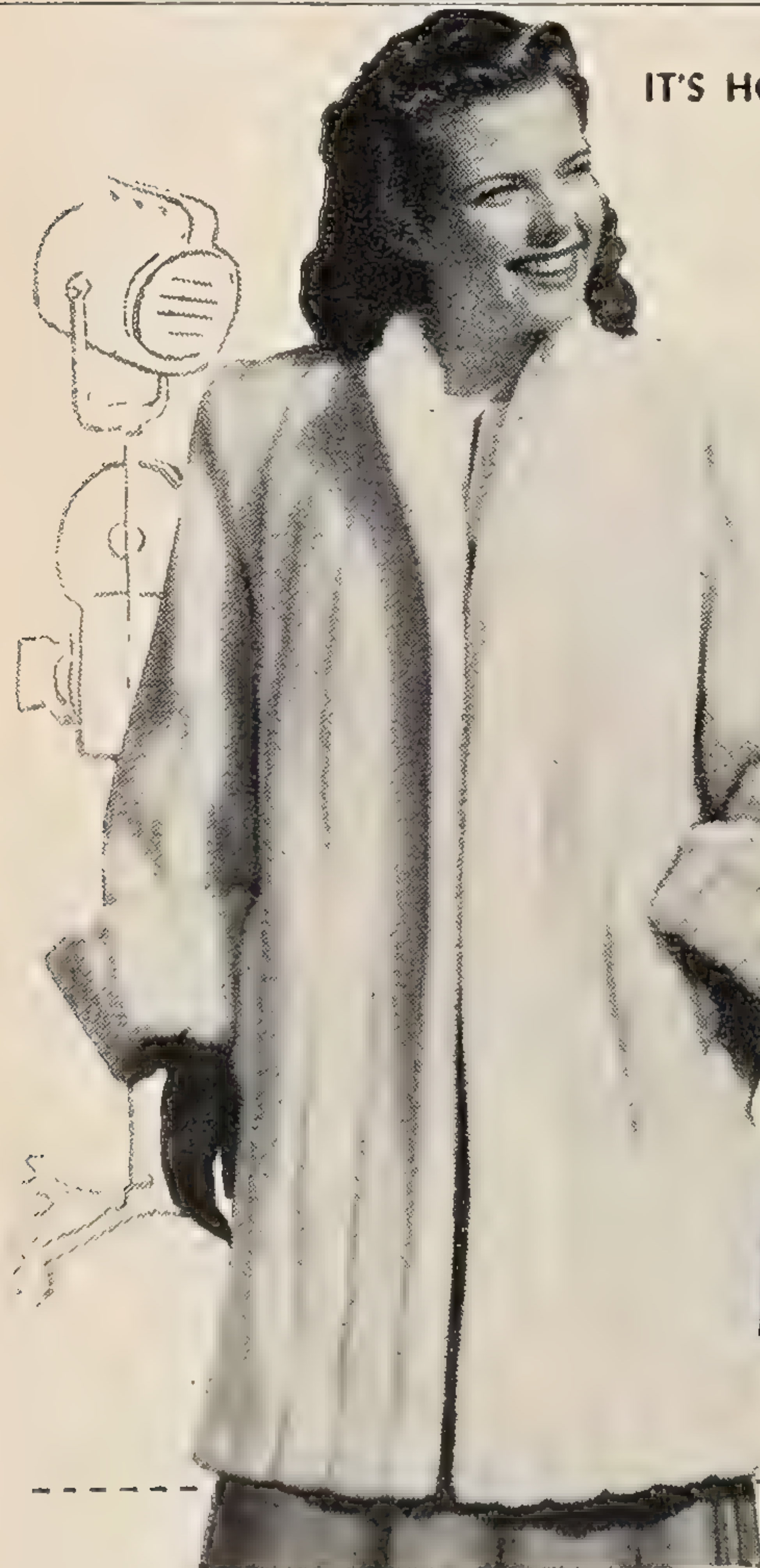
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____
SIZE: 8 ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐
7 ☐ 9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐
COLOR: White ☐ Green ☐ Grey ☐ Plush Red ☐

LOIS BUTLER
Singing Star of
EAGLE-LION PRODUCTION
"MICKEY"

VENUS IN BLUE-JEANS

(Continued from page 45)

to be. Instead of growing up at 18, it took me longer. Before, a man had to be the crush of the ages or I just wasn't interested. There was no in-between. Now I've reached the point where I can simply be friends with men, which is a sign of maturity—I hope. Howard's my good friend. I feel comfortable with him. It's not a romance. If it were, what would we be waiting for?"

As for kids, she feels that no woman's alive till she's had children. She stops to ogle strange babies on the street. At the drop of a hint, she'll drag out pictures of her seven nieces and nephews, and crow happily that an eighth is on the way. Long distance calls to the family in North Carolina are a pet extravagance. She writes faithfully to the children, remembering how as a little girl she loved getting letters from her sister in New York. Mary Edna, 13, inherits her sweaters and skirts. Ava wrote her about the gorgeous costumes in *Great Sinner*. Also about the corset that pulls her waistline in to 21 inches.

Mary Edna grew slightly apprehensive. "How on earth can your waistline be 21 inches? Mine's 31. I hope you put on a little weight, Ava, or your clothes won't fit me."

great-aunt ava . . .

They all call her Ava. At eight she battled for the title of Aunt and lost. This bout was waged with nephew Al, 18 months her junior. Ava coaxed, implored, threatened and bribed. Nothing worked but the bribes, and they didn't work for long. Al's married now, and an expectant father. "Bribe me," he says, "and I might let the kid call you Great-aunt."

What she misses most in Hollywood is the closeness of the family together at home. Of them all, only Beatrice (called Bappie) lives in Hollywood.

Every chance she gets, she's off to North Carolina. Last time, her train arrived late. She and her sisters gabbed all night till the men started stirring, then rolled up their sleeves and cooked nine breakfasts. Her idea of a perfect holiday is to yak with the folks, bathe and feed the babies, observe how the older children have developed. These teenagers put her into a glow. "They don't want to know how it feels to kiss Clark Gable or what Lana Turner's like. They ask grown-up questions about the industry, radio, politics. At their age I was a child. They're thinking people."

This atmosphere of domestic warmth and serenity is the kind she grew up in. Though marriage hasn't yet worked out for her, she still believes in the love that lasts a lifetime—a faith she owes to her parents. Head over heels in love, they married young and had seven children. One little boy died. Ava was the baby, with a gap of seven years between her and her next older sister.

Though money was scarce, the happiness of her parents made her childhood happy. Never once did she hear their voices raised in anger, never knew anything but perfect understanding between them. On all issues, Molly and Jonas Gardner were one. If Jonas thought something was wrong, Molly thought it was wrong. In addition to love, each commanded the other's respect. Time served only to deepen their love and need for each other.

All this Ava took for granted as a child, but it left its mark. She knows now that the greatest formative influence on her

life was that of the mother who died five years ago. . . .

Molly Gardner was a person of rare sweetness and strength, an outgoing person with an endless capacity for love. Jonas was shy about displaying affection. Molly felt no such constraint. At 13, Ava was still climbing into her lap to be petted. When the girls married, their husbands became Molly's sons. She adored them all, including Mickey Rooney. He kidded and teased her. She was ill, and he made her laugh, and she responded to his fun as she responded to every good thing in life. When she wrote to Ava, she'd add little letters for Mickey. Ava knows that their break-up hurt her, but Molly blamed neither one. There was no room in her heart for condemnation.

jonas came first . . .

She gave her children all the affection they needed, but mother-love never shut her husband out. On the contrary, it was Jonas who came first. You could tell by the tone of her voice and the look in her eyes and the things she did for him and the way she did them. It was through the heartbreak of his final illness that Ava learned the meaning of devotion. They'd moved to Virginia, just the three of them. Jonas had been obliged to give up the farm and the little store, and in Newport News, Molly ran a boardinghouse for teachers. It was pure drudgery, and you could seldom get help. For the last year of his life Jonas was bed-ridden. With all the rest of it, Molly took care of her husband. Night after night she sat up with him. Day after day, at the sound of his bell, she'd drop whatever she was doing and fly upstairs. "Let me," Ava'd cry, but Molly'd go by without hearing. It was Molly he wanted, and she couldn't get to him fast enough.

"I've seen this woman so wracked, so worn, so exhausted," her daughter recalls, "that I'd think, she can't go on another day." Sometimes, as the bell tinkled, her young nerves would revolt. "He rings it unnecessarily!" Next second, she'd hate herself for thinking so. Now, from the perspective of time, she understands that her protest was normal, if childish. That the bell was a welcome call to Molly. That her one comfort during those heavy days was to lavish all her tenderness on the man she loved. That from every minute together, she drew the needed strength to go on.

When Jonas died, they went back to Smithfield. Molly took her loss quietly and with courage. But it left an emptiness that was never filled. . . .

Because of her beauty, because of the parts she's played, you think of Ava as a sophisticate in the worldly sense. She's not. To this day, she's self-conscious about entering a roomful of people. She stands at the door and stiffens terrified lest she do something wrong, make a fool of herself.

It sounds idiotic. How can a girl who looks like that be anything but sure of herself? According to the girl, looks aren't enough. Poise doesn't come from looks or clothes or beaux. It comes from an inner security that Ava lost at the age of 11.

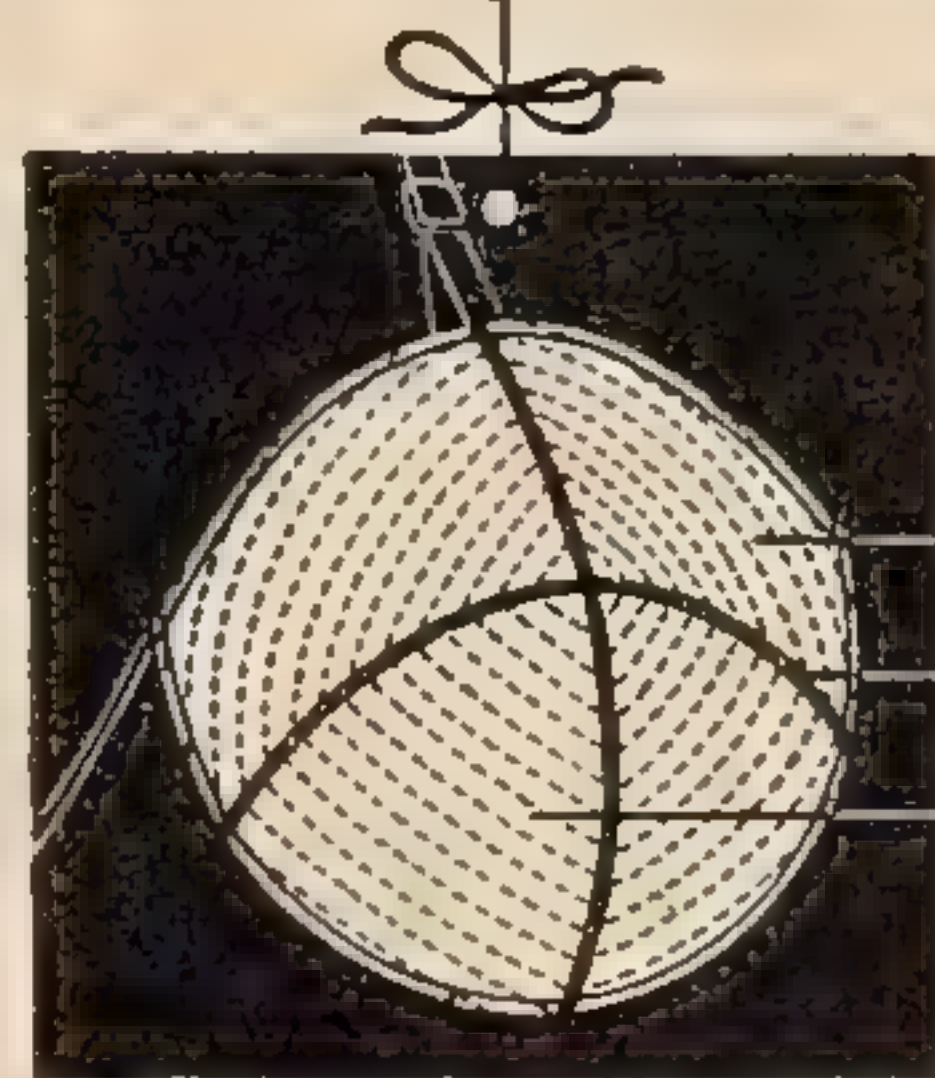
Till then her skies were cloudless. She was wrapped in the safety of family love and the peace of family life. Her three eldest sisters were like mothers as well as sisters. Every Sunday Molly'd cook a fabulous dinner—fried chicken and ham and half-a-dozen vegetables—and the clan would gather. Till Ava turned 10, Al was the only grandchild, and he was a boy, scornful of babying. His aunt felt well-protected in her little place. After dinner the grownups would wash the dishes and gossip, while Ava ran out to play with the roughneck characters who appreciated

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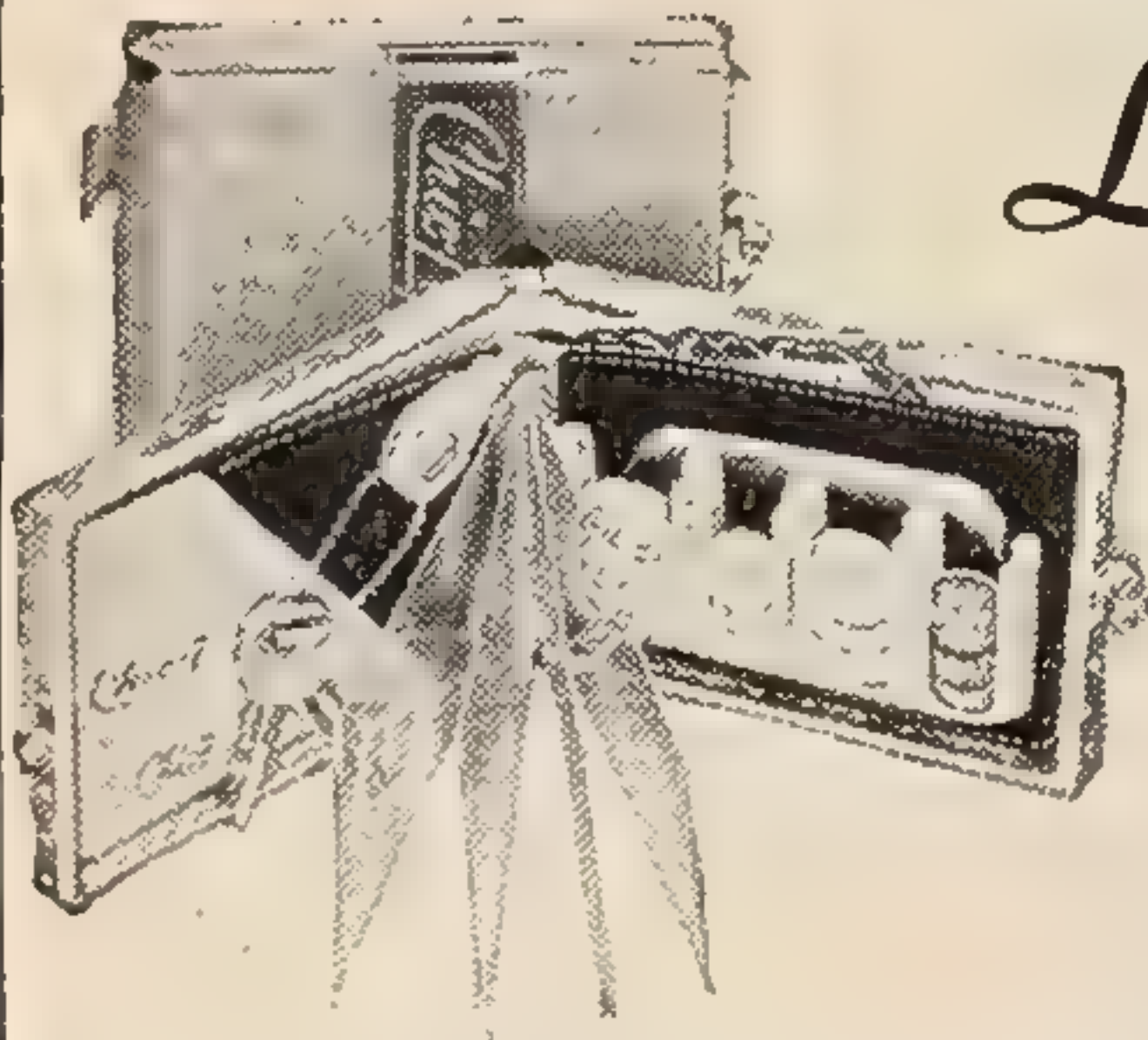
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her prowess as a tomboy. But there was always the cozy nest to return to.

Newport News changed all that. It marked Ava's initial contact with harsh realities.

Compared with Smithfield, Newport News was a big town. The kids made fun of the way she talked. She was the country cousin, the oddity, the one among many, and didn't know how to fight back. So she turned shy and withdrawn. Besides, the Gardners were poor. There wasn't much money for clothes, and most of the girls were far better dressed than Ava. As she entered high school, that fact loomed large; she couldn't cope with it. In high school you paid a \$3 fee each semester, which admitted you to all the football games, the school plays, the dances. Ava loved dancing, but she couldn't afford the fee.

Her first date didn't help any. She was a sophomore, he was a senior and divine. His very divinity heightened her sense of inadequacy. She had no ready patter, no coquetry. At home all she ever did was talk, yet she couldn't find a word to say to this god. Tongue-tied she met him, and left him the same way. "He'll never ask me again," she wept to her pillow, and he never did. Other boys asked her, but more often than not she'd turn them down. It was easier to stay home than to agonize over clothes or over being a conversational dud.

complex at college . . .

By the time she returned to North Carolina, she'd grown a healthy inferiority bump, which her year at college failed to reduce. At college it was smart to live on the campus. Ava lived at home. It was smart to go in for academic training. Ava was taking the practical commercial course. She had dates, it's true. Boys are no dopes, and whenever she went to a dance, she'd be rushed off her feet. But she never went without inward turmoil and terror. Maybe this was the one time they wouldn't break in. Maybe this was the time she'd commit some social blunder that would start them tittering like the school kids in Newport News. . . .

With the pattern of insecurity established, she set off for Hollywood. How she got her contract—through photographs made by Bappie's husband—is a tale too often told to be repeated here. Except for Bappie, she was leaving behind all the people who loved her. Even then, Molly wasn't too well. Besides, Bappie'd lived in New York so long, she was more experienced. "With me," Molly said, "it would be the blind leading the blind."

They were all at the station to see her off. So was Ava's little boy-friend, who startled her with a kiss. He'd never kissed her before, and she couldn't help wondering how it would sit with Mother. Molly wasn't the preachy type, but you know how she felt. "I never kissed Daddy," she'd said once, "till we were engaged." But this she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she was smiling as if she thought it rather sweet. Then her arms went round Ava. "Be a good girl, honey." That was how Molly always said goodbye. When you left for school, when you went out to play—"Be a good girl, honey." That was all she said now. If she cried, it wasn't where anyone could see her. And Ava kept her own tears till the train pulled out. . . .

At 17, history repeated itself. Again she was plunged into alien surroundings, frightened and lost. Only this time it was worse, because the limelight was on her and she had no shelter to retreat to. The insecurity, born in Newport News, reached a climax in Hollywood.

Few adolescents understand themselves, and Ava's adolescence was prolonged by

Your letters . . .

THE WRONG CHRISTMAS

Gentlemen: I have just finished reading "The Christmas I'll Never Forget," by Alida Valli, in the January issue.

In what I thought was a rather inspiring article, I was surprised to find that twice during the telling, Miss Valli mentioned that her experience took place on Christmas, 1944. With this I cannot agree.

As an American sergeant with the Air Forces, I spent the Christmas of 1944 in Rome. No German patrol bothered me, and I doubt if any bothered Miss Valli. You—and she—should know that on June 4, 1944, the U. S. Fifth Army and the British Eighth Army occupied Rome.

J. S. WICKS, TRENTON, N. J.

(Clearly, Miss Valli forgot that her unforgettable Christmas was actually in 1943.—Ed.)

WHAT BECAME OF SALLY?

Dear Editor: I used to be a devoted fan of Sally Eilers and saw almost every picture she was in. Could you tell me what has happened to her?

ALLEN STEARN, NEW YORK CITY
(Sally Eilers is still hard at work in Hollywood. She recently appeared in *Coroner Creek*, and you can hear her on the radio. She was guest star of the "Skippy Hollywood Theater" which is heard throughout the country every week.—Ed.)

ACTORS ARE HUMAN, TOO

Dear Editor: One of your readers wrote how disgusted he was by the Mitchum affair, and set it up as a cause of juvenile delinquency. How any person could blame a particular man for the existence of juvenile delinquency is beyond me.

Most of us have too many faults of our own to judge those of others. Usually, the very ones who are most critical are the first to ask and expect forgiveness for their own misdeeds.

RUTH WILSON, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

HONEST, JOAN!

Dear Editor: I am sick of sending in your Questionnaire box every month without receiving a free subscription. I am beginning to think that this is a put-up job.

JOAN FURST, NEW YORK CITY
(Scout oath—we're on the up-and-up. You just have to be among the first 500, Joan.—Ed.)

special conditions. She floundered in her own immaturity, in the razzle-dazzle of movieland, in her passionate need to belong. To belong, you had to do what others did. Parties and night clubs and clothes, dancing and dates. If you got a mad crush on a man, you married him, blinding yourself to the fact that temperamental differences might cause friction later. Day by day, she drew farther from the values of her own background. The big idea was, don't give yourself time to think. From thinking came trouble. From thinking, heaven forbid, you might even realize what a mixed-up, unhappy person you'd grown to be. . . .

That was Gardner once, but isn't Gardner today. Within the last two or three years, Ava's found herself. How this came about would make an involved dissertation. Suffice it to say that she finally did give herself time to think—a painful business, to begin with, but worth the pain. The character of her background reasserted itself. She discovered that you don't have to run with the crowd.

It's been like coming out of a stifling rat-race into calm, fresh air. She knows what she wants now—books and music and friends whose ideas stimulate her. Artie Shaw used to shove books at her, and she'd shove them away. Now she reads like mad, her thirsty mind working overtime to make up for the drought. Anything, everything—child classics like *The Wind in the Willows*, which sent her scooting to *Alice in Wonderland*. Shakespeare, whose very name would have scared her once. Charlie Laughton started that. On the set of *The Bribe*, he read aloud from Shakespeare. "Oh, my lost high-school years," moaned Ava, and sat up half the night with *Romeo and Juliet*.

words and music . . .

Music was always in her blood, but as long as the radio blared with good jazz or swing, that was for Ava and you could keep the rest. Now she buys records. Now Debussy, Ravel and Sibelius send her, and she looks forward to the day when she'll understand Beethoven. The ex-playgirl can have a heavenly time, eating dinner alone, listening to records and reading. Or spending an evening with a few like-minded friends, whose interests range far beyond Hollywood and Vine. Except for Duff and the Van Heflins, they're not movie people. Three years ago she'd have thought it would bore her silly to sit quietly, talking the hours away. Now she finds that nothing makes her feel more alive than the process of stretching her mental horizons.

Maybe you can best judge the change in her by her new attitude toward marriage. "I used to think it would straighten out every problem, drive fears and loneliness away. Which is absurd. You can't expect your husband to do for you what you must do for yourself. It's too great a burden to put on anyone."

She admits she likes her career, "but doesn't feel she'd be making any tremendous sacrifice in giving it up. After all, it was never the dazzling goal of her childhood—the whole thing happened almost by accident. She thinks the ideal set-up would be marriage plus one picture a year.

"My mother had the secret," she says, with that special softness in her eyes when she speaks of Molly. "Even after Daddy died, she was left with beautiful memories, not ugly frustrations. When I compare the happiness of those two with some of the misery I see in Hollywood, there's no question of choice. For their kind of love, I'd give up fifty careers." Her smile breaks through. "At least I know now what I'm after—and I don't propose to settle for anything less." THE END

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SHE'LL NEVER STOP FIGHTING

(Continued from page 39)

know that much about cattle?" he wondered out loud.

"I don't," Ginger came back. "But I can sure tell what I like when I see it."

I've known and admired Ginger Rogers long enough to know that's a level statement of fact from a very gutsy gal. Ginger knows what she likes and what she doesn't like when she sees it, what she wants and what she doesn't, what's for her and what isn't. She's the most down-to-earth, straight-shooting, frank-and-honest, All-American girl I know in Hollywood.

The other night I risked life and limb skinning the hairpin turns up to Ginger's mountain-top house, perched like an eagle's nest over Beverly Hills, to congratulate her on finishing *The Barkleys of Broadway*, to say goodbye before she took off for her Rogue River ranch and to catch up on a hard-to-catch girl for MODERN SCREEN.

wrong foot . . .

I started off on strictly the wrong foot. I said it was a swell relief to see my favorite star back in a wonderful picture with Fred Astaire after those three straight turkeys she'd made.

Ginger bristled like a Fuller brush. "Now, wait a minute, Hopper!" she yelled.

"You know *The Magnificent Doll* was *The Magnificent Flop*," I baited her.

"I liked it," said Ginger stubbornly.

"And—"

She didn't even let me get started. "Name me one star in Hollywood," challenged Ginger, "who hasn't guessed wrong and made bad pictures. Just one!"

"Uh—" I began.

"I've made no worse pictures than anyone else in this business," Ginger went on heatedly. "In fact, I've made darned less fewer!"

"Is that grammar?" I asked her.

"Maybe it's not grammar," grinned Ginger, "but it's the truth and it's what I mean—darned less fewer!"

That's what I love about the gal. She's a scrapper; she sticks by her guns and she hits hard, win or lose.

And come to think of it, she's dead right about that career of hers. In spite of her three strikeouts in recent seasons, Ginger's batting average is very high indeed. In my book, her smash hits in those wonderful old Astaire-Rogers combines like *Roberta*, *The Gay Divorcée* and *Flying Down to Rio*; her great performances in *Stage Door*, *Bachelor Mother*, *Vanishing Lady*, *Tender Comrade*, and—especially—her marvelous *Kitty Foyle*, are unforgettable, and Hollywood classics. No Academy Award was ever more popular than Ginger's for playing *Kitty*, the white-collar girl, and when she got it—to her stunned surprise—she did what came naturally to an emotionally honest person like Ginger—she burst into loud, uncontrollable sobs, right there at the banquet!

It would take a rugged individualist like Rogers to live where she does—a place that should have St. Bernard dogs or at least a troop of Boy Scouts to lead a wayfarer over the pass. I get dizzy every time I try it, and this last time I stalled my car and almost rolled back to Kingdom Come (which, come to think of it, would be an interesting new name for Beverly Hills). I was really unnerved when I tottered inside her front door—which Ginger opened. (I've never seen a servant in her house yet—must be, but Ginger always greets you.)

But she's a pioneer there—built her 92 house back in 1936, and has lived in the

clouds ever since. It's a beautiful place really, with freedom to view all over Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Hollywood and scattered California communities. There's a championship tennis court and swimming pool outside, and the big screened-in bed where Ginger and her husband Jack sleep outdoors seven months out of the year. Inside is a cozy, comfortable home that could belong only to Ginger. Her personality is stamped everywhere—in the six-foot-square (I swear) coffee table, cluttered with her sentimental knickknacks and old magazines. ("I can't bear to throw them away until I've read them all—and I never get time," she sighed. "I'm a Scotchman.") And in the huge sofa which surrounds that on three sides, long enough to seat any imaginable number of dropper-inners. In the enormous fireplace dancing with flames, the great beamed ceilings painted a soft blue—

"That's green," said Ginger. I started again, "Bl—" "Green!" she repeated. It's green.

Ginger has her personal treasures scattered around the house. In her studio are her sculptures which she still hacks away at, and cleverly too. The prize is a head of her mother, Lela, and right now she's working on Jack's profile with a chisel (in marble, that is!) whenever he'll sit still. She showed me two gold medals, proudly mounted on velvet in her studio. One announced her the Charleston Champ of Texas, 1925, and spelled her name "Jinger." The other, dated 1933, proclaimed Ginger semi-finalist in the women's ping-pong championships. "Know who beat me?" grinned Ginger, "Alice Marble." She trotted out a still life painting she was working on—she's proud of her artistic efforts and frank too. "I'm making all the mistakes of beginners," she admitted.

When the fire that Jack built smoked us into tears and out of the front room, we trotted downstairs to Ginger's soda bar.

Sitting on those ice-cream bar stools under the candy-striped canopy of her soda fountain, with huge trays of nuts, candies and sugared cookies all around, I wondered, as I do every time I see her, at the perpetual girlhood of the Ginger Rogers who perched beside me in black slacks, bobby socks, beige turtle-neck sweater and another, royal blue, over that.

When Jack Briggs dropped in to kiss her goodbye I actually thought, "She looks like his kid sister!" although Jack is younger than Ginger. He was off to Oregon on ranch business—that tall, grinning

super-handsome hunk of man, and my cheeks burned to watch them hug goodbye. I remembered what Ginger had told me five years ago, "He's everything I ever dreamed of, Hedda." Believe me, he still is, and so is Ginger to Jack.

But I've got a bunch of cards with Ginger's scribbles on them to prove that her heart beats in another way, besides to the rhythm of sweet romance. One reads: "Hedda, dear—may these little posies in some way speak what I find difficult to express. Love, Ginger." Well, I found it difficult enough to fathom the red roses that came with this one. But soon, another day, came another: "Belated thanks for your sweet story. Fondly, Ginger." And with that, orchids.

What story? That puzzled me. I hadn't mentioned Ginger's name in my column for weeks. (She's not the kind of star who makes news—she never gets in or out of trouble, kicks up her heels, puts on a publicity act. She's no party gal. She's far from a columnist's delight.) I riffled through the week's clippings and found a human interest piece I'd done—about a star of yesterday and a kindness that had brought her some happiness she deserved. That, I found out, was what Ginger sent me the flowers for, that was why she thanked me—because she liked that item.

If that's happened once it's happened a dozen times. White orchids from Ginger Rogers and a note, "Thank you, Darling, for writing that." Writing what? Never anything remotely concerning Ginger Rogers. I've done that too of course, and I've also lectured her sometimes—and whether I toss brickbats or bouquets at her, I never hear a peep from Ginger.

secret heart . . .

Yep, she has a heart. Doesn't wear it on her sleeve, and sometimes with her dukes up and her stubborn little neck stiff to back up her convictions of right or wrong, you might think it isn't beating—but it is. Take animals—she loves them. Her woolly, dusty sheep dog, Fudgy, for instance, goes wherever Ginger does, riding high and mighty in the front seat beside her whenever she speeds between her Rogue River ranch and Hollywood. No chair or sofa's banned to Fudgy in Ginger's house, no matter how expensive or plush. He hops right up on a stool at her soda fountain bar with his paws on the counter and yelps for his ice cream—gets it too, no matter who's there. He's a member of the family.

Ginger's Oregon home is in the heart of famous hunting country but she's never squeezed a trigger. She wouldn't hurt anything that lives for all the money in Hollywood.

Ginger loves every rock and twig on Rogers Rogue River Ranch. She's happiest when she's there with Jack—and usually her maw, Lela, too—working from dawn to dusk on the place. She even gets lyric about it. Last July I got a letter from Ginger. "I probably should be home in Hollywood pounding on producers' doors to get me a job," she wrote, "but the beauty of the countryside is at its peak now. Oregon never looked lovelier!"

"The cattle are fat, the hay's in the bale
The cream's thick as that, on the Oregon trail.

The birds nest and sing; the fish bite my string,

There's nothing missing—on the Oregon trail.

"See—" scribbled Ginger, "that's what can happen to you when you stay up here."



MODERN SCREEN



Mrs. Eugenia Roberts of Atlanta had a dry skin problem. "Now," says this lovely young mother, "I use Noxzema as my all-purpose cream, my night cream and powder base. It certainly helps keep my complexion looking soft and smooth."



"I apply Noxzema before putting on make-up and use it before retiring after a day outdoors," states this charming Baltimore sports enthusiast, Jean Patchett of Preston. "I also use Noxzema to help protect my hands against chapping."

Which of these 6 American Women is the **MOST LIKE YOU?**



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Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled at the improvement in their skin!

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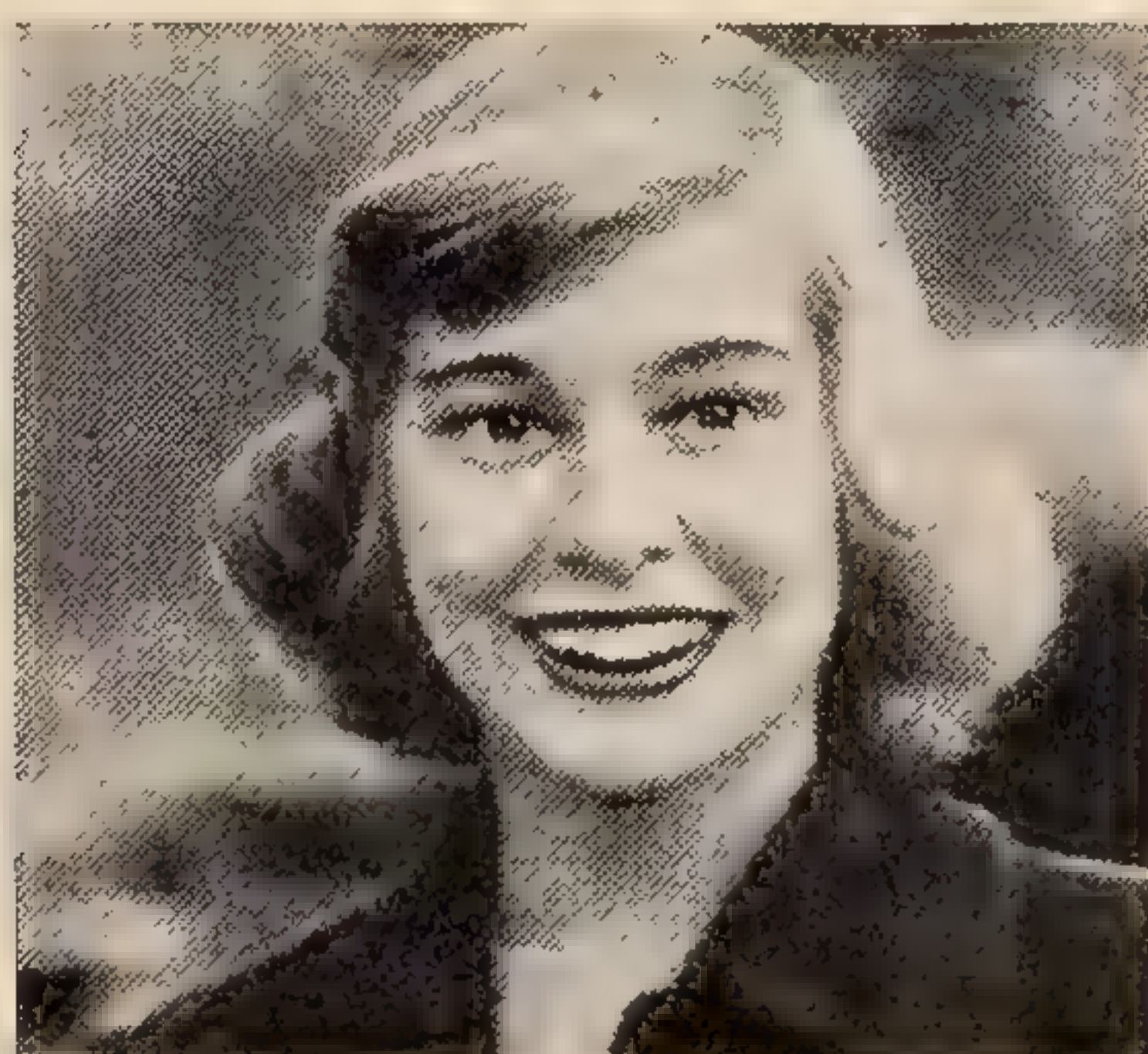
4-Step Beauty Routine!

1. Morning — bathe face with warm water, with a wet cloth apply Noxzema and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Before retiring, repeat morning cleansing.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes.

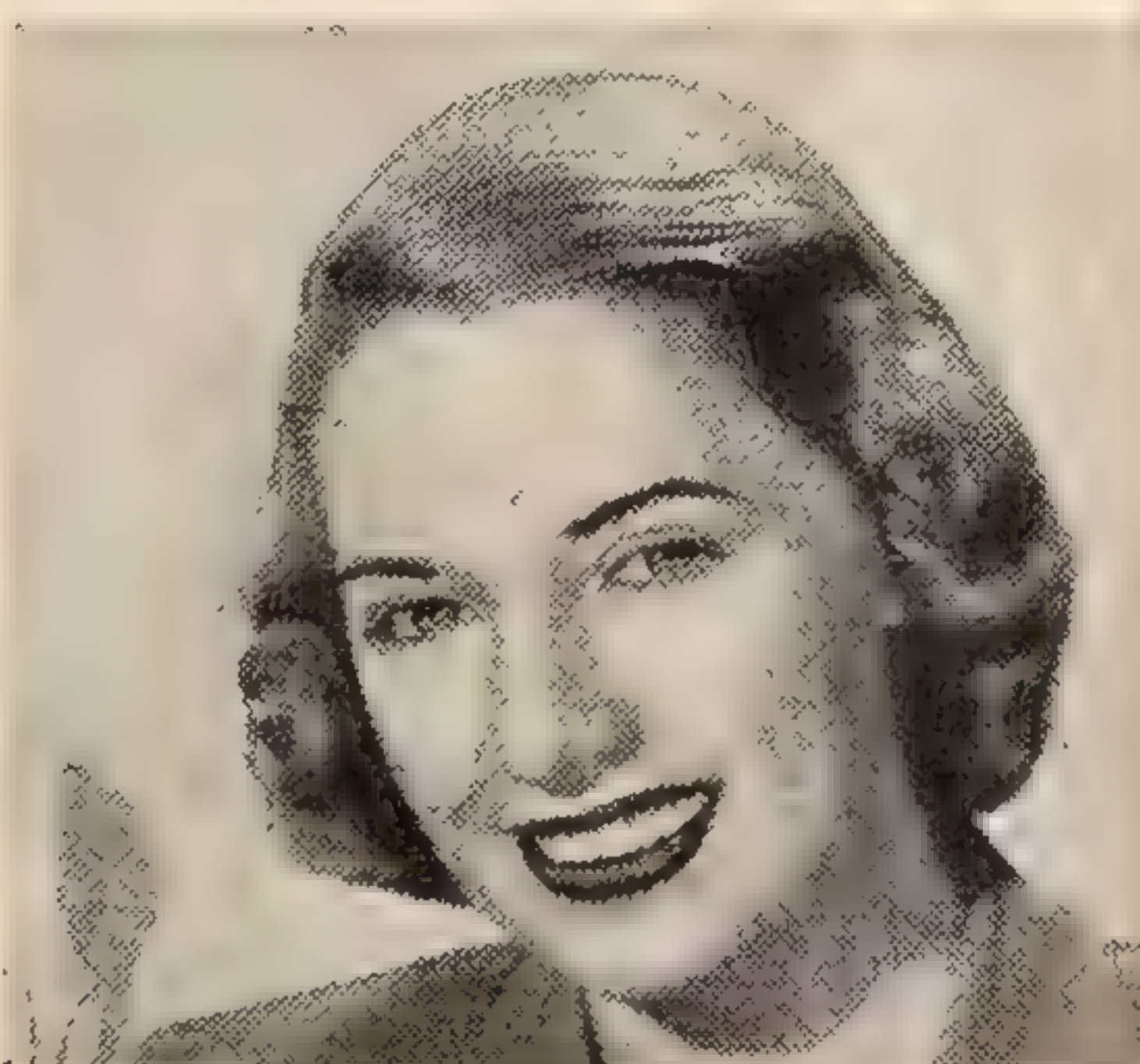
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"My hands were dreadfully chapped. A friend recommended Noxzema and today I use it for everything," says Shirley O'Hara of Los Angeles. "It's my complexion and hand cream—all in one."



Cute blonde Mrs. Sonia Dorsey of Cambridge, Mass. uses Noxzema as her all-purpose cream. She says, "I have unusually dry skin. I've found Noxzema helps keep my skin soft and lovely."



"I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on my face before retiring. It's done so much for my skin, I've been recommending it to my friends," says glamorous Jan Barker of Cleveland.

Well, Ginger got her job, the one she's wanted for a long, long time, without pounding on producers' doors—and, as usual, when she had a crack at what she wanted she didn't hesitate a second. I know, because I had a little something to do with that, too. I'm talking about Ginger's return as the lovely-lady half of the greatest box-office team that ever existed, back again dancing with Fred Astaire—after ten long, too long, years—in *The Barkleys of Broadway*.

what effort? . . .

With *The Barkleys* just finished, Ginger told me, "It's the best story Fred and I ever had." The story's about a Lunt-Fontanne type pair of dancers on the Big White Way, and not since *The Castles* has Ginger stepped so high, wide and handsome with her twinkling toes. I wanted to know if her calf muscles ached. She hadn't tripped a toe professionally since *Lady in the Dark*, six years ago, and that but

her around elsewhere. She can count her close friends on her fingers. They've got to be real ones.

She's a gal to call a spade a spade when she's making a picture and all was never peaches and cream between her and Fred when they shared starring honors, nor was it with any star Ginger batted up against. She went all out for her rights—as she still does. Not very long ago, during the filming of her latest movie, *The Barkleys* at MGM, Ginger had a difficult, quiet but emotional scene to handle and the director asked her beforehand, "Is it going to disturb you, Ginger, to have visitors on the set?" "Yes," she replied frankly, "it will." Well, it *would* happen that that very day was the one Judy Garland picked to visit the set and watch Ginger playing the part she'd had her own heart set on, but which illness had denied her. It was a ticklish situation when Judy, MGM's long-time darling, showed up at the stage door and the assistant told

love you dearly—but I'm through." I think she's talking a long, long distance ahead, myself—but anyway that's the provident way she feels about the Four-R. "It's for my old age and it's strictly business," Ginger's told me time and again. Okay, I'm beginning to believe her.

Ginger's the official owner but Jack Briggs is the working boss of the Four-R. "He's up before I'm even awake," Ginger told me proudly, "and usually I'm asleep before he drags in." Last summer, in haying time, Ginger didn't see Jack except with the rest of the ranch hands when she rustled up dinner for the crew in searing weather that, as she said, "fries your insides and makes you keel over quick."

There's no swimming pool on Rogers R. R. Ranch, no tennis court either—not even a ping-pong table. The tenant farmer's house is bigger than Ginger and Jack's, which is a tiny cottage made into a living room and library sealed in sugar pine, with three bedrooms and a bath tacked on. Ginger chuckles every time anyone thinks she gallops around her place like "Hopalong Cassidy in a silver saddle." When a Hollywood gal recently gushed, "Oh, Ginger, how you must love to ride the trails on your lovely ranch," she let her down with, "We've got one work horse, and he's too busy pulling things around to have me on his back, too." The lone car's a pickup truck and Ginger herds it over the dirt road into Medford three times a week to stock up on vittles. Rest of the time—"Just say I've got a chronic case of aching back and housemaid's knee," she told me. "I'm a busy woman."

handy woman . . .

She does all the ranch laundry on a beat-up old-washing machine. She cooks the meals and washes the dishes. "I wash," Ginger explained, "Lela wipes and Jack keeps us apart." She chases around in faded Levis, plaid shirts, tennis sneakers and pigtails, rambling all over the 640 acres. She perches on corral rails at stock auctions all over the county. She's yanked her share of scrappy steelhead out of the Rogue and shot its dangerous rapids twice in a bobbing boat. But she's never shot anything else—not even the fat pheasants which swarm in her fields. Incidentally, Ginger thinks the Briggs family will belong officially to the Oregon Trail at last when Jack gets appointed a deputy sheriff. "That's important up there," she said, "and you've got to be an old timer to rate."

But Ginger Rogers has rated right here in Hollywood for almost two decades now and I'm betting on her to add another ten-stretch at least before she goes home on the range for keeps.

I was thinking with a chuckle as I waved her good-luck and rolled down that scarey hill homewards, of the time Ginger met Greta Garbo. She'd wanted to for years and years but—well—Garbo doesn't chum up easily with anybody. One day, in a Westwood Village shop, Ginger and her German maid, Irma, were picking up some things and tossing a few words of Deutsch back and forth in the process. Another customer looked up, intrigued by the foreign tongue. It was Garbo—and Ginger thought, "Now's my chance." But Garbo quickly averted her eyes.

That burned Ginger because she knew Greta Garbo knew who she was. So she stepped up, stuck out her hand and said, "Hello, Miss Garbo. I'm Ginger Rogers."

"How do you do?" Gee-Gee replied grudgingly, then turned and stalked away. But Ginger was satisfied. She'd met Garbo whether Garbo wanted to meet her or not. Ginger told me afterwards, "I made up my mind she'd say 'hello' or else. If she hadn't, by Golly, I'd have tripped her!"

And, knowing Ginger Rogers, I'm sure she would have, too! THE END



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briefly. "All that effort—rehearsals—"

"Effort!" Ginger exclaimed. "Can you name me anything I'd rather do than dance?" Nope, I couldn't, not offhand. As much of a natural-born stay-at-home as she is, Ginger would still be out whirling around dizzily every night on a dance floor if that were Jack Briggs' dish. But it's not. Ginger's been siccing him on Arthur Murray and Veloz and Yolanda persistently since they've been married—but it just won't take. He hates dancing!

Ginger Rogers has the reputation of being a lone wolf in Hollywood and it's true—she is and I know why. The gossipy, artificial, fame-and-money caste system of Hollywood is not for her; she's too honest. She acts like a movie star only on the screen. I've never heard her make a catty remark about anybody. If she likes you, she'll give you the hat off her head (as she did me once—took one off I admired and handed it right over!). She always comes to my parties, but I rarely see

her, "Miss Rogers would rather not have anyone on the set. Can't you come back some other day?"

Judy said no she couldn't and stamped away in a rage, and that was natural, too. She thought Ginger had snubbed her. Ginger never learned anything about the incident until later, when she was very upset—but, being Ginger, she couldn't do anything about it. Something in Ginger Rogers' proud nature just naturally won't allow her to be beholden to anyone.

Ginger was getting ready the night I saw her, to shake Hollywood and its headaches for the pristine peace of her ranch at Eagle Point, Oregon. She bought it seven years ago and this last Christmas made the fourth she has spent there.

To hear Ginger talk, it's her edge on the future. "Someday when my lovely beef is selling in the market and I'm making a living up there, then I'll tell the picture business goodbye," she told me. "I'll say, 'you've been awfully good to me and I

BOY GETS GIRL

(Continued from page 55)

Foxes was finished. Since most of the picture would be shot outdoors, the warm sun of Italy would be their friend. If it shone frequently, she'd get home quickly. Rain, fog and clouds would be their enemies, delaying the shooting of the picture and their reunion.

Letters flew back and forth between Italy and America, telling of their love, of their impatience, of their determination never to let anything like this happen to them again.

Since he was not yet well established in pictures, his salary was small. Though he couldn't really afford long distance phone calls, he just *had* to hear Wanda's tender, gentle voice over the phone and know she was safe and well and still in love with him. (Wanda's current film is called, appropriately enough, *My Own True Love*.)

Over thousands of miles her voice traveled. To hear it, Audie paid the phone company \$10 a minute, and it was worth every penny. But at the end of every conversation there was a feeling of frustration and of longing to be together. Audie knew that Wanda was working hard in Italy, and he wished that circumstances had been different, so he could have saved her from the trip. There are not many times in his life that Audie has wished for real wealth, but in these moments he often wondered if things might not have been different if he had been able to say, "I have plenty of money and can take care of both of us very well indeed. You won't have to go to Italy."

not too strong . . .

Knowing that he and Wanda would have to struggle for years, he hadn't felt he could make that plea. But when Wanda admitted she was tired, visions of her looking pale and fragile haunted him. She is healthy, but not too strong, he says. (In his heart he's fiercely protective of her.)

Over the long distance phone she promised him, "I'll never again take another trip like this. I miss you terribly."

So that it might be a memory that Wanda would cherish all her life, he decided that the wedding must be held in the church to which Wanda always goes, Unity Church in San Fernando Valley. And in the flower-decked church, with their friends and Wanda's parents present, they took their vows. Paul Short, the producer, who had faith enough in Audie to give him his first important part, was best man; Audie's cousin, Elizabeth Lingo, was maid of honor, and Mary Lou Van Ness, secretary to the stars at Paramount, was bridesmaid. It was a double ring ceremony.

Wanda's wedding gown, designed for her by Paramount designer Edith Head, was derived from the styles of 1830. Of white slipper satin, it was slightly high-waisted, with a full skirt, a high neck and a tiny, stand-up collar. Wanda's little cap and the veil just reaching to her shoulders were made of white lace which she bought in Italy.

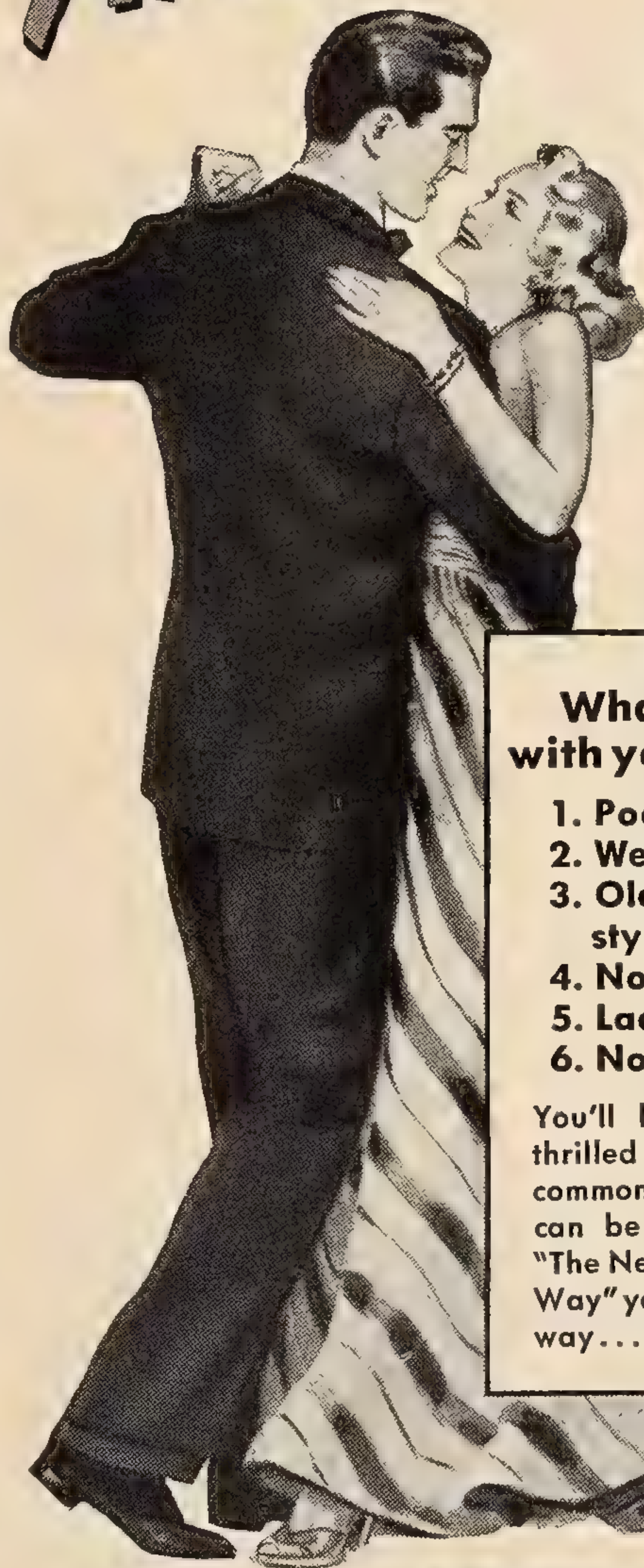
And as his bride came down the aisle, Audie thought, "Isn't it strange the way fate works—here I am in Hollywood and Wanda is walking down the aisle toward me because of two magazine covers. . . ."

The first magazine cover was a picture of Audie on the July 16, 1945 issue of *Life*. James Cagney saw it, and at once offered him a contract. Audie hesitated, for he hated to look as if he were "cashing in" on his war record. But when Army buddies all over the country wrote to him urging him to go ahead, he signed.

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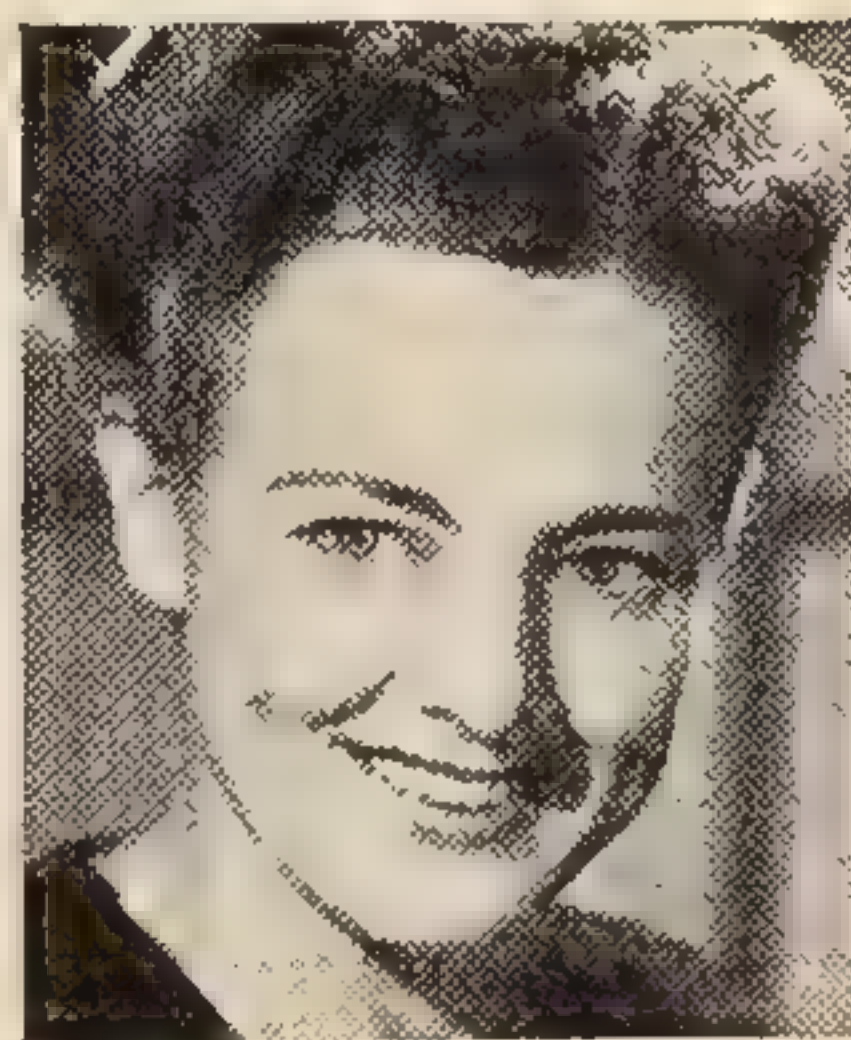
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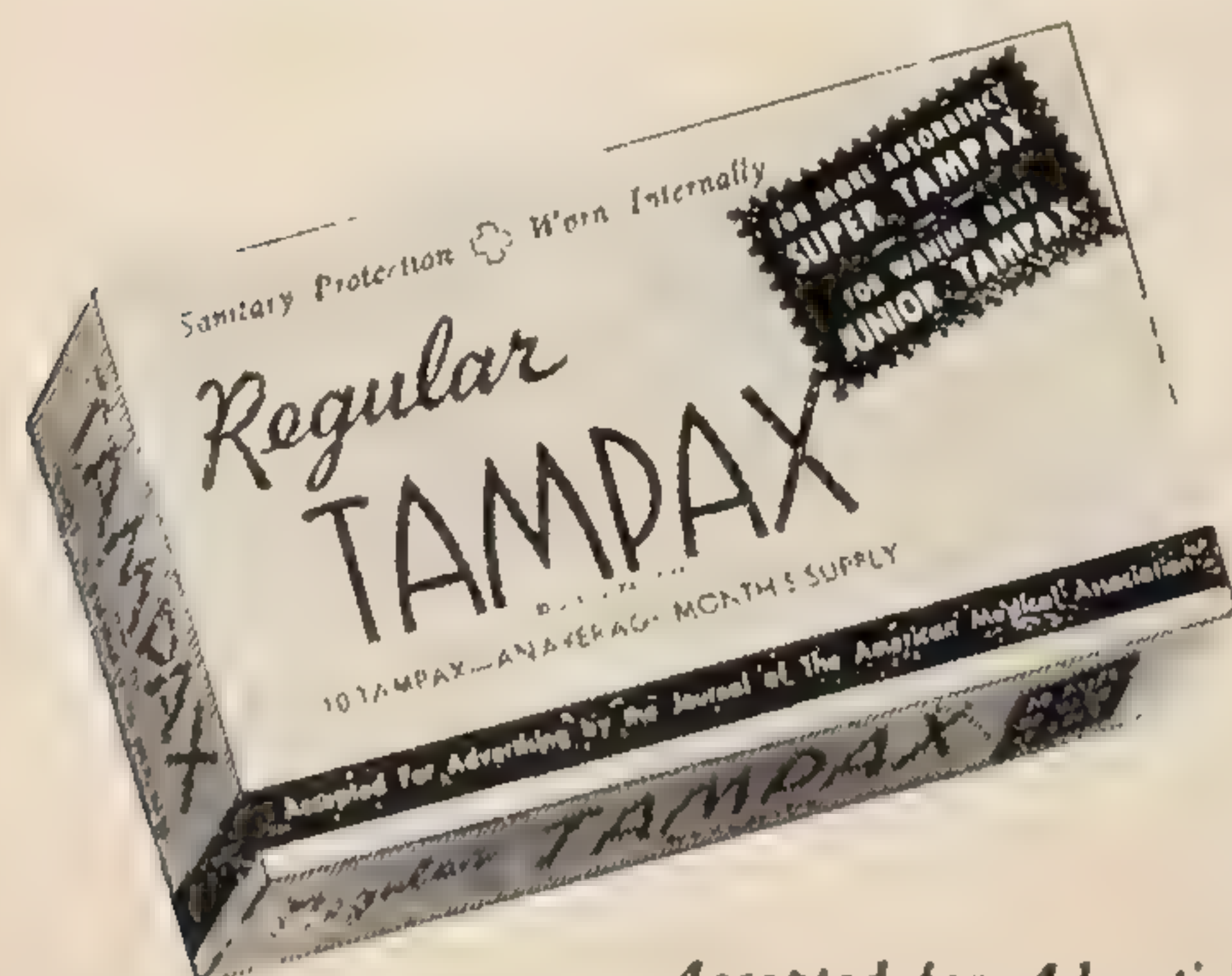


Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year. . . . As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

But the "big" news deals with a very tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called *Tampax* and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. *Tampax* frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. *Tampax* is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!

Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty patented applicators, *Tampax* comes in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips readily into purse. Compare today's price of *Tampax* with the price of nationally-advertised external pads. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Would he like to come! All evening he had been working toward asking her for a date—and now he fairly leaped at the invitation.

But on Wednesday morning, Wanda was on the phone telling him that she was terribly sorry, but Warners' had let her out—and she was so busy with her agent going to other studios to see about roles that she couldn't possibly keep their date—she'd be much too exhausted by the time evening came. Would he make it the following Wednesday instead? He made it the following Wednesday—and again she begged off. By the time Wanda had cancelled four dinner dates in a row—"Oh, forget it," he said through stiff lips.

And then he set about to forget her. He did his very best. But the smiling, heart-shaped face of Wanda kept wandering through his thoughts. He heard her voice, and wished he could see her. He saw her image in the movies, and when the picture was over, he found himself forgetting the plot, forgetting everybody in the picture, except Wanda.

Three months later he found himself driving up to her house. As he walked in, he saw Wanda surrounded by a group of young marines. Her cousin had come in from a nearby marine base, bringing a bunch of buddies with him, and they were pleading with Wanda to accompany them to the Palladium, that jive-jumping dance hall which has been called "everybody's

night club." Wanda said aloud, "Audie! I'm so glad to see you—I thought you'd never get here." And she whispered, "Make them think I have a date with you."

So he did. But when the happy-go-lucky marines had departed, he said, "Well, I guess I'm just a prop to you—one that you use when you want, and drop when you don't. Now don't you want me to go, too?"

"Of course not!" said Wanda. "Why do you say that?"

"Well," said Audie, "I sort of thought . . . Well . . ."

Wanda sighed. "Men are such strange people," she said. "How about some tea and cookies?"

He grinned. "I'm sorry, Wanda. And I'd love some tea and cookies."

Then, for the first time they really talked. Wanda told him of how she had been born in a logging camp in Florida, of how she and her father, who was quarter boss at the camp, used to go fishing together when she was a kid. They talked of the outdoors. She said she liked hunting and swimming—which Audie also likes. They discovered that they even liked the same books, and had the same favorite—Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." Soon they were pouring out confidences to each other.

After that they had many dates. Audie found that Wanda could fish as well as he, and shoot almost as well. "She does nothing right with a gun—except hit the target," he comments.

Audie told Wanda he was fed up on Hollywood and planned to leave the town. "It doesn't look as if I'm ever really going to get anywhere in pictures," he said. "I've started to write a book about the men I've known in the war and their experiences—but I know nothing about writing, and that will probably turn out badly, too."

"Let me read what you've written so far," begged Wanda. So he gave her pages of stuff to read, and watched the glow that came into her eyes. "Why—why, this is wonderful," she said. "Audie, you must keep on with it. It's real and it's honest, and I'm sure you'll find a publisher for it." (P. S. She was right. The book will be published very shortly by Henry Holt and Company under the title, "To Hell and Back.")

keep trying! . . .

And as for his career in pictures—she continued to believe and insist that Audie would some day get a good part and make good. "Never mind what they're beginning to say about your chances!" she told him. "I know you'll come through if you keep on trying!"

"I had no faith in myself either as a writer or as an actor," he says today. "Wanda had enough faith for both of us."

If Wanda taught Audie to have faith, Audie in turn taught Wanda to have firmness, and to fight everyone who tried to mold her life differently from the way she wanted it. One of the things that upset Audie was the knowledge that Wanda, acting on others' advice to go out with as many eligible young men as possible, was being seen each night with a different date. This was strictly for publicity purposes, but Audie felt it was all wrong. "If you're making money for a studio, no studio will cut you off its contract list because you go out with anyone you choose," he told Wanda. Since by this time they knew they cared only about each other, she admitted he was right—and then stuck by her guns. The publicity dates were eliminated from her social life.

There's no doubt that Audie puts Wanda on a pedestal and worships her. One of the qualities he adores in her is her appreciation of small things. Early in their courtship he discovered that whenever he

bought her a small gift—a bunch of red roses (her favorite flower), a book or an album of records—she cherished his thoughtfulness without regard to what he had spent. It delighted him to bring her moments of happiness, like bright jewels strewn throughout their courtship. He could afford very little in the way of real jewels—but in June, a month before she left for Italy, Audie gave Wanda a simple gold engagement ring set with a diamond.

When at times Audie was preoccupied and listless, she was very understanding. On the battlefield, where only victory and honor counted, little things had ceased to matter.

"TO HELL AND BACK"

When First Lieutenant Audie Murphy was released from the Army in September 1945, he was America's most honored GI. Among his 17 medals and decorations earned in four years as a combat infantryman were the nation's highest award, the Congressional Medal of Honor (for almost single-handedly stopping two companies of German infantry and six supporting tanks by continuing to fire a machine gun atop a blazing tank); the Legion of Merit (for repeated bravery in volunteering for dangerous missions in Italy and France); two Silver Stars (the first for attacking and wiping out an enemy machine-gun nest, the second for taking radio equipment through unceasing enemy fire to direct his own company's mortar fire); three Purple Hearts (he was wounded in the leg, foot and hip); the Distinguished Service Cross; the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre.

Often Audie sees fellows his own age (24) get excited about a dance, or a sporting event or about their minor successes. Such things stir no great fever in him. "Little things that used to mean something to me before the war means nothing now."

All his movie work means to him is a chance to earn a living and to support Wanda and to raise a family. He's amused when people say, "Don't let Hollywood change or break you." If he's a success in *Bad Boy*, he'll continue to work hard in other pictures. If it flops, he knows he'll make a living somehow.

"I've gotten an awful lot of million-dollar advice," he says, "but aside from Wanda, only three people have given me any practical help—Terry Hunt, who lent me eating money when I was broke; Spec McClure, the writer, who took time out from his own work to help me with the continuity of my book; and Paul Short, who gave me the chance to play *Bad Boy* when no major studio would gamble on me. I'll be glad if the picture is a success, but I won't stand on my head with glee."

Only one thing can make him quiver with excitement—and that is the sight of Wanda. Not that he will admit even that much. "Only actors get emotional," he says dryly. He does not consider himself an actor.

Actually, underneath the surface, one can sense a great flow of emotion, but it is under control. Through Wanda's lovely eyes, he may rediscover excitement and importance in little things. He may even become sentimental about the very things which awaken so little response in him today.

THE END

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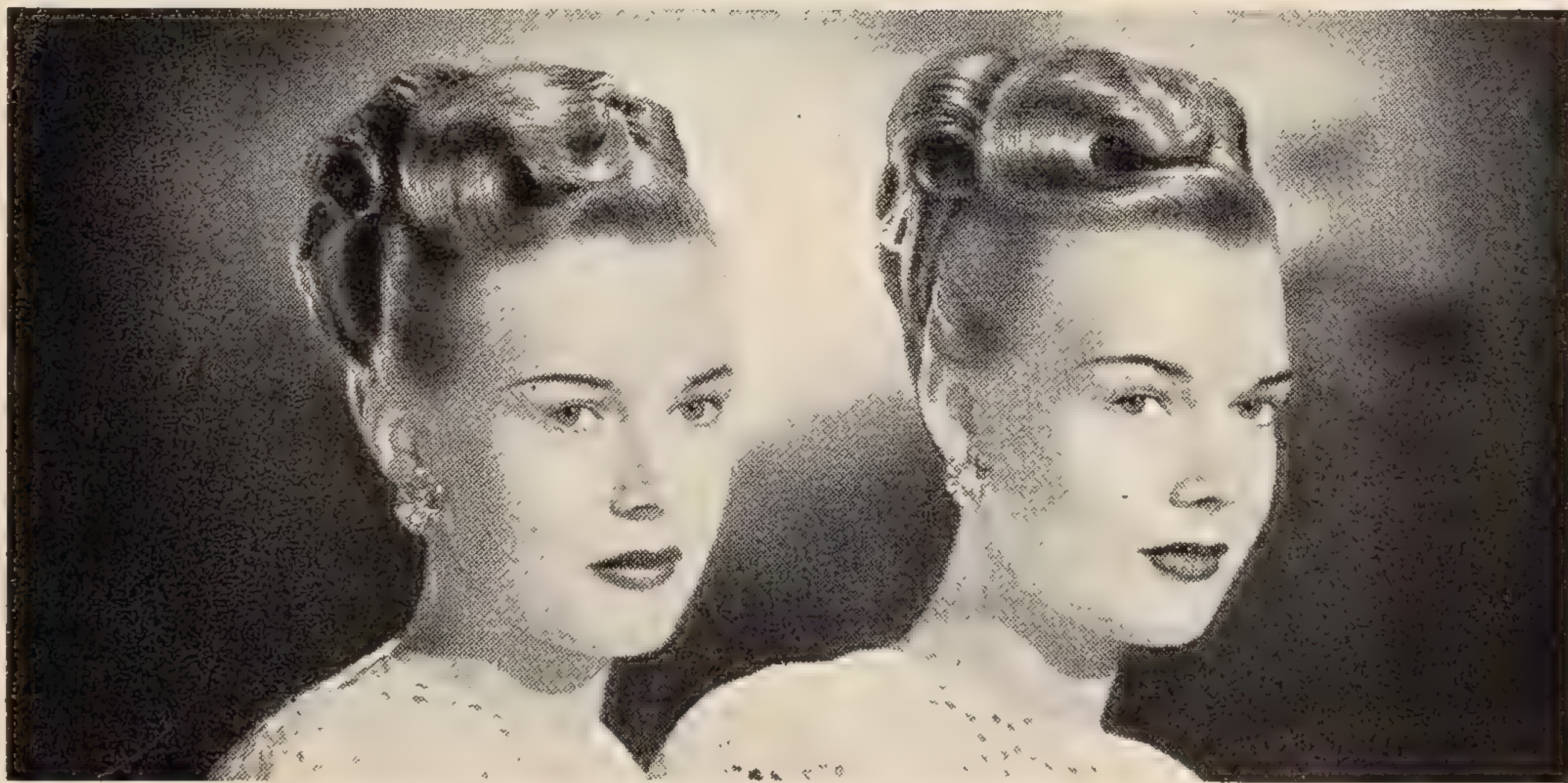
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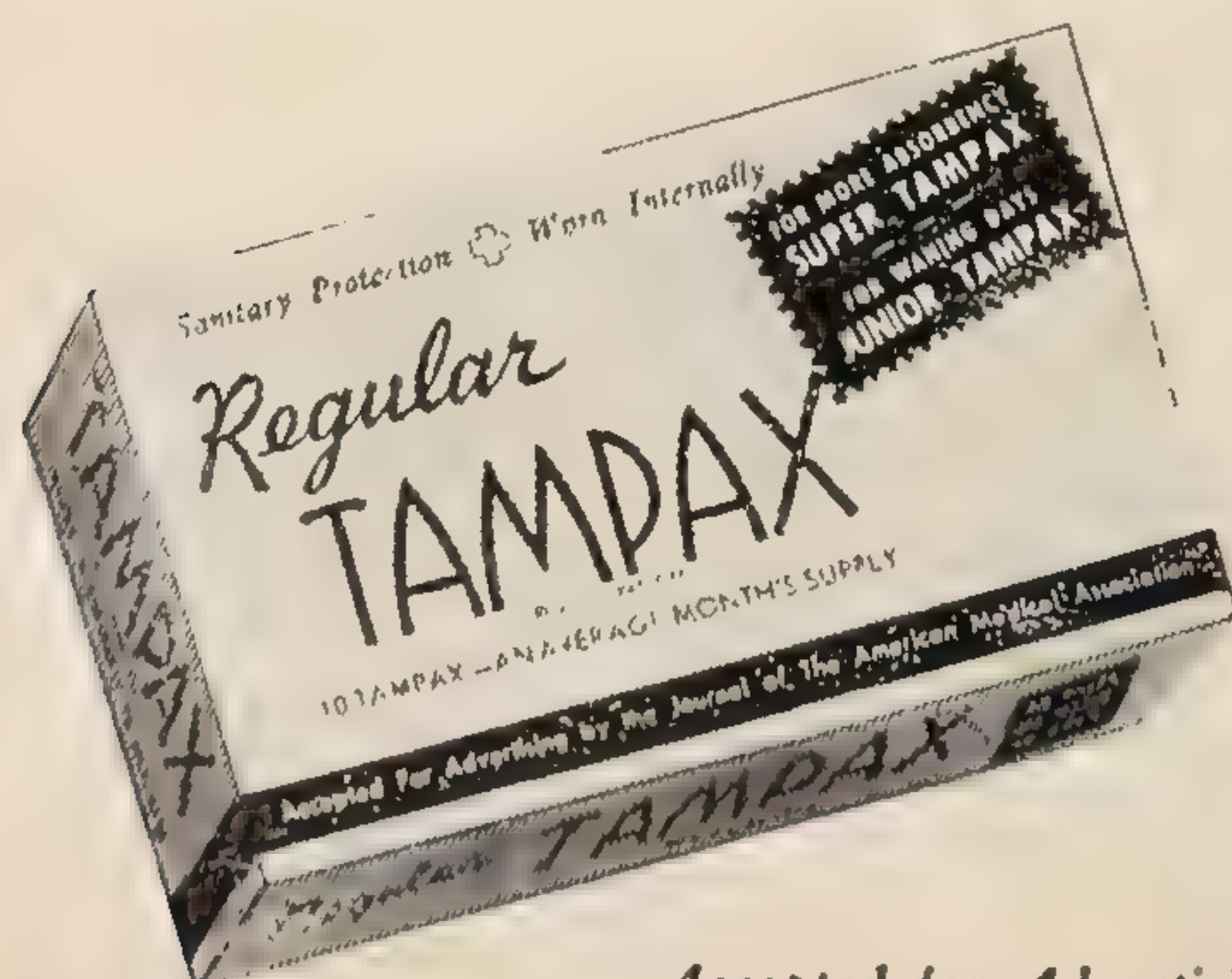


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Would he like to come! All evening he had been working toward asking her for a date—and now he fairly leaped at the invitation.

But on Wednesday morning, Wanda was on the phone telling him that she was terribly sorry, but Warners' had let her out—and she was so busy with her agent going to other studios to see about roles that she couldn't possibly keep their date—she'd be much too exhausted by the time evening came. Would he make it the following Wednesday instead? He made it the following Wednesday—and again she begged off. By the time Wanda had cancelled four dinner dates in a row—"Oh, forget it," he said through stiff lips.

And then he set about to forget her. He did his very best. But the smiling, heart-shaped face of Wanda kept wandering through his thoughts. He heard her voice, and wished he could see her. He saw her image in the movies, and when the picture was over, he found himself forgetting the plot, forgetting everybody in the picture, except Wanda.

Three months later he found himself driving up to her house. As he walked in, he saw Wanda surrounded by a group of young marines. Her cousin had come in from a nearby marine base, bringing a bunch of buddies with him, and they were pleading with Wanda to accompany them to the Palladium, that jive-jumping dance hall which has been called "everybody's

night club." Wanda said aloud, "Audie! I'm so glad to see you—I thought you'd never get here." And she whispered, "Make them think I have a date with you."

So he did. But when the happy-go-lucky marines had departed, he said, "Well, I guess I'm just a prop to you—one that you use when you want, and drop when you don't. Now don't you want me to go, too?"

"Of course not!" said Wanda. "Why do you say that?"

"Well," said Audie, "I sort of thought . . . Well . . ."

Wanda sighed. "Men are such strange people," she said. "How about some tea and cookies?"

He grinned. "I'm sorry, Wanda. And I'd love some tea and cookies."

Then, for the first time they really talked. Wanda told him of how she had been born in a logging camp in Florida, of how she and her father, who was quarter boss at the camp, used to go fishing together when she was a kid. They talked of the outdoors. She said she liked hunting and swimming—which Audie also likes. They discovered that they even liked the same books, and had the same favorite—Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." Soon they were pouring out confidences to each other.

After that they had many dates. Audie found that Wanda could fish as well as he, and shoot almost as well. "She does nothing right with a gun—except hit the target," he comments.

Audie told Wanda he was fed up on Hollywood and planned to leave the town. "It doesn't look as if I'm ever really going to get anywhere in pictures," he said. "I've started to write a book about the men I've known in the war and their experiences—but I know nothing about writing, and that will probably turn out badly, too."

"Let me read what you've written so far," begged Wanda. So he gave her pages of stuff to read, and watched the glow that came into her eyes. "Why—why, this is wonderful," she said. "Audie, you must keep on with it. It's real and it's honest, and I'm sure you'll find a publisher for it." (P. S. She was right. The book will be published very shortly by Henry Holt and Company under the title, "To Hell and Back.")

keep trying! . . .

And as for his career in pictures—she continued to believe and insist that Audie would some day get a good part and make good. "Never mind what they're beginning to say about your chances!" she told him. "I know you'll come through if you keep on trying!"

"I had no faith in myself either as a writer or as an actor," he says today. "Wanda had enough faith for both of us."

If Wanda taught Audie to have faith, Audie in turn taught Wanda to have firmness, and to fight everyone who tried to mold her life differently from the way she wanted it. One of the things that upset Audie was the knowledge that Wanda, acting on others' advice to go out with as many eligible young men as possible, was being seen each night with a different date. This was strictly for publicity purposes, but Audie felt it was all wrong. "If you're making money for a studio, no studio will cut you off its contract list because you go out with anyone you choose," he told Wanda. Since by this time they knew they cared only about each other, she admitted he was right—and then stuck by her guns. The publicity dates were eliminated from her social life.

There's no doubt that Audie puts Wanda on a pedestal and worships her. One of the qualities he adores in her is her appreciation of small things. Early in their courtship he discovered that whenever he

bought her a small gift—a bunch of red roses (her favorite flower), a book or an album of records—she cherished his thoughtfulness without regard to what he had spent. It delighted him to bring her moments of happiness, like bright jewels strewn throughout their courtship. He could afford very little in the way of real jewels—but in June, a month before she left for Italy, Audie gave Wanda a simple gold engagement ring set with a diamond.

When at times Audie was preoccupied and listless, she was very understanding. On the battlefield, where only victory and honor counted, little things had ceased to matter.

"TO HELL AND BACK"

When First Lieutenant Audie Murphy was released from the Army in September 1945, he was America's most honored GI. Among his 17 medals and decorations earned in four years as a combat infantryman were the nation's highest award, the Congressional Medal of Honor (for almost single-handedly stopping two companies of German infantry and six supporting tanks by continuing to fire a machine gun atop a blazing tank); the Legion of Merit (for repeated bravery in volunteering for dangerous missions in Italy and France); two Silver Stars (the first for attacking and wiping out an enemy machine-gun nest, the second for taking radio equipment through unceasing enemy fire to direct his own company's mortar fire); three Purple Hearts (he was wounded in the leg, foot and hip); the Distinguished Service Cross; the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre.

Often Audie sees fellows his own age (24) get excited about a dance, or a sporting event or about their minor successes. Such things stir no great fever in him. "Little things that used to mean something to me before the war means nothing now."

All his movie work means to him is a chance to earn a living and to support Wanda and to raise a family. He's amused when people say, "Don't let Hollywood change or break you." If he's a success in *Bad Boy*, he'll continue to work hard in other pictures. If it flops, he knows he'll make a living somehow.

"I've gotten an awful lot of million-dollar advice," he says, "but aside from Wanda, only three people have given me any practical help—Terry Hunt, who lent me eating money when I was broke; Spec McClure, the writer, who took time out from his own work to help me with the continuity of my book; and Paul Short, who gave me the chance to play *Bad Boy* when no major studio would gamble on me. I'll be glad if the picture is a success, but I won't stand on my head with glee."

Only one thing can make him quiver with excitement—and that is the sight of Wanda. Not that he will admit even that much. "Only actors get emotional," he says dryly. He does not consider himself an actor.

Actually, underneath the surface, one can sense a great flow of emotion, but it is under control. Through Wanda's lovely eyes, he may rediscover excitement and importance in little things. He may even become sentimental about the very things which awaken so little response in him today.

THE END

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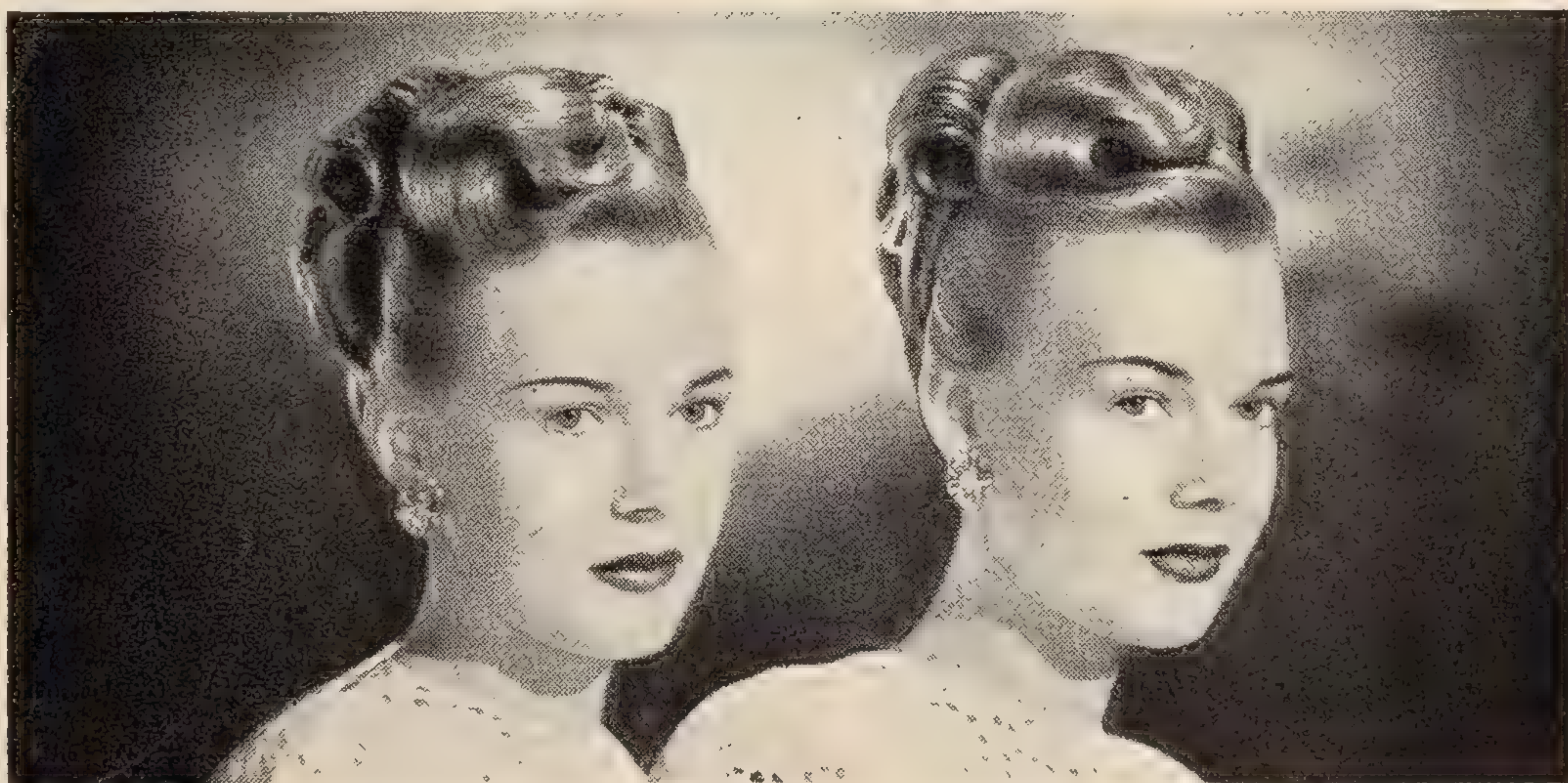
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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

News: We know it's long past new year's day, but the Elizabeth Scott club has come up with some fine resolutions, and other clubs might take notice. They offer 30 page journals, on time, and a money back guarantee if you're not pleased... The Buddy Rich and Dinah Shore clubs are sending out calls for COOPERATIVE members. How about some of you go-getters signing up? There's plenty of work to do in the writing and drawing end of journal production... Joan Caulfield club sends out a real news-filled bulletin in addition to its regular journal. It gives the clubbers news on current movies and fan magazine articles on their favorites... The Jimmy Wakely club has undergone a prexy change and the new prexy is Bea Terry, Box 273, Greenville, Texas... Club Friendship dedicated to making life a little brighter for shut-ins, is sending its monthly CARE packages to needy European families... **Happy Birthday** to the Alice Frost fan club. This club has recently celebrated its first anniversary with a lovely journal. Alice is the radio actress in the Mr. and Mrs. North Series... Darlene Foreman has taken over Eddy Hardin's club for Frank Sinatra while Eddy makes a trip to Hollywood.

We'd like to correct an error previously appearing in the FANS. The Movie Fan Diary which is being offered by Dorothy Fenger can be gotten by writing to her at 1402 Superior Ave., Sheboygan, Wisc. Many of you may have written to Michigan and not received a reply... The Glenn Vernon club is offering half-price memberships to the first five people from each state who write Betty Komenda, 19 Enjay Avenue, Catonsville, Maryland... One of the nicer journals we've seen recently was sent by the Radio Stars club. Its prexyed by Virginia Haywood and features a variety of radio and television people in each issue... Nelson Eddy Music club will have its annual convention in New York in April. Convention is only open to members, so now's your chance to join... N. Y. members of the Burt Lancaster fan club recently met their honorary and thought he was really swell...

Any of you hep cats want to join a really hep club? We've got a new one for the Page Cavanaugh Trio and here's a swell chance to join and get in on the ground floor... Speaking of **Mimeograph Services**, and if you're a clubber or a club prexy, chances are that you were, we have a whole slew of people who do nice work at reasonable prices. They're all tried and true and not fly-by-night outfits that are out to make money. Pick one in your own area and we're sure you'll be satisfied. In the Pennsylvania area, we have the Wallachs who not only print journals, but have an information bureau. There's Clover Hutchings in Florida who puts out the Autry and Crosby journals and has recently set up a new service for MSFCA clubs. If you are a new club and don't know how to budget your money in order to get out journals, snaps and incidentals, Clover's your girl. On the West Coast, Loretta Verbin, once prexy of the Jack Carson club, has a mimeo service which is new and should do nice work. There's Nelda Clough in Indiana and Virginia Haywood in Minnesota.



GLORIA LAMPERT
director

BEV OTT
associate

We'll be happy to send you their complete addresses in exchange for a self-addressed envelope... Taking a lesson from the UN, the MSFCA has decided to start its own **Board of Advisers**. This board is composed of prexies our Trophy winning clubs and their chief function will be to settle your problems. We realize that nobody knows as much about fan clubs as an honest-to-goodness fan, and that's what these prexies are. Each prexy will serve 12 months and then be replaced by new Trophy winners. You'll probably agree that this is a natural outgrowth of our Trouble Clinic because we think the impartial judgment of the prexies will be better appreciated. So if you as an individual clubber have a problem or complaint about any club, let us know and we'll turn it over to our Board. If your club has any problem which can't be solved (even after straining) let us know and we'll try to help. The decision of the board remains final, and its decisions will be published, whenever necessary.

New Prizes: You lucky fans who are winners in the THIS IS MY BEST CONTEST have another surprise in store for you. Each of you is the winner of a wonderful ENGER-KRESS billfold. Its name is Candlelight and they come in wonderful shades of pink, yellow, green, blue, and red. They're genuine leather and carry coins, snaps, and passes, as well as folding money. So, come on, all you would-be writers. Now's your chance to win some points for your club as well as a swell prize for yourself. HELENA RUBINSTEIN's FOUR-CAST lipstick sets are almost all gone, and we know you who have won them are so pleased. Remember, each set is made for your particular hair coloring and costume. In addition, we have wonderful TANGEE TRIP KITS just jam-packed with their super cosmetics in a handy carrying case. For boys and runners-up, we have subscriptions to all Dell mags, as well as collections of Dell mysteries. This is only the beginning!!

9th semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Fairy Tale for June," Marie Damiano, June Allyson journal. "As Old As You Feel," Jeanne Holder, Warren Douglas journal. "Searching," Donna Dawson, Nina Foch journal. "Afraid of Music," Kathy Bellows, James Melton journal. "What Is An American?" Lenore Becker, Lon McCallister journal. "How The Cat Became Domesticated," Patrick Cordier, Jane Wyman journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, Jane Wyman journal. League 2, Joan Crawford journal. League 3, James Melton journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1, Margaret and Joy Nicholson, Nelson Eddy International Club. League 2, Ruth Schweitzer, Allan Jones journal. League 3, Dwayne Armstead, Robert Preston journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Robert Breslin, Ella Raines journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, Joan Crawford journal. League 3, Robert Preston journal. **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, Red Jones, Jimmy Lloyd Club. League 3, Ginger Bagnall, Jack Berch Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, (tied) Jeanette MacDonald Club (Fund for crippled children in U. S.), Farley Granger (food and clothing parcels to England, Belgium, Holland). League 3, (tied) Dick Contino Club (Rosenthal) (collected toys for underprivileged children). Club Friendship (CARE box for Polish family). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1, none qualified. League 2, Mel Torme Club. League 3, June Allyson Club. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) First Prize, Dorothy Abramovich, Bingites. Don DeArmond, Ron Randall C. Cathy Pirofalo, Dick Contino C. Rita Lo Rossa, Danny Scholl C. Kaye Criss, Jack Smith C. Maude Summerfield, Frank Sinatra C.

END OF THE BEGINNING

(Continued from page 63)

a fascinating sports carnival going on. Then, back in Hollywood, what should happen but that *Jubilee*, the wild stallion they had for Sand's action scenes, got mixed up with the docile horse-double who worked in closeups—so when Mark walked up to him, the critter took a chunk right out of his shoulder!

As Mark danced around the set in pain, he was swearing and laughing at the same time. "Bitten by a horse!" he yelped. "It could happen only to me!"

But the very fact that moody Mark Stevens can survey such hotfoots of fortune today with a sense of humor is one of the many up-to-date indications that he's finally come into his own and is on his way. The furrows of his freckled brow are gone and you can see assurance, confidence and the capacity to have some fun out of his success, sticking out all over him. Physically, he's almost on the chubby side, he weighs 167, a pick-up of 18 pounds for his tall frame. But it looks well on him, despite what the studio comptroller thinks.

This financial watchdog was going over his bills one day while Mark was away, on that location trip. When he came to one particular bill he blinked, studied it carefully, and then called Mark's agent. "Say," he inquired, "has Mark Stevens got his kid with him up there in Colorado?"

"Do two-year-old babies go on Rocky Mountain location trips?" the agent came back.

"Well," argued the efficiency expert, "what's a grown man doing with this milk bill for 35 bucks?"

his aching back . . .

It's taken more than milk to restore Mark Stevens' health, to iron out the misery in his aching back and banish the dark depressions which used to mire his spirits in the old frustration blues. When I first saw Mark three years ago, you could tell at a glance he was expecting his Hollywood good luck to blow up in his face.

Once we were talking about New York City and he said he'd spent some time there—"around Central Park."

"Central Park West, East, or South?" I asked. "There're some wonderful hotels and apartments located around the Park."

"In the middle," he said drily. "I slept on a bench."

Certainly Mark's screen start was not designed to bring him peace and soothe his restless nature. On the contrary, after he'd banged his stubborn head against the old Hollywood brush-off, his good luck, when it finally came, seemed only to tease and torment him. He finished *The Dark Corner* on a physical dare, ignoring the stabbing pain in his back from an old spine injury that was infected and eating his nerves to pieces. The minute the picture was over they wheeled him to a hospital, sliced him open, and scraped his spine. For a year he did nothing more in Hollywood except watch the parts they had programmed for him go to other and luckier guys. He had two more painful, risky operations and health kick-ups of all sorts. He couldn't tell you which was more agonizing—the surgery or the mental torture of seeing the breaks he'd battled for go glimmering—or so he thought.

Life wasn't much fun then for Mark; he was like a racehorse in hobbles, ready to gallop off in all directions the minute he could bust loose. Eventually he did cut loose, but Mark discovered that running off in all directions wasn't much fun



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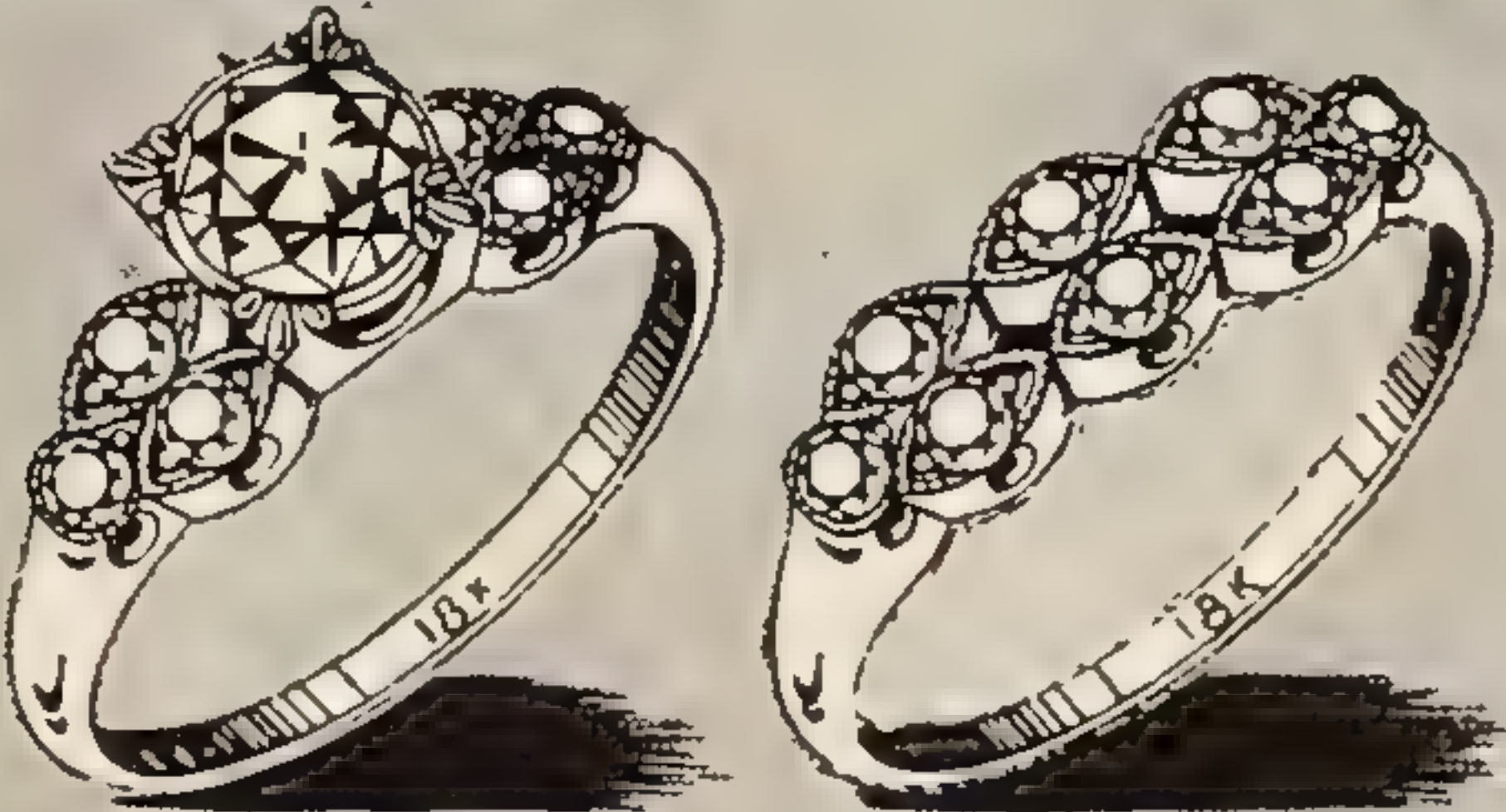
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ROY ROGERS

either. He did some things he was sorry for.

But he made up for them and that was that. Things are different now. And the reason is no secret.

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now solidified his success, and his hit in *Street With No Name* has made Mark Stevens the hottest new male star on the 20th Century-Fox lot. If his performance in *The Snake Pit* gets the critical acclaim the studio expects, then Mark will no longer feel the pressure he's been under to prove that he wasn't necessarily a false-alarm actor, a morning glory and a one-picture rave. And he's as steamed up, himself, about his work in *Sand*. All in all, it looks as if Mark Stevens could relax now for the first time since he left Montreal and could start enjoying himself for a change.

For one thing, Mark and Annelle are having some family life at long last. It's really a rare occasion when the Stevenses are seen outside of their little English house out on Toluca Lake. It isn't their Mister Blandings dream deal by a long shot (they, too, have some of those plans hidden away for lower building costs), but it's much cosier a set-up than the hectic housing they've had since they hit Hollywood.

Mark and Annelle's honeymoon house, for instance, was a tiny, cold and cramped apartment up over a guest-house garage across from Pickfair. Mark came home there from his first critical operation while Annelle was expecting the stork and feeling miserable most of the time. It was the best they could do, what with post-war apartments rare as hen's teeth. After that, they rented a Bel-Air place which didn't fit their family, and squabbles with the landlord went with the lease. That was where Mark Richard, their baby boy, came home from the hospital with all the disturbing family adjustments a baby brings; it was where Mark had another flare-up with his aching back—and with his mixed-up emotions, too.

But now at Toluca Lake, for the first time since their marriage, Mark and Annelle have a place that's designed for living. "In fact," chuckles Mark, looking across the Lakeside golf course which runs along the front, "the only worry I have here is that some day Bing Crosby will slice his drive and smash the front window."

marco dampens all . . .

I don't think, however, even such a catastrophe as that would make hot-tempered Mark Stevens do much more than grin, in the new mellow mood he's in. He stood the test the other day when little Mark Richard messed things up pretty thoroughly. Mark was at home making a picture sitting—which he hates—and there were all sorts of people fussing around, posing him here and there and dressing up this and that. It took hours and Mark's patience was wearing thin when the deed was at last done to everyone's satisfaction. At that point, "Marco" or "Marcola," as Mark is likely to call Mark Richard at any time, picked up the garden hose, turned the tap and let fly. Before anyone could stop him he'd ruined the picture plates, and so damped down everybody in on the project that repairs had to be made and the whole tedious business done over again.

Did Mark turn the atmosphere blue? He did not. He smiled indulgently and said, "Well, that's one wetting a diaper won't fix!"

Mark's pretty crazy about that kid of his, now that he's grown into a little human being with a personality all his own and now that Mark has had a chance to get acquainted. Mark Richard looks like

from
play
to
film

The trouble with screen writers is they do things the hard way. Following, for instance, is the easy way to make a film out of a play. You simply take the word PLAY, and, changing one letter at a time, form a new word each time according to the definitions until you reach the word FILM. Turn to page 112 when you've finished.

P L A Y

To kill — — —

A lath — — —

A narrow opening — — —

smoke dust — — —

kind — — —

a stronghold — — —

a golf warning — — —

a conflagration — — —

solid — — —

F I L M

his mama in the eyes, but the rest of his fast-shaping little map is a carbon copy of Mark's—same ginger hair, straight nose and stubborn chin. Already, too, like his dad, he's always asking for trouble—trying to ride every big dog in the neighborhood when he gets out of the backyard pokey each afternoon for a stroll with Miss Ray, his English nurse. Luckily, the local bowlers—consisting of a boxer, a police dog, a collie and Mark's French poodle, Pepi (son of Cornel Wilde's pooch, Punch)—are gentle. They let him maul them around to his heart's content. Like Mark (says Mark), actors bore Marco. When Mark took him on the set of *Sand* not long ago, the kid yawned and promptly drifted off to dreamland! But there isn't much question about the fun Mark Stevens is getting out of his boy.

While Mark was working in *Street With No Name* in Washington, D. C., last year, he and Annelle had a second honeymoon in the capital. And when he went on that location trip in the Rockies last summer, Annelle went along too. Mark and Annelle Stevens' reconciliation after they'd been on the brink of divorce a few months before, has been considerably strengthened and sealed by those two picture-making second honeymoons they had in Washington and Colorado. Doing D. C. together, with Mark happily busy, and Annelle doing what a Texas girl always likes best, seeing sights, they found just the right spot to banish the memory of those mixed-up disagreement days out of their minds. But it was up in the mountains that they really found again the old happy boy-and-girl fun they'd known before they turned bride and groom, before Mark's aches and pains and carcass carvings and career trouble started turning the sky black, before the cares of parenthood sobered them both.

In the turquoise setting of the famous Four Corners region at the corners of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah

—than which there's nothing more beautiful—it was pretty hard to miss having a wonderful time no matter what happened.

There were dozens of thrilling excursions for Mark and Annelle to take in the scenic Four Corners wonderland on off days—to Silverton, the old ghost mining-town where \$110,000,000 worth of gold ore poured out of the now-abandoned mine shafts in the 1870's and where the expensive mahogany bar still stands, riddled with bullet holes. "Just like a Western set at the studio," mused Mark.

Once you get in the groove and start looking on the upside of life, it's funny how many things you can find to do and have fun with. Mark was always active as a jumping jack and twice as ambitious before bum health and black cats ganged up on him. Now he's started boxing again to tone up his neglected muscles. And he even took a fling at polo a while back, progressing to a three-pony string and a fair stick-and-ball game—until his doc heard about it and warned, "Whoa, Mark—you know you're just asking for another operation on that spine if you keep up this saddle stuff!" So Mark quit, because he has too many other bright projects he'd hate to watch go glimmering.

great expectations . . .

For one thing, Mark wants to be right and ready for his next screen job, *Quicksand*, which he'll make in Hollywood for J. Arthur Rank, the British film tycoon. For another, he has a script of his own up his sleeve that he's dying to produce in France, in both French and English. Then Mark's lined up next fall to make a picture for his boss, Darryl Zanuck, a Royal Canadian Mountie epic he's dreamed about doing for years, up in his home country, Canada.

But Mark's really not satisfied with being just a star now that he again feels up to his old ambitions. Fact is, he'll shock you out of your socks by saying right out, "Most actors are phonies and I'll be one too if I keep on acting. Someday I want to produce."

These days it's strictly a case of Stevens Unlimited. There's nothing he considers impossible or even improbable after he gets wound up like a dollar watch. In fact, when Mark gets that way he just naturally *has* to do something or he bites himself, like a scorpion, and suffers accordingly. "When I'm loafing," Mark admits readily, "I go crazy. I call my agent and gripe. I snap at Marco. I pester my secretary and pick on my wife. I tell people off, speak out of turn and generally make an obnoxious ass of myself." So you can't blame him for soaring off on energetic enterprises. It's sort of in self-defense.

Yes, he's an unpredictable character, this mercurial Mark Stevens guy—either up in the clouds, when the going's right, or six fathoms below sea level when it's not. But maybe a rapid emotional range is what makes a mere actor an important star—as Mark Stevens is today. The truth is, Mark's got a full head of steam up all the time and some simply has to leak out now and then to plummet him down deep or rocket him up high. Right now, though, Mark looks to be in for a steady, heady ride through the Hollywood stratosphere—on a long, long overdue raincheck.

But whether that will make Mark Stevens permanently, purringly happy or not is another kettle of fish. He knows he's blessed—or maybe cursed—with what the critics call a "divine discontent." Or as Mark himself puts it, with a crooked grin: "Right now I'm looking over a four-leaf clover. But frankly, I wouldn't be at all surprised if it handed me hay fever."

THE END

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CLARK GABLE'S SECRET ROMANCE

(Continued from page 41)

taken lightly (especially by Clark himself when asked about it). Any suggestion that love has so much as given him temporary pause raises a quick laugh. And to imply that he could possibly be carrying a torch for anyone—ridiculous!

Yet, there are certain facts to this parting that can't be just poofed away, and when these are added up, the pointer on the scale moves exactly in that direction!

First of all, of course, you have to consider Virginia: tall, blonde, beautiful, and talented enough so that her picture career may still blossom into top stardom. When you look at her, it's easy to understand why so many people in their circle believe that Clark was devoted to her.

not one of those things . . .

How devoted? Well, this much can be said: When that which is known about the two, and that which is indicated by the nature of the bond between them, is pieced together, it makes up into a definite romantic pattern—not just “another Gable thing.”

The attachment they had for each other was different in that it was not displayed much in public. While it is true that their names were frequently mentioned in the news, actually they were never out together more than three or four times since the day they first met when he, still an Army Air Force major, ran into her at Jill Winkler's home and kissed her—though they had known each other but casually up to then. It just so happened that right from the start their interest in each other revolved closer to their homes and the home kind of living, and bloomed stronger that way.

Instead of going out together, they visited each other. They talked, they took Sunday rides, they helped fix up each other's houses; they seemed to enjoy each other in this sort of “togetherness.” Sometimes you would see Clark's Cadillac convertible pulled up outside the fence of the Van Nuys airport of a sunny afternoon, and the two would sit contentedly watching the take-offs and landings. Maybe Virginia wasn't interested in planes, as Clark undoubtedly is—but it was enough to be near him.

Afterward, they would drop in anywhere for a bite to eat—maybe a diner, or just a hamburger joint for a bowl of chili and a glass of buttermilk. It wouldn't make any difference, just so it wasn't where you had to eat Chinese food—Clark's pet hate.

And like as not the day would be topped off by an hour or two at a golf driving-range, with Clark hitting towering drives (with a tendency to fade off) and remarking philosophically, when they went higher than further, “That'll bring rain!” And he'd give Virginia pointers on the game.

Even more—for the full five years they never missed dining with each other on any high holiday; never a Thanksgiving or Christmas in that period without “Paw” and “Ginny” (yes, their names for each other!) at Clark's dinner table together. Clark would carve. He would give Virginia the dinner bell to ring for the next course. “Here, you be the hostess,” he would say happily.

These sessions, and others before his fireside as he oiled his guns or talked of his boyhood, were warm scenes—hardly to be tossed aside as the background of just a casual affair, as Hollywood well knows.

It is admittedly difficult to understand how Clark could pitch himself into the intimacy of this phase of his life entirely oblivious, as always, to the fact that one half of the world was speculating on the chances of Anita Colby or Iris Bynum becoming his wife, while the other half favored Dolly O'Brien or “Slim” Hawks. Maybe that's just Clark Gable. Was Virginia oblivious? Nobody ever knew . . . except for one thing she was once heard to say in reply to a friend's comment.

Said the friend: “You're always with him, even while all that talk is going on about the others! He does go out with the others—but he always comes back to you. Why, it's like the story of . . . of . . .”

“Like the story of *Back Street*?” prompted Virginia, when her friend had hesitated as if loath to come out with it.

“Yes!” came the confirmation. But Virginia had nothing more to add. It was just as if she wanted to indicate that she had been thinking about it.

Clark Gable kissed Virginia Grey in 1943, but he first saw her in 1936 when she was hardly started on her film career. It was the day after Jean Harlow died and Virginia Grey was being considered by MGM heads to play Jean's part in *Saratoga Trunk*, which was only three-quarters completed. It was Clark who said, “Test her,” when the producers were undecided about Virginia. And it was Clark who made the tests with her and insured their success—even though, at the last moment it was decided to release the picture as originally made, with Harlow, plus certain added scenes using a double to round out the story.

from that day on . . .

From that day on, Virginia and Clark used to see each other around the studio—but only in passing. Yet when Clark made *Test Pilot* and *Idiot's Delight*, Virginia got good parts in them and, as she admitted to friends, she knew it was he who had recommended her. They weren't friends—they wouldn't see each other for months sometimes, and then only by chance—but it was as if he had a continuing interest in the girl he had originally given a professional boost.

This slight contact between them was broken when Virginia left MGM for a contract at Universal and Clark joined the Air Force and was assigned to filming bombing operations over Germany. But their paths were to come together again. The date set by fate for this was December 21, 1943—a rainy, pre-Christmas afternoon. On that day Virginia, who had just finished decorating her Christmas tree, got a call from Jill Winkler, who asked her to drop over. Jill is the widow of Otto Winkler, Clark's publicity man and close friend who was killed in the same airplane crash that took Carole Lombard's life.

When she got to Jill's house, she learned that Clark had come back from Europe just the day before to cut and edit his bombing films, and that he was on his way over to see Jill. A little while later the bell rang and Clark entered, dripping wet. Jill was barely starting to present the two to each other when Clark took action to make this unnecessary. He cried out recognition in high glee, strode over and took her in his arms.

Inasmuch as he had never exhibited that kind of warmth to her before, maybe Vir-

ginia should have entered a protest right then and there. But she didn't. Maybe she was just nonplussed by the suddenness of it. Or—well, it was wartime, Clark was in uniform, and wasn't it a thing between girls those days that getting into the Army and Navy seemed to be having an unusual effect on fellows, and one had to be tolerant with them? One thing is definitely known. Virginia considered Clark's demonstrative greeting as a flash of the moment, soon to be forgotten.

She was wrong.

Clark's enthusiasm for her didn't abate a bit. Before he left he had won from her an acceptance to have dinner with him at his place the next night. She accepted, went and had a wonderful time. It was not only fun, not only an event to be commemorated by a whopping bottle of Chanel No. 5 which he insisted she take as a souvenir of the occasion, but the first of many other similar dinners and many other happy days together.

She got to know a lot about Clark. She saw, and is quoted as reporting, that while the places of the fashionable had an attraction for him, he found them too cobwebby underfoot for permanent comfort. He was a man who had never denied his simple background nor accounted for his success by any other words than, "How lucky can you be?"

He told Virginia about his boyhood, when he loved to go ice-skating and return home to have his mother stick his half-frozen feet into a tub of hot water and feed him gingerbread. This story, she decided later, was a sort of alibi for the frequent presence on his dinner table of his favorite dessert—gingerbread.

Clark's house stands on a 15-acre tract of land. After the death of Carole he talked often of selling it. But the idea seemed to fade after he met Virginia. She admitted quite freely to her friends that she had talked against it; that she had told Clark he was a homesteader at heart and would find himself missing the place the moment it was no longer his. And Clark must have listened because he would quote her when his friends asked if he were going to dispose of the house. "Ginny thinks I ought to keep it," he would reply simply.

Watching them, hearing of their activi-

ties, their friends decided they were both homesteaders. Clark has a fence around his house and corral. Virginia helped him whitewash it—a job that took five days. His driveway is lined with oleander bushes. Virginia helped select and plant them. For that matter, when she bought piping to lay under her lawn for a watering system, it was Clark's turn to help her and he carted every foot of the pipe to his place so he could cut and thread the ends to fit. He's handy that way.

It was all fun. They were fun. Being together was fun. That's why those who were close enough to them to see this, find it difficult to think of them permanently apart now. It isn't that they suspect Clark's heart is breaking but that they know he loved being with Virginia, loved being able to be himself when he was with her—which is perhaps more important for him.

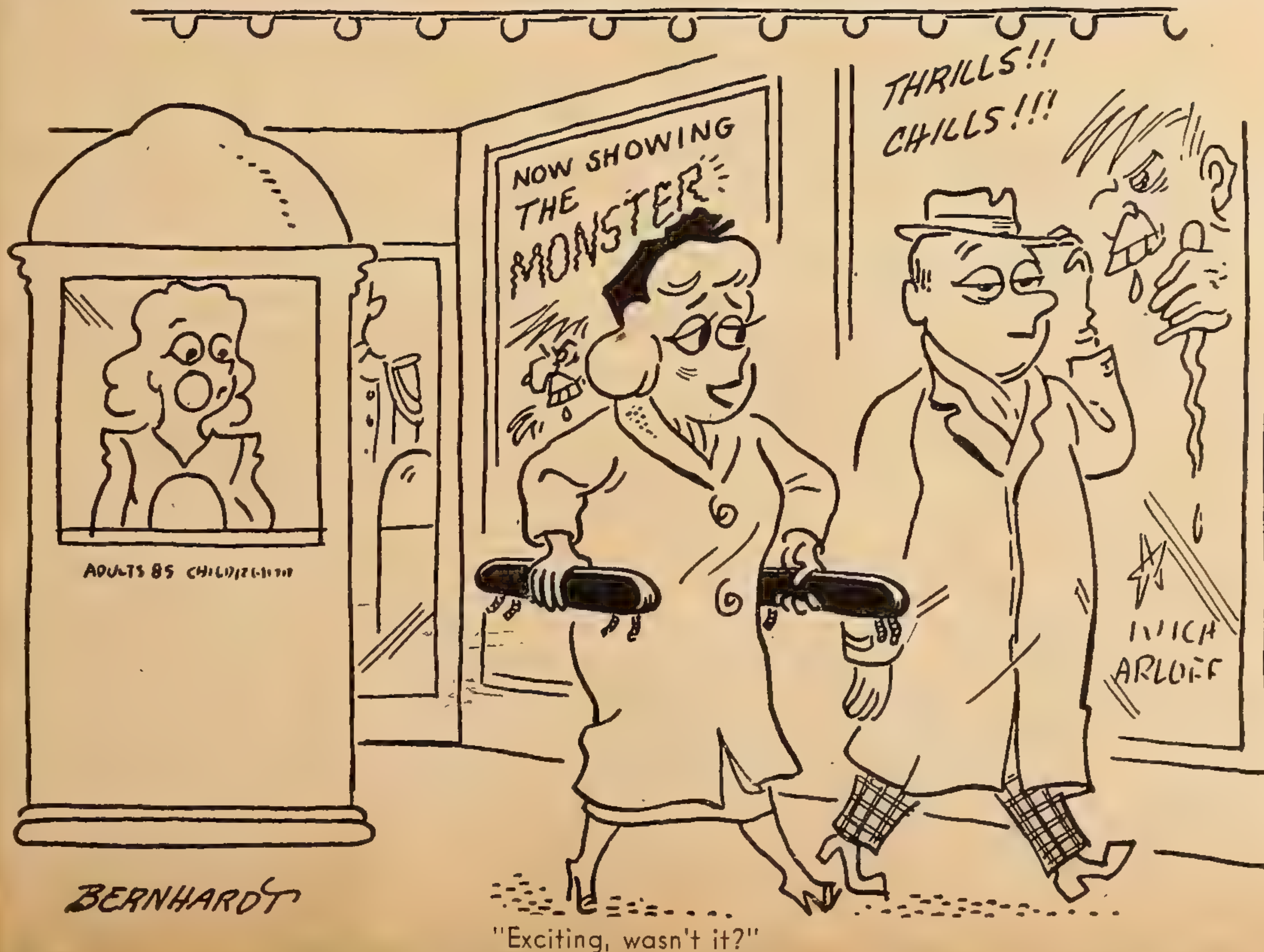
Some of his friends catch themselves watching him for an indication of how he feels about the split-up. They know that a happy Clark shows the world how it is going with him—he carries his disposition on his sleeve, if not his heart. In a figurative way, he loves to take off his shoes, curl up his feet and expand into amusing talk if he is happy. If he is unhappy, he makes this plain too. He may be with the most beautiful girl in the world but the tell-tale actions mean the same thing. He sits up severely straight, he tightens and jerks at his necktie, he clock-watches and, if he talks at all, he bites his words until they come out raw and encourage no answers.

But it is Virginia and her reasons for seemingly being able to take the break-up in calm stride (if she didn't actually precipitate it, as some hold), that intrigues most of their friends. Did anything new in their relationship form the basis for the change in her attitude which formerly had seen her ready to run to him whenever and however he beckoned? Had she once loved him so much that it had made no difference who else he was seen with—and now, is this love gone?

Or is it the reverse? Did this love grow until it could no longer share him, could no longer be all of her life and just a part of his—and moved her, in desperation, to finish it?

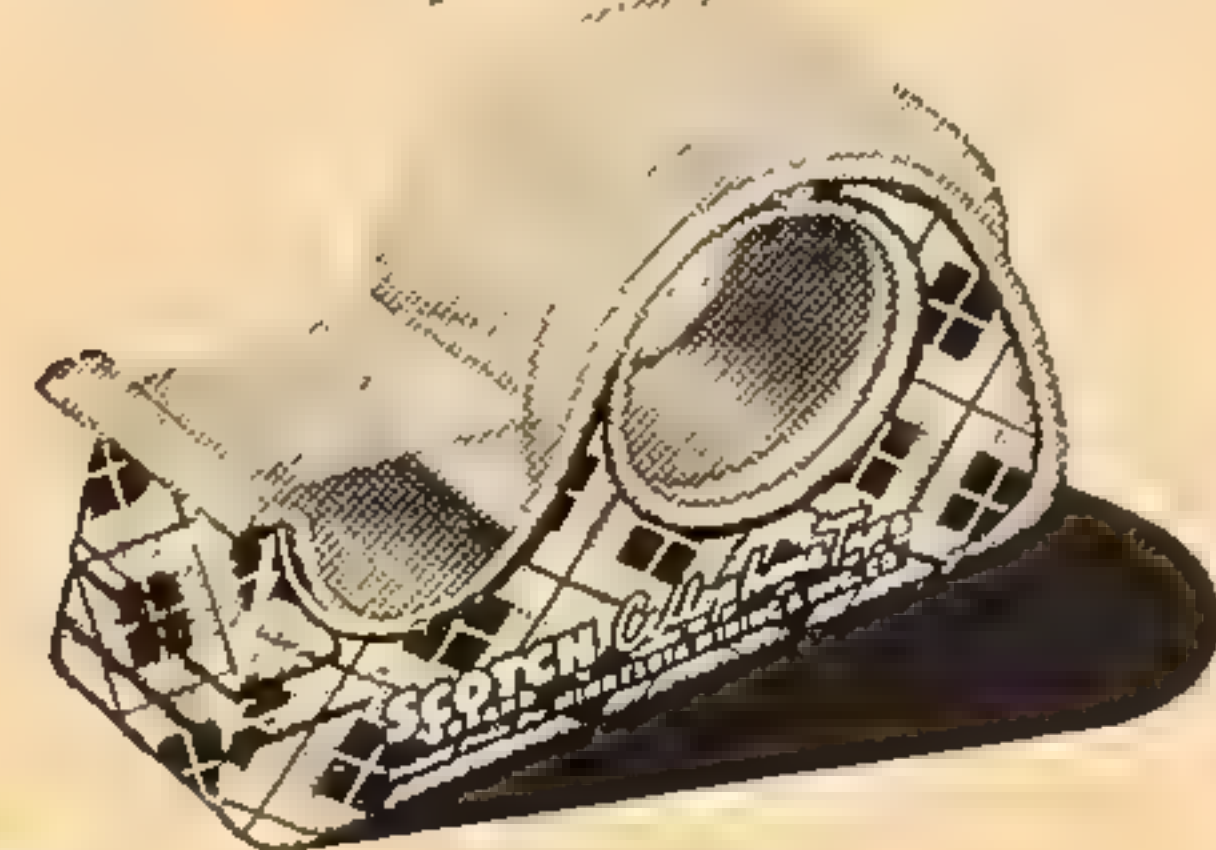
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THE STRANGE LOVES OF HEDY LAMARR

(Continued from page 60)

And the strange thing is, there's been nothing more than that to many of Hedy's so-called "flings." The public hears—sometimes from Hedy, sometimes from others—that certain men are crazed with yearning for her—indeed, they wish to marry her. Then, sadly enough, nothing develops.

In the realm of stern reality, Hedy has had three unfortunate marriages—to Fritz Mandl, when she was only a young, inexperienced girl of 17; to Gene Markey, with whom she actually had little in common; and to John Loder, with whom, for a time, she seemed to have found happiness—until fundamental issues arising in part from the inequalities of their careers put the marriage on the rocks. And aside from her ill-fated matrimonial ventures, she has had several affairs of the heart that were by no means mere newspaper rumors. Somehow, these too have all ended on an unhappy note.

Why has this fabulous woman been unable to find the right man to love—the man who can give her the deep, stable devotion she so clearly needs in her life? Why does Hedy Lamarr, one of the most hauntingly beautiful women that ever walked the earth—wealthy, famous, intelligent, admired and envied all over the world—why does a woman of such legendary attractiveness have so little success in her most vital relationships? That very question, in the various forms it takes, is a mystery that has titillated Hollywood for years. The incident with the San Franciscan simply added new fuel to the old fires of curiosity.

to please the public . . .

Like any major star, Hedy has been to a great extent a victim of that curiosity. It goes without saying that the public has an insatiable appetite for fresh-from-the-oven tidbits concerning the private lives of celebrities; and the newspapers, in supplying this demand, are under a natural pressure to make the most of such items as may come along. Thus, the strange and over-blown accounts of Hedy's affairs are, much more often than not, no fault of hers.

It sometimes has happened, however, that fanciful reports about her have been given their initial impetus by Hedy herself. She's a very candid, honest person. She says what she believes to be true. If her belief in the validity of a "romance" leads her occasionally to make unguarded statements that later on appear to have been exaggerated, you really can't hold it against her. Every one of us is controlled, far more than we imagine, by the workings of our subconscious. And Hedy, with a deep and understandable need for the devotion of the man who could fulfill her life, seems sometimes impelled to mistake her own wishful thinking for reality.

Recently, George Sanders was reported to be wildly avid for Hedy. Soon afterward, I watched them do a scene together for *Samson and Delilah*—in which Hedy, as the champion siren of all time, made love to George. When the panting scene was over, he calmly walked away from her without a word. I was amazed—for Hedy herself had told me that George had even planned where they'd spend their honeymoon—in New York and Europe.

A little later I heard a different version of the Lamarr-Sanders relationship from the fascinating Zsa Zsa Gabor. Of course, Zsa Zsa might have been faintly prejudiced—she was engaged to marry George at the time!

"They had two dinner dates," she said. "That's all there was to it. In fact, he left Hedy in Hollywood to come to me in New York, without even saying goodbye to her."

Then there was the strange case of Billy Wilder, the very eligible and top-flight director. I saw him with Hedy at a big movie première. Billy was being very attentive and Hedy was beaming—obviously loving the attention. For weeks afterward, the columns were filled with rumors of impending wedding bells.

"I hear you and Hedy are getting married," I said to Billy when I encountered him at Romanoff's.

"Don't be ridiculous," he smiled. "I've had one date with her."

As I've already indicated, Hedy can't be held responsible for all the romantic items about her that appear in the public press, since sometimes even the wildest fantasies are grist for the hungry columnists' mills. An example of this was the coupling of Hedy's name with Cary Grant's in the papers for a time. Well, Cary didn't have even one date with the lady. Possibly he wanted to—but it never happened.

But the fact remains that Hedy herself has on a number of occasions given currency to such fictions. I asked her not long ago the routine question, "What's new in your life?" She hesitated—then said, "Oh, I've met a fascinating Frenchman—Jacques François. He calls me all the time."

It so happened that I was lunching next day with some people at Universal-International when Jacques François joined us. After coffee I said lightly, "How's Hedy?"

Jacques looked surprised, and then said, "I don't know. We had one dinner date three weeks ago—but I haven't seen or heard from her since. I must have bored her—she hardly spoke to me all evening."

Now, why did Hedy want me to believe she was interested in Monsieur François?



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

The best fiction film ever made about extra-sensory perception has opened at the Paramount Theatre under the spectacular name of *Night Has A Thousand Eyes*. What it will do to the peace of mind of those who experience it has stimulated this department's comparatively feeble powers of prediction. Approximately one thousand newly fledged mentalists will be leaving the theater after each break. The rest, along with this observer, will be cursing their own blunted extra senses . . .

Archer Winsten
The New York Post

For a time this account of a fake vaudeville mental wizard who becomes endowed with prescience of terrible events is mildly fascinating. It settles too soon for the customary contrivances of a mystery melodrama of the shrieks and clutching-hand variety . . .

If *Night Has A Thousand Eyes* gives you pause, it is because of a preposterous theme and a lame ending rather than eerie overtones . . .

Howard Barnes
New York Herald Tribune

Some might attempt to explain it by saying that Hedy is so used to having men swoon at her feet that she feels rather undressed, unless at any given moment, she can say that some man is pursuing her. Nonsense! Hedy isn't like that at all. She is used to having men swoon at her feet—so used to it that she attaches slight importance to it by this time. She'd certainly never go out of her way to impress a columnist with the already universally-known fact that men find her attractive. Why on earth should she?

No, I think the reason is the one I've given—that it's simply her great and very natural longing to find the right man that drives the honest Miss Lamarr—with no deliberate intent to falsify—to suggest romantic situations where actually none exist.

Last summer Hedy informed me in great excitement that her first husband, Fritz Mandl, had telephoned her from South America to say he was coming to Hollywood to marry her all over again. "Of course I shan't let him," Hedy told me.

Nothing ever came of it—I believe that at the time of his telephone call, Mandl was still married to someone else. But it made a good story and Hedy enjoyed telling it to columnists.

Aside from the mystery of why so many of Hedy's "romances" evaporate into nothingness, there's the deeper mystery of why her well-authenticated romances with no quotation marks around them, end so unsatisfactorily—and this includes her marriages.

they parted friends . . .

Soon after her arrival in Hollywood, it looked as if Reginald Gardiner would be her choice for a second husband. The brilliant, young English comedian was a witty, intelligent companion, plainly devoted to her. For a while they were together constantly. Then they parted—as friends.

Back in 1942, Hedy and George Montgomery made no bones about their plans to get married—"as soon as we both can get enough time off to have a honeymoon." Yet, after a brief engagement, they went their separate ways.

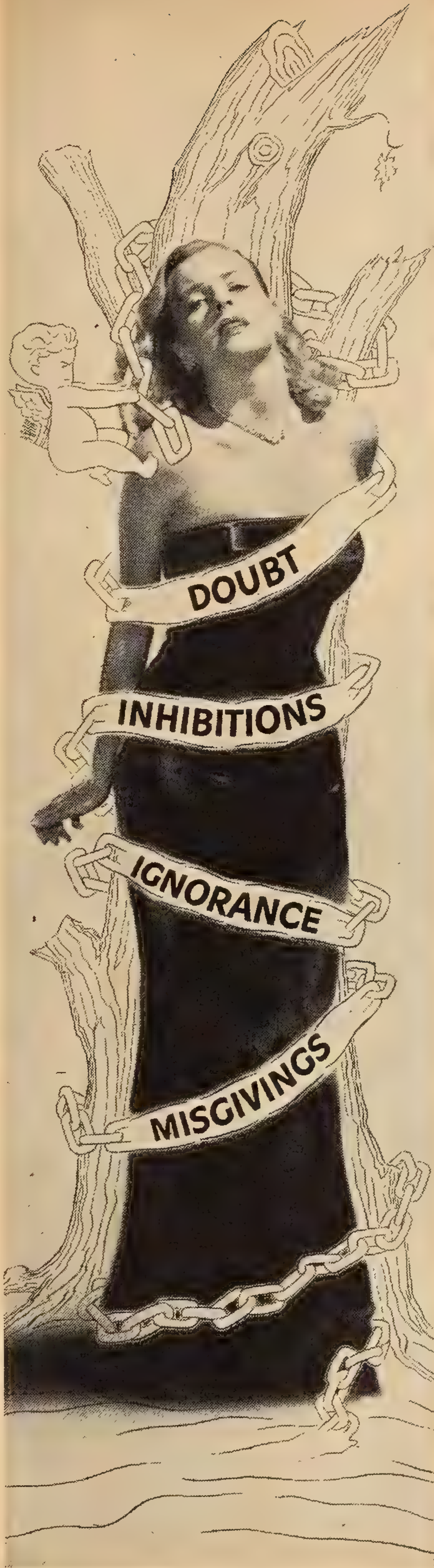
I saw Hedy the day after she married Gene Markey. "We are going to buy a farm and raise chickens," she told me. She'd always longed for life on a farm—perhaps because she'd never had one. Anyhow, Gene had other ideas. He wanted to show off his beautiful bride in fashionable restaurants and night clubs. Hedy far preferred a more intimate domestic existence. So they were divorced, with Hedy accusing Gene of neglecting her.

The big problem in Hedy's marriage to John Loder was the disparity in their earning powers. Aside from that difficulty, things for a time appeared outwardly smooth. John was willing to raise chickens, children, or anything else Hedy wanted. But after one separation, a reconciliation, and several bitter battles, he lit out for New York. At the time of the divorce John stated, "I don't know what's the matter with Hedy. She's so mixed up that I can't even reason with her."

When I saw John recently in Manhattan, he told me Hedy had called him to ask him to return home for a visit with the children. John, however, preferred to remain in New York.

The Mark Stevens episode still has Hollywood—and Hedy herself—baffled. "I just don't understand," the very bewildered Miss Lamarr told me. "One week he says he loves me—and the next week, when I telephone him, his manager answers and says that Mark doesn't want me to call him and has gone back to his wife."

Don't get Hedy wrong on the Stevens



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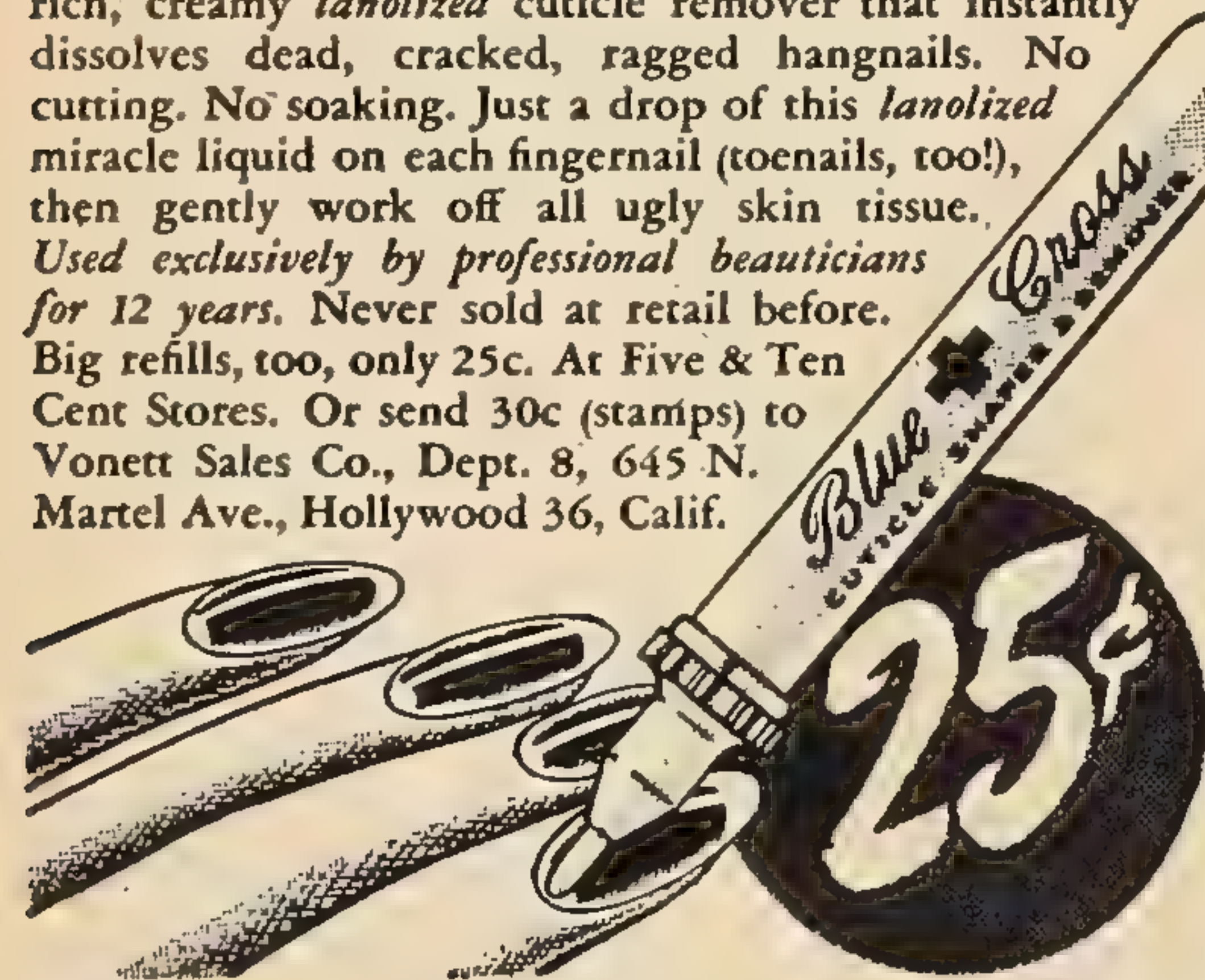
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romance. She had nothing to do with Mark's leaving Annette and didn't date him until after he'd left his wife. But when he flew to Lake Tahoe to be with her and then, on their return, kissed her publicly for the waiting photographers, who can blame Hedy for believing that Stevens intended to marry her when he was free?

You'd think that almost any man would consider the bright and beautiful Hedy to be the perfect mate. She's an interesting and varied conversationalist—and she listens when the other person talks about his or her problems. She reads everything and has a lot of shrewd horse-sense. In addition to beauty and brains, she's got a rollicking sense of fun, considerate kindness, and a flair for domesticity. She's proved herself to be a fine mother.

Hedy Lamarr's romantic difficulties are deeply mysterious indeed. Yet there must be an answer to the unhappy riddle. And here's what I think it is:

Hedy, I'm afraid, tends to be very over-anxious about the state of her health. She has more ailments in a week than even Sidney Skolsky has. So perhaps it's this excessive self-concern that upsets her life. It's been my personal observation that most men aren't too happy with women who constantly complain about their aches and pains.

too possessive? . . .

I've also heard it suggested that Hedy is too possessive. I don't think that's so. I believe she desperately wants a man who'll boss her around. But one great stumbling block to that is the fact that Hedy earns many times the salary of the men who might marry her—and is many times more famous. Because of this, she finds herself the dominant member of the partnership and quickly loses interest.

And then, it could be that Hedy's longing for a mate she can love is too obvious. Nothing usually scares off a man so quickly as knowing a girl is eager to marry him. One writer I know was wildly in love with Hedy. He met her at a party and thereafter wrote her a sonnet every day—all of which he filed away in his pocket.

They were good—he read me one. I urged him to go ahead and send them.

"But—but won't she be insulted?" he asked doubtfully.

"Send them," I insisted.

Next thing he knew, Hedy had telephoned him. And next thing I knew, the courtship was over.

Hedy is also very sensitive. She takes offense easily. At one time she tried to write. She called a famous author who had taken her out a few times, to get his opinion on a story she had written.

"I'm terribly busy today," he told her. "How about my coming over tomorrow?"

Hedy slammed the receiver down in his ear. She thought the man was giving her a brush-off. Of course he wasn't—but nevertheless, the incident ended his interest in Hedy.

Sensitive, self-concerned, eager for devotion—here is an incredibly beautiful woman with a number of very human failings, failings that are heavily over-balanced by her rare qualities of personality and character and mind. She is a woman of profound and restless loneliness, longing for love and marriage with the right man—one she has yet to find.

My own guess is that someday she'll find him. But until then, Hedy Lamarr will remain a woman who seems strange to and in Hollywood, about whom will continue to flower many myths and legends—and those of her loves will be the strangest of all.

THE END

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FROM THE MOVIES

KISSING BANDIT—"Siesta" by Xavier Cugat* (Columbia).

SLIGHTLY FRENCH—"Let's Fall In Love" by Hank d'Amico (MGM).

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME—"The Birth of the Blues" by Bing Crosby* (Decca); Guy Lombardo (Decca); "Say Si Si" by Andrews Sisters (Decca); and the title song by Ted Lewis himself (Decca).

As we pen these lines, musicians all over the country are flocking to the recording studios, committing the latest hit songs to wax—and not a moment too soon! After eleven and a half months of the recording ban, things had just about reached the point where our "From the Movies" section would have had to be eliminated from this column. All the Decca items listed above, incidentally, are reissues.

WORDS AND MUSIC—Album from the sound track of the picture* (MGM), featuring Lena Horne, Betty Garrett, Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, Judy Garland, Ann Southern, Lennie Hayton and the MGM studio orchestra.

POPULAR

FOOLS RUSH IN—Billy Eckstine** (MGM).

One of the greatest sides yet by America's greatest male ballad singer. (Frankie's opinion, and plenty of other singers' too; also yours truly's honest belief.)

LITTLE LEARNIN' IS A DANG'ROUS THING—Frank Sinatra and Pearl Bailey (Columbia). Double-sided ditty by a powerful team. Mildly amusing, but could have been great with stronger material.

PIANO REFLECTIONS—Claude Thornhill* (Columbia).

A pleasant album of eight sides by Claude with a rhythm section. Definitely dream music, including Noel Coward's "Someday I'll Find You," and the dreamy maestro's own "Memory of an Island," written during a stay in Hawaii.

TARRA TA-LARRA TA-LAR—Bing Crosby* (Decca); Dean Martin* (Capitol); Frankie Laine (Mercury); Alan Dale (Signature); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Johnny Desmond (MGM).

"BOPULAR"

BEBOP—An Album of Modern Jazz* (Victor).

Eight sides featuring four different all-star bands, including the Dizzy Gillespie orchestra in his famous Afro-Cuban opus, "Cubana Be" and "Cubana Bop." Others are "From Dixieland To Bebop," a musical satire by Lucky Thompson's Lucky Seven; "Jumping For Jane," your correspondent's own opus as performed by Coleman Hawkins' group; and "Royal Roost," by Kenny Clarke's boppers. A must for bop fans.

WOODY HERMAN—The Goof and I** (Columbia).

More modern jazz by the cleanest and most exciting band playing it today.

CHUBBY JACKSON—Dee Dee's Dance** (Rainbow).

Recorded a year or so ago in Sweden with the great sextet Chubby took over there. Small-band bop at its fastest and most fantastic.

ILLINOIS JACQUET—Embryo* (Victor).

Star man with this bunch is trombonist J. J. Johnson; wish he were featured more.

JAMES MOODY—Tropicana* (Blue Note).

Nice combination of bop solos, Cuban percussion and exotic tune.

REFUGE FOR LANA

(Continued from page 47)

couple of times I was rewarded by a really good look.

Want to know something? (And this is from a cynic.) She's truly *something*! Don't you believe the reports that nowadays she looks like a suburban housewife. She's showy, spectacular-looking. Even in slacks and moccasins and a suede jacket she just doesn't look like a country girl or a housewife. She's Lana Turner, no matter what she has on, and looking at her no one could possibly forget it.

She has given out no interviews to the two main newspapers in the area—the Greenwich Time and the Stamford Advocate—but from the people in the stores, from the high-school youngsters who follow her around when she shops on Saturdays, and from the neighbors, a portrait of Mrs. Robert Topping emerges that is perhaps more colorful than any that could be drawn from just a regular interview.

At H. L. Green's five-and-ten store, a youngster named Katharine waited on her one day. Katharine goes to Greenwich High School, works part-time to get money for clothes. "There was a kind of lull," says Katharine, "and I was straightening out the paper bags and thinking about the Christmas play at school when a nice deep voice said, 'I'd like some of those chocolate kisses.' I looked up, and it was Bob Topping. Everyone in town knows him. 'Give me a lot of them,' he said. So I weighed out a pound-and-a-half, told him it would be \$1.20—and then I saw her. I remember *exactly* how she looked and what she had on. In the first place, she's little. I never realized she was such a half-pint. She had her hair parted on the left side and curled around, and she was wearing dark glasses. The thing I noticed most about her was her mouth. You know how hard some theatrical people's mouths get to look. Well, hers is rather gentle. She had on sort of a cowboy jacket—you know, with fringe on the sleeves, and dark slacks and moccasins. And she looked cute. Bob handed her the candy and she gave him a big smile. She said 'Mmm, thanks!' And when they walked out I noticed that they were arm in arm." And Katharine was a heroine at Green's for at least an hour afterward.

the brush-off . . .

Charlie Piro at the Greenwich Time had a slightly less mellow story to tell. Reporters from his paper had twice tried to get a story from her and had been rebuffed. Not pleasantly rebuffed, it seems, but genuinely brushed off. Said one of the reporters: "Now, Henry Fonda's a nice guy—you can get him on the phone any old time. Not *her*. You can't break through the barrage of butlers even to hear her say 'no' in person. And there's a girl that could use some good publicity, too."

At the Stamford Advocate, the word is that Lana will talk to anyone, that she's easy-going and friendly as a puppy—but that Bob hates publicity and doesn't want her interviewed. Considering Lana is off-salary at the moment at MGM, her time is her own and Bob's, this doesn't seem such an unreasonable attitude at that. And the fact that Lana is willing to go along with Bob in spite of her own feelings, substantiates the opinion of some of her close friends that this time Lana's marriage comes so far ahead of her career that the career doesn't even show.

For a neighbor's-eye view of Lana, you must drive north from the town of Green-

wich eight miles or so. The Topping estate is set in a really beautiful section of rolling hills and green meadows, crossed and criss-crossed by dozens of old stone walls. Before you reach the house, you pass a country store—the kind that belongs on a cover of the Saturday Evening Post—and a lovely white New England church. There are a couple of farms—with red barns and cows and all the props—and then there's a small modest sign that says TOPPING.

You can see the house from the road, and it's a mansion, nothing less. An English-style brick house with five enormous chimneys, it dominates the scene for acres around. There are 29 rooms, a tennis court and a swimming pool, and numerous small buildings. At one end of the 202 Topping acres, Jack, the youngest boy, built a house and kept a string of magnificent horses (Palominos are his hobby) but this has been sold.

house for sale . . .

Last winter Bob's mother, Rhea Topping, a beautiful and much loved woman, died, and after her death the boys put "Dunnellan" up for sale. The house was her house, her love, and for the boys it holds hundreds of wonderful memories, but it represents a way of life that scarcely exists any longer. Nowadays when Lana goes into N. Y., it is not in splendor, with Mr. Steele, the head chauffeur who once drove for Bob's grandfather, at the wheel of the town car. Instead, Lana drives in with Bob in either the yellow Cadillac convertible with the California license plates or in the incredible red thunderbolt Chrysler 16. This is a low-slung, completely streamlined, special body job. Made in 1941, it cost around \$6,500, and there are only 14 of them in the world. (Jack Topping has one of the others.) But Mr. Steele still polishes the town car, dreaming of the good old days, and wondering what's to become of this house he's known and loved so long.

Bob offered the house and ten acres to the town of Greenwich for \$275,000 for use as a school, but although a school is needed back there in the hills, the house is just too big and would require too much remodelling. Rumor has it that Rockefeller is dickering for it for use as a memorial to his mother—whether as a school, a hospital or what, doesn't seem to be known. At any rate, future buyers will have to be fairly well-heeled, as the assessed value of the place is just a few dollars under half-a-million.

It's a little hard to picture Lana in this setting. Lana—who likes to kick off her shoes and relax; who has been called many things, but never stuffy. The neighbors have a little light to shed on this subject. She still isn't stuffy. She goes around the place in slacks—her favorites being a light blue pair. Sometimes she drives down to the store with Bob—the top down on the car more often than not, even on chilly days—her yellow hair bound up in a bright scarf. When they have guests, which isn't very often, Sunday night is their favorite for entertaining, they do it informally and they prefer small groups to great mob scenes. (The neighbors can tell by the number of cars.) Many of the younger women I spoke to in Greenwich talked mainly about her beauty, but a lot of the older ones were more concerned with the report that Lana's blood is Rh negative. They'd read that there was a chance that the Topping

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baby might have to have its entire blood supply changed at birth and they hoped she had the very best possible doctor. I think it's safe to assume she will have.

At the Round Hill Store where the Toppings do some of their shopping, the proprietor, Mr. Strain, said that their market list is no more exotic than the next person's and that they were much more likely to come in for a loaf of bread and a couple of cans of soup than for peacocks' tongues. He'd gone to school with Bob, he said, had known him all his life and genuinely liked him.

One young woman who had moved away from Greenwich and was back visiting her family said that her father, a real dyed-in-the-wool Yankee, thoroughly approved of young Mrs. Topping for two reasons—"She's sure pretty and, what's more important, she minds her own business."

All the people in the surrounding country who've known the Toppings all their lives feel that Lana must be okay or Bob wouldn't like her. "He never liked just any old girl," one woman reminisced. "They had to be special." The Topping boys, it's obvious from all reports, were well-liked. As youngsters they went to the Round Hill School, a small public school near their house, and it never occurred to most of the neighborhood kids that they were particularly wealthy. (Bob's grandfather parlayed a clerk's job in a foundry into one of the country's great fortunes.) One woman whom I cornered while she was out for a walk with her little girl said: "It hit us one year when we were about eight that those Topping boys must have all the money in the world. It was Hallowe'en and we went to their house for apples and stuff. The butler let us in and gave us punch and sandwiches in a room as big as my whole house. Then Bob's mother came in in a lovely long dress, and she said she wished to goodness she'd known we were coming—that she'd have dressed up and gone along with us. Next year when we went back, she was all dressed in a clown suit, for years after that she dressed up and went with us."

I heard some other little things about Lana that made her seem very real, very appealing to me: At a party, she doesn't latch on to a man and monopolize him. Maybe she did before she became Mrs. Topping, but no more. She's much more likely to talk to the women present—and guess what she talks about. Babies. Birth weights and formulas positively intrigue her. The wives of Bob's friends all like Lana. . . . She loves cheese, and has a tremendous sweet tooth. . . . She's mad about magazines and subscribes to dozens. What she doesn't get through the mail she buys at the Greenwich Stationery Store. (And, incidentally, she's a great one for browsing through an entire issue before she even gets it out of the store.) . . . Except for an occasion, she wears little jewelry—although Bob's bought her quantities of it, beginning with that fantastic engagement diamond. (He still sends her flowers.) . . . Her complexion even without make-up is absolutely flawless. . . . She used to use a hot-water bottle, but has recently invested in an electric blanket, which she loves. . . . And when she was getting ready for a recent visit from her mother and her little girl Cheryl, she was as excited as a 15-year-old preparing for her first date. . . . Momentous trivia about a legend who is also a very cute gal.

One of these days, the Topping home will be sold or Hollywood will beckon, and Lana will move away. She hasn't been in this neighborhood very long—but do you know, something tells me we're going to miss her.

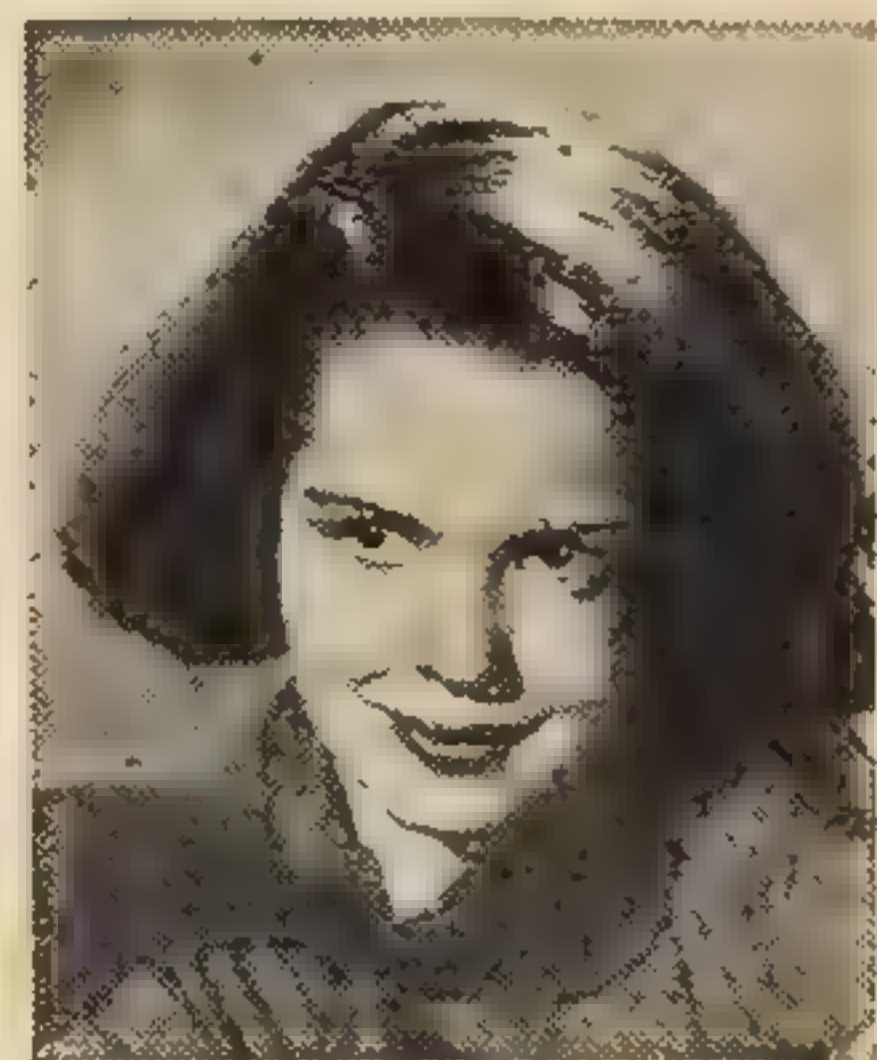
THE END

new faces



STEPHEN McNALLY was enjoying a nice peaceful movie career as *Horace McNally* when someone thought it might be a good idea to change his name. That probably wasn't the reason

he catapulted to stardom, but Stephen's career is no longer peaceful. He once wanted to become a lawyer, and after six years of training, tossed it aside for a stage career. Stephen was born in N. Y. on July 29. He's married and has a four-year-old son. After a wonderful performance in *Johnny Belinda*, he's now in *Criss-Cross*.



BEATRICE PEARSON was born 28 years ago, the daughter of an itinerant construction engineer, and spent most of her early life in California. At the age of 18, she took her life-savings of \$85

and lit out for the New York stage. Working with the WPA theater, she finally landed walk-ons in *Liliom* and *Life With Father*, and was offered contracts by several movie scouts. The trip back to Hollywood was made eventful only by the fact that she refused all the roles that were offered. Now, Beatrice is co-starred with John Garfield in her first movie, *Force Of Evil*.



MARTA TOREN, who was such a sensational hit in her very first movie, *Casbah*, was born in Sweden May 21, 1927. Since Sweden has proved to be such good hunting grounds for Hollywood scouts,

Edwin Blum, screen writer, thought he would try his hand at it too. Marta was the result. After studio execs saw her impromptu screen test, they wired Marta to take the next boat. She's 5'7" tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. You'll see her soon in *Rogues' Regiment* with Dick Powell.



BARBARA BRITTON always wanted to be an actress, but didn't do too much about it until a Los Angeles photographer snapped her picture during the annual Tournament of Roses. Paramount

signed her and a series of tiny roles followed. It wasn't until Maureen O'Hara became ill, that Barbara got her first big break and was co-starred with Ray Milland in *Till We Meet Again*. She was born in Long Beach on September 29, 1920, and is married to Eugene Czukur. Her latest is *Cover-Up*, with Dennis O'Keefe.

THE AWKWARD AGE

(Continued from page 65)

has never approached the heights he knew as a child.

The saddest case of all was that of the other Jackie—Coogan, that is. Coogan was worth five million dollars before he could balance a full-grown bicycle. When he was eight years old, he rode around in his own \$10,000 Rolls Royce.

All Coogan has left from those days are a few press clippings and that Rolls Royce. He still drives it, and once in a while it pays for its own gasoline by being rented to the studios for a special scene. Bad money-management broke Jackie Coogan. Today he and a partner have an air field and he sells airplanes. His picture bid has been made in company with Jackie Cooper in the Kilroy Series, which hasn't set any worlds on fire.

Take Mitzi Green. She was one of the biggest child stars in the early 1930's. She's never made it back to pictures. But Mitzi found another medium. She's been entertaining in night clubs, slaying the people with her visual comedy.

yesterday's children . . .

I've mentioned a few of yesterday's children who saw their names up there and reaped a share of moviedom's gold. Here are a few more. How many of them do you remember? How many of them have survived the awkward age?

Virginia Weidler, Cora Sue Collins, Baby Jane Quigley, Jackie Searle, Spankie McFarland, Dickie Moore, Jimmie Fay, Billy Lee, and Baby Peggy Montgomery.

Yes—it's an imposing list. But let's take a look at the other side of the ledger—at some young Hollywoodites thereon, who have taken the awkward age in stride.

Shirley Temple was the greatest child star there's ever been. She had already scored a sensation for the Fox studios by singing "Baby Take A Bow" in *Stand Up and Cheer* when Paramount borrowed her in 1934 for *Little Miss Marker*. Thereafter, for four straight years—from 1935 to 1938—the incredible moppet was national box-office champion.

When she left Hollywood in 1937 for a jaunt to Bermuda, 20th Century insured her for \$1,685,000. They tell a little story about those days to show what Shirley meant on the lot at the time. Seems one morning two steam shovels began digging up the street near the executives' building. By the next day, the excavation was 40 feet wide and 20 feet deep. On the third day, the steam shovels were puffing away well below the surface in a hole 50 feet deep. Two vice presidents of the company happened by on their way to a conference. One of them had just returned from New York and asked the other what the digging was for. "I understand," he replied in hushed tones, "that Shirley Temple lost her ball."

In 1940, when she was 12, Shirley said to her mother, "Don't you think I'm getting too big to be cute?" Mother thought so, and Shirley retired with a \$3,000,000 trust fund. It was planned that she'd not return to film-making until she was at least 16. But a year later, when she gave no indications of becoming lank and graceless, she made *Kathleen*. And, a year after that, *Miss Annie Rooney*. Following this, Shirley really did retire—for two years. But the major reason for this was educational—her parents thought a spell of uninterrupted schooling was for the best. Then, in 1944, David Selznick wanted

her for the young daughter in *Since You Went Away*. So Shirley was added to the Selznick roster and has been active since.

You scarcely can say that Shirley is now reestablishing herself. Shucks, she never was un-established. All the awkward age did to Shirley was give her a brief breathing spell—and she didn't have to take it.

Back in 1942, a pretty little girl named Elizabeth Taylor, with bright blue eyes and a charming English accent, was one of the things that helped make *Lassie Come Home* an over-all delight. Born in London in 1932, Elizabeth had come with her parents to Beverly Hills to live at the outbreak of the war and *Lassie* was her first film. The next year, she graced *The White Cliffs of Dover* and *Jane Eyre*. (In the latter, Margaret O'Brien and Peggy Ann Garner were among her acting colleagues.) Then MGM began looking about for a talented child, who could ride and who had an English accent, for *National Velvet*. Elizabeth seemed to have all the qualifications—except that she was too short for the role. Suddenly she began to grow. In a few months she had sprouted three inches, and the part was hers. After they'd seen the film, so was a vast public.

Elizabeth continued to grow. Into awkwardness? Into one of the most beautiful girls Hollywood has ever seen. In no time at all, she bloomed into graceful physical maturity. At 14, she played a 16-year-old in *Life With Father*. Now, after a series of adolescent roles, the 17-year-old beauty is slated for grown-up starring assignments from here on in, beginning with *The Conspirator*, which she's making in England with Robert Taylor.

Awkward age? Never happened to Liz!

debut at two . . .

Then, of course, there's Mickey Rooney. He—Hollywood believed—was washed up at 12! Making his stage debut as a toddler of two in the variety stage show his parents were with, he toured in it for three years before his mother hauled him off to Hollywood. His first screen appearance was as a cigar-smoking midget in a Colleen Moore film called *Orchids and Ermine*. Then he beat out 275 other candidates for the lead in the Mickey McGuire comedy series when Mama dyed his yellow locks black with liberal rub-ins of burnt cork. He made 78 Mickey McGuires in the next six years—and then was considered superannuated. His starring days supposedly a thing of the past, he was relegated to bit parts. But somehow he landed an awful lot of them—in 18 months he flitted through 40 pictures for MGM. Then MGM broke down and gave him a contract in 1934. After he'd been loaned out to Warners in 1935 to play Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the industry began to sit up and take notice. Robert Montgomery described him as the greatest scene-stealer in the business. Came 1937—and a low-budgeter entitled *A Family Affair*. The big name in the cast was Lionel Barrymore, playing a character called Judge Hardy. And Mickey, of course, played his son Andy.

The studio was baffled when this turned out to be a box-office bonanza, with the exhibitors reporting customers raving over Andy. The MGM executives, with no great enthusiasm, thought they might as well do a follow-up of this probable flash in the pan. Lionel Barrymore—perhaps because he'd been fed up with Mickey's

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irrepressible hi-jinks during the making of the first one—was replaced by Lewis Stone and attention in the next story was concentrated on the character of Andy. So *You're Only Young Once* was made—in 18 days, at a cost of \$181,000.

The success of this was even more tremendous—and the Hardy Family became a series. It's been the most profitable venture MGM has ever undertaken. When it wound up with *Love Laughs at Andy Hardy* in 1946, it had grossed about \$27,000,000—and, in the course of it, Mickey had been box-office champion for three straight years—1939-40-41.

And there's an old friend of Mickey's who's another excellent case in point—Judy Garland. When Judy applied for a job with MGM back in 1935, she was right in the middle of the awkward age. Three other studios had already refused employment to the chubby 13-year-old with the long legs and impossible posture. But the MGM execs detected something in the girl the others had missed behind the coltish ungainliness—a wistfully humorous charm—and when they heard that astonishing, stadium-sized voice coming from the 4-foot-10 kid, they signed her at once. Her first assignment was a short subject, *Every Sunday Afternoon*, in which she was teamed with Deanna Durbin. After the studio failed to lift Deanna's option, and Deanna went right over to Universal to become a box-office phenomenon in *Three Smart Girls*, Judy was known around the lot as "the girl they kept when they let Deanna Durbin go."

Then 20th Century-Fox borrowed her for an epic called *Pigskin Parade*, a Grade B but very funny musical football satire in which Judy, in the role of a leather-lunged hill-billy, almost destroyed the sound apparatus with her all-out rendition of "It's Love I'm After." When Judy saw herself on the screen in this, she cried all night. "I look like a fat little pig in pigtailed," she moaned. However, her low opinion was not shared by the press or public, who found her delightful. Judy had scored her first big hit.

She scored a much larger hit when, after she'd sung "Dear Mr. Gable" at a 1937 studio birthday party for Mr. G., the studio had her give a repeat performance in *Broadway Melody of 1938*. This firmly established Judy on the way to one of the

most spectacular successes in Hollywood.

And it was just that way with Deanna Durbin. *Three Smart Girls* made her a star at 13—and throughout the years of adolescence she was box-office dynamite. Deanna has lately had career troubles—as recounted in last month's MODERN SCREEN—but long before those difficulties got underway, Deanna was well out of the awkward age.

Jane Powell's another who began her screen career in the midst of a theoretically terrible period. She was 14 when, on a vacation in Los Angeles from her home town of Portland, Oregon—where the citizenry were already cheering her wildly on her own radio show—she sang an aria from *Carmen* on Janet Gaynor's Hollywood Showcase program. The very next day she was signed as a guest on the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy madhouse. On this she created a national stir and, one week later, Jane was signing an MGM contract. Loaned out to United Artists, she made her debut in *Song of the Open Road*. Then, on her home lot, came *Holiday In Mexico*, *Luxury Liner* and all the other triumphs for Janie.

Peggy Ann Garner, having started in 1938 in *Little Miss Thoroughbred* with Ann Sheridan, and having gone onward and upward in such memorable flicks as *The Pied Piper*, *Jane Eyre* and *The Keys of the Kingdom*, was a Hollywood veteran by the time she was 12. As does Margaret O'Brien today, Peggy Ann faced the awkward age. And what happened? *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* happened. The bugaboo has held no fears for Miss Garner—who, at 16, has one of the brightest movie futures of any young actress around.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, we give you Peggy Ann Garner, Shirley Temple, Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin and Jane Powell—all living, breathing proofs that the growing-up period need not devastate a screen career. It is, we'll grant, still a problem—and yet, as every year more and more of the Hollywood young fry progress smoothly through the awkward age, the problem is becoming less and less a bugaboo.

Are you worrying, Margaret O'Brien? Then stop it! There's life in the old girl yet!

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"Hey, Boss—Guess who's here again!"

SOLDIER OF GOD

(Continued from page 43)

anyone, any time—if he or she is serious and she can be of help. Great names in the industry, to whose homes and parties she is being invited with increasing frequency, are just beginning to know her. But down in the most dingy part of Los Angeles she has long been known by others—by broken, shambling men who gather in the Union Rescue Mission where she labors to help them find what she has found herself.

She has spent much time preparing for her work. At the Hollywood Presbyterian Church she not only attends two services on Sunday and a prayer meeting on Wednesday, but every Saturday morning at six-thirty (this early because the others have jobs to go to) she meets with a special group of young people to learn how better to serve in the path she loves.

Anyone who meets Colleen Townsend almost always asks the same questions. How came this girl to be as she is? Under what especially cloistered circumstances was she brought up? In how intensely religious an atmosphere did she live? And at what tender age was she tutored directly into the ways of the church?

Well, the answers run something like this. As to her home, it was broken up when she was a tot. Her parents separated and Colleen went with her mother, now Mrs. Stella Wilhelm, who promptly went to work to support them both. Colleen was born in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles, but was raised all over the city, the location of her home changing almost from year to year as her mother pursued that which is still the city-dweller's dream—reasonable rentals.

As to cloistered atmosphere, with her mother at work Colleen was mostly alone all day, mostly on the street, occasionally with her grandfather for company. As to religious atmosphere, mother and grandfather believed in church but were not churchgoers; there was little time to go and less occasion to talk about it.

Colleen was then left to develop mostly by herself. At three she mastered roller-skating. At four she was proudly exhibiting new panties to all the neighbors in the block because they matched her dress. At six she started school but entered in the third grade (she didn't start at five because

she would have had to go to and from school alone and her mother thought her a bit young for that). At seven she began to get a liking for sturdy sports and became a cycling expert—on borrowed bikes.

By degrees she worked up to rougher activities. When she was 12 and her mother moved to West Los Angeles, Colleen met the boys of the Barry Street football team—and immediately demanded a place on the team. The boys laughed merrily—but they just didn't know Colleen. Finally, to get rid of the pest, they allowed her to scrimmage. After a few plays Colleen became the new fullback.

But, after all, this sort of thing could last only so long. Up to now she'd paid scant attention when people called her a tomboy. Then it began to bother her. By 14 she compromised: She gave up football.

turning point . . .

Colleen was only 15 when a turning point came in her life, with two developments; the world began discovering her beauty and she discovered something else—a need for spiritual comfort. Her religious devotion came that simply: no soul-shaking experience or tragedy that shook her inwardly, just a seeking and a finding.

The world discovered her beauty this way: She was standing on a downtown street corner with a friend, waiting for the traffic light to change, when a man approached her. He was a little embarrassed, but very earnest. He wanted to know if Colleen would give him her address so he could call on her parents and discuss the possibility of her working in television plays. She didn't know for a moment what to do; then, after exchanging perplexed glances with her friend, she gave the fellow her number and told him to talk to her mother. A few weeks later Colleen was a member of the dramatic company presenting playlets over W6XAO, pioneer television station in Los Angeles. Some months later, a Warner Brothers talent scout saw her telecast and the next morning she had been signed by that studio.

It was while she was at Warner's that she began turning in various directions trying to establish some aim in life that would satisfy her growing spiritual unrest. She asked the teacher assigned to the studio by the state to give her a course in sociology and, in her spare time, she began doing volunteer work at the California State Orphanage. She found a happiness she had never known before in helping children.

At Warner's she played in a number of pictures and completed her studio high-school course. Then, when a shift of studio policy occurred, Colleen, who by now was 16, was released from her contract—seems she was considered too old for kid parts and too young for romantic roles. Her reaction to this was a decision to continue her studies in sociology.

By this time Colleen had an agent and he wanted to submit her to other studios. But Colleen would not be diverted. She found what she wanted, scholastically, in Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah, and left for there with enough money to keep her going for one semester. Where she would get the rest of the money for the course, she didn't know but she hoped that either she'd be able to find work in Provo, or that something else would happen.

Something else did—in the form of a

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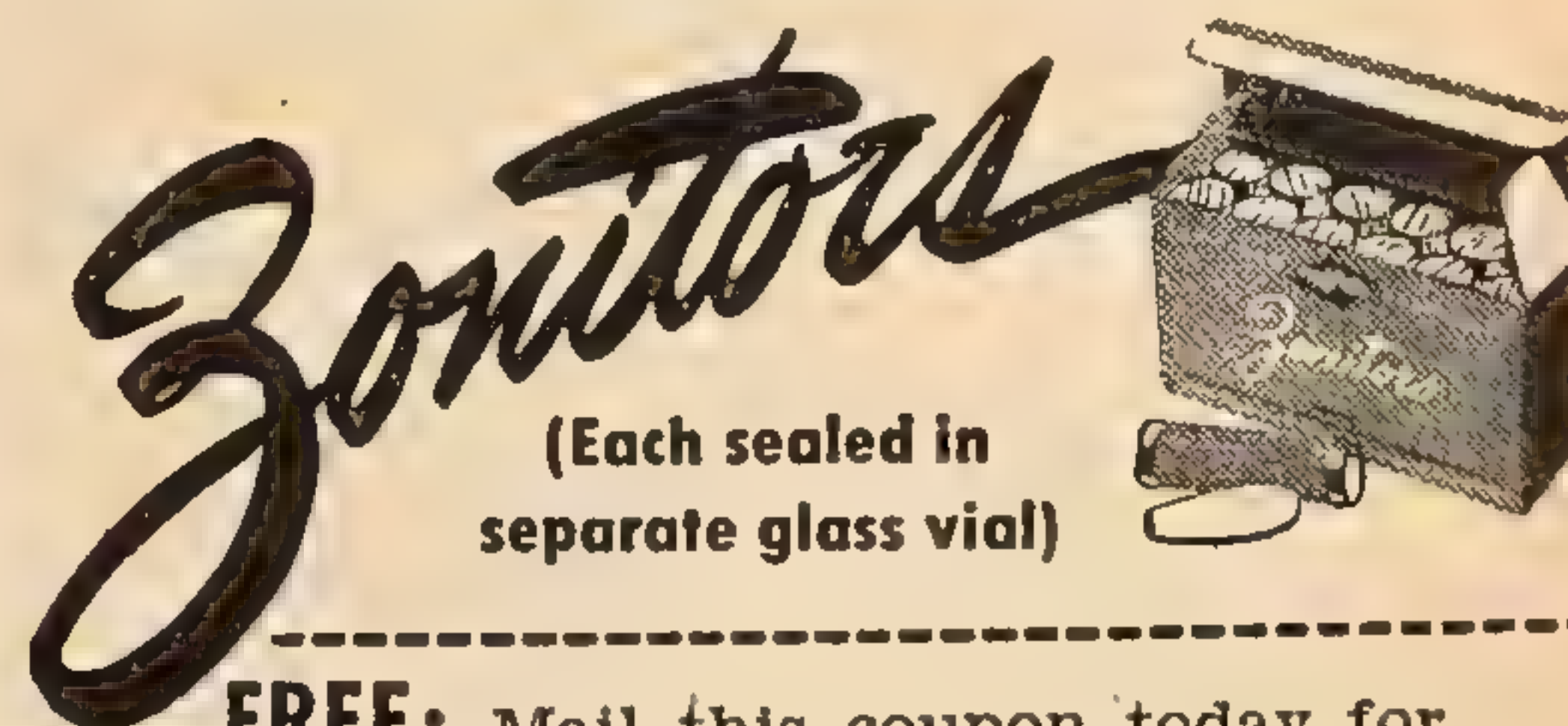
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from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round"
by Andrew Hecht

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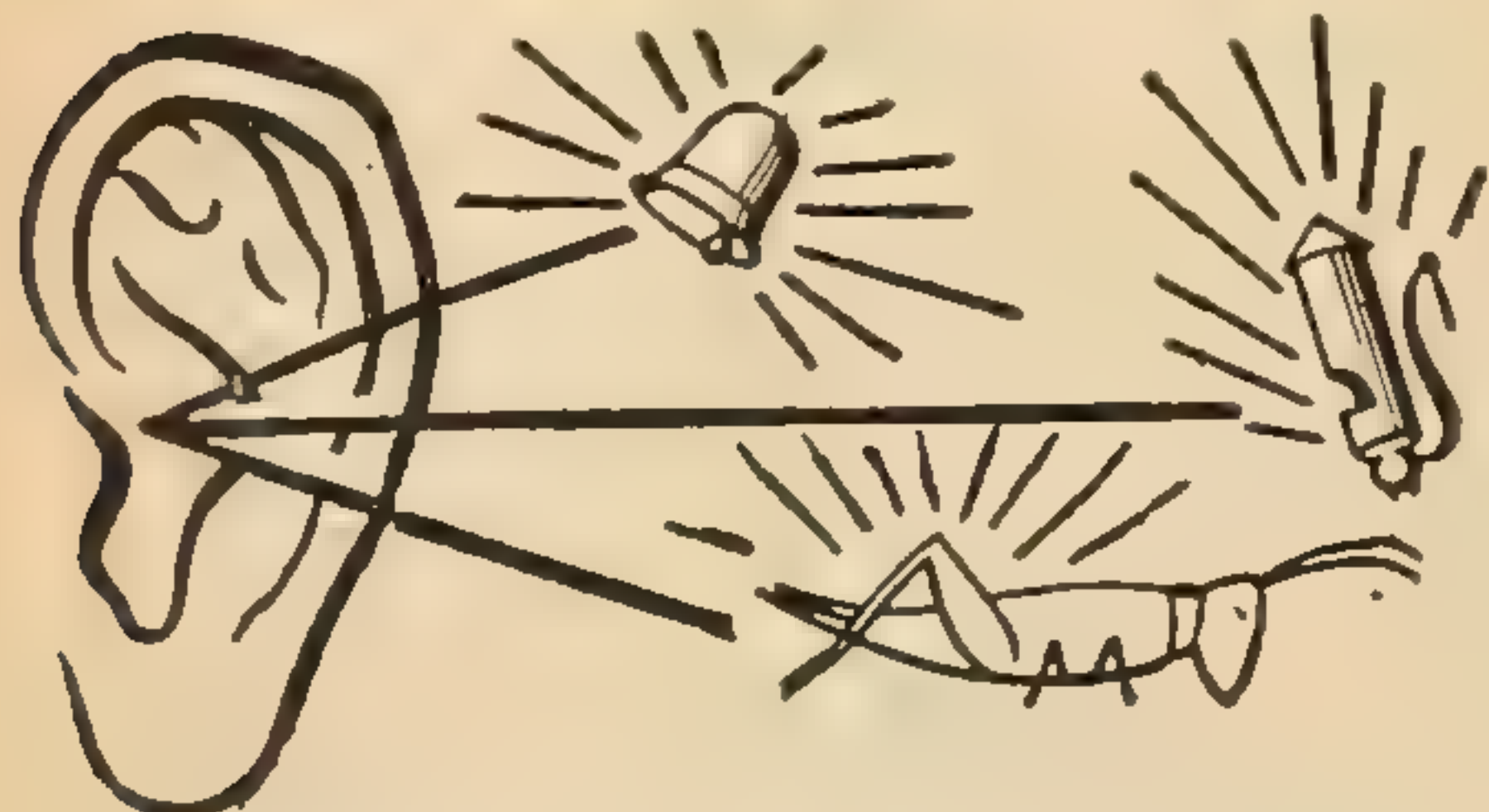
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commercial photographer whose name is C. A. Peterson. He happened to see a Warner Brothers' publicity still of Colleen and went to the studio looking for her.

Meanwhile, things had started off rather badly for Colleen at Brigham Young University. She liked the place but the other students seemed to shy away from her. Most of them were extremely strait-laced and Colleen soon discovered that they looked with narrow-eyed suspicion on a person coming from California. When, in addition, a person happened to come from Hollywood—which, they'd heard, was a sink of wild revelry and sin—well, there were two strikes on her!

It took time to overcome this nonsensical prejudice—three semesters, in fact—but Colleen accomplished it. She was even elected "Friendly Queen" and given quarters in the honor house.

But that's getting a little ahead of the story. Three semesters took more money than Colleen had brought to Provo. That's where photographer Peterson comes in.

Peterson showed up at the university and talked Colleen into posing for some commercial shots that he thought he could sell to magazines and advertising agencies. He was right. Colleen made the covers of a dozen of the country's top periodicals. Her face and form began to appear in newspaper ads and on billboards. The money she got went for her tuition. But life still couldn't be lived lavishly. And that's what got Colleen and her roomie, Betty Clark, into trouble.

It was the second summer, and a hot day, when Colleen and Betty fell to talking about swimming. But neither of them had bathing suits. Colleen sighed and said she thought she'd go for a walk. Before she left she looked at the chintz curtains over the window. They were white with a green flower design. "Wouldn't that make up into dreamy swimsuits?" she murmured. Betty also looked at the curtains—and nodded slowly.

solid seamstress . . .

Does the rest of this incident have to be told? The day got warmer. Colleen returned. There were big missing gaps in the chintz and Betty was the most industrious little needlewoman you ever saw, sewing the gaps into bras and shorts.

So the girls had their swim. That evening, when the depredation was discovered by the house mother, both of them were thrown out on their pretty and still water-logged ears. Life got a little tougher. The two girls, and three others who happened to be roomless at the time, had to move into a two-room basement apartment.

It was on a vacation home from school that Colleen happened to visit the Presbyterian church several times and experienced a sensation that she explains only by saying, "I just felt that I was in the right place . . . that I was where I belonged."

She was still thinking of this toward the end of her third semester in Brigham Young when her money ran short again and she knew she'd have to leave school. Some time before, she had received word from her agent that he thought he could place her in a studio but she had declined again. She had even received a note from Ivan Kahn, head talent scout of 20th Century-Fox. He had wanted to know whether she was taking dramatic lessons and whether she'd be interested in a picture career. She had replied that she was not studying dramatics and was intent on continuing her school work.

Now she fished out this note from Kahn and wrote him again, asking if he would like to have her drop in and see him. She got an immediate and affirmative reply

Solution to **from play to film**
(page 100)

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| PLAY | FORT |
| SLAY | FORE |
| SLAT | FIRE |
| SLOT | FIRM |
| SOOT | FILM |
| SORT | |

and a month later, when she returned home, she made two quick visits. The first was to Hollywood Presbyterian Church. The second was to Kahn.

She began her church mission activities and her studio work at the same time. She found she loved them both, but that some people couldn't understand the combination.

"They are so far apart," they said. The curious notion that there's something sinful about acting is a widespread belief.

She was troubled about that for a long time. Then she thought she had the answer. "If I felt that if it was God's will that I shouldn't be in the business I would leave it," she told her mother. "I love acting and see no reason, unless He leads otherwise, why I should drop it just because some people have the absurd idea that it's a naughty business."

And from what has happened since, Colleen feels even more certain that she is obeying God's will. She had minor parts in a few pictures and then was notified to take riding lessons because she was to be starred in *Green Grass of Wyoming*. For five weeks she was at the riding stables daily—and then the word came that Peggy Cummins was to get the part instead. It was in executive Ben Lyon's office that she was told and Ben prepared for tears after his announcement. But there were none.

Colleen was calm. She was already telling herself that this was the will of Someone who knew better. It would turn out as He desired.

There was no going home to be comforted by her mother or friends, no hysterics or mourning over hard luck or lost opportunity. There was a Christian College Conference going on at Redlands, California, where she could be helpful. She left for it immediately.

It was while she was at the Conference that she was summoned to answer a long-distance telephone call. It was Ben Lyon. It was true that she was not going to star in *Green Grass*, he said, but there were other plans. She was to get a top role in *Walls of Jericho*, and after that a star-making part in *Chicken Every Sunday*.

Colleen was thankful as she returned to the meeting after the call. She had come to help others and she had found out that she had been helped herself.

That, Colleen Townsend is convinced, is God's way. **THE END**

You'll find the screen story of Colleen Townsend's newest movie, *Chicken Every Sunday*, in the March issue of Screen Stories Magazine.

STATE OF THE REUNION

(Continued from page 19)

means pretty tough going, but John and I love each other—and now we really think we can make a success of our marriage.”

John is to earn his \$60,000 a picture and Gloria is to earn her \$1,500 a week. All monies earned are to be pooled in common bank accounts or common investments for the mutual need of the family, and under no circumstances are Gloria and John to let their professional careers impinge on their home-life.

“In the whole history of Hollywood there have been very few professional couples who made a go of their marriages,” said one of John’s friends recently. “What Gloria and John are trying to do is a very difficult thing. Gloria’s only 23. She’s going to try to be actress, mother, and housewife, all in one. If those kids don’t make some iron-clad rules, they’re sunk. When they come home from their studios at night, they’ve got to park their careers in the garage right next to their automobiles. . . . They were, you must remember, married under a misapprehension, and it’s taken them time to get adjusted.”

mistaken idea . . .

Now, the “misapprehension” referred to was the belief on the part of John Payne when he married Gloria in 1944 that she was fully prepared to renounce her career, as promising as it was, for matrimony.

“I discussed it with her,” John has said, “and she told me very definitely that it was marriage she wanted, not a screen career. I should have suspected at the time that she was just being carried away by the newness of her feelings. But I didn’t, and that’s the basis on which I married her.”

“I thought she’d given up her career for good. After our first baby was born, however, it became clear to me that Gloria wasn’t satisfied with being just a mother and a wife, and that’s when our disputes started. She wanted something more.”

And she wanted it badly, too, because despite her promise that her career, compared to marriage, meant nothing; despite the fact that she knew her return to film-work might upset John, she took the lead opposite Mickey Rooney in *Summer Holiday*.

That did it. Quibbles developed into quarrels. There was a fundamental breach in the marriage. Temporarily, life in the Payne household became unbearable and Gloria, with her nine-month-old daughter, left home and checked into the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.

Eventually, she effected a reconciliation. In a few months she was pregnant again, and any thought she had of continuing her screen career were submerged by thoughts of the new family addition.

After Tommy was born in February 1948, there began to surge through Gloria once more that goading, driving, compelling desire to act, to sing, to get before the cameras. Gloria took inventory of herself. She was only 23. She had plenty of beauty, plenty of talent, plenty of experience.

“I’ve got show business in my blood,” she explains. “I can’t help it if I’m not content with cooking and taking care of children. I love John but we’re two different people. We come from two different strains. John’s folks come from Virginia and a settled, home-loving atmosphere. My people come from show business, and it’s only natural for me to want to be in it.”

Up until a few weeks ago, John Payne didn’t agree with that premise which was why he and Gloria were separating every few months.

Stubborn by nature, Payne is a tough boy to move when he thinks he’s right. But he’s also very fair-minded.

He is not unalterably opposed to separate film careers. He is merely wise enough to know that the divorce rate among married couples having separate movie careers is tremendous, and he doesn’t want a divorce.

Basically an intellectual, John realizes that acting is tough work, that it frequently exhausts and irritates a man, that when an actor such as he comes home tightly-strung and tired, he likes to have a wife ready and able to calm and relax him. What sort of married life will he and Gloria have when they both come home tired and on edge? What sort of married life will they have when he’s on location and she’s at home and vice-versa?

John used to think that if he could keep Gloria happy at home, their marriage would be a success. Apparently, that isn’t true. Some married women need two careers and can manage them. “In the past,” says John, “I didn’t think that Gloria could.”

Now, however, Gloria has convinced John that she’s entitled to the opportunity to prove that she can. At this moment in her life, as much as she loves John, Gloria simply cannot see staying at home day after day. Constitutionally, she just can’t—not when she can become a great screen star, not when she can have her name flashing on theater marquees throughout the nation, not when she can stroll down Wilshire Boulevard or Broadway or Main Street with dozens of kids tugging at her sleeves for autographs, not when the whole dazzling world of success and admiration awaits with open, beckoning portals.

Belatedly, reluctantly, hopefully and with misgivings, John Payne has given in—and his wife is on her way to stardom. Whether Gloria will now rise to heights greater than her husband and lose him in her wake, whether she will win fortune and lose her heart, as so many have before her—no one at this point can say.

The fact remains that Gloria’s state of reunion at this writing is not only a reunion with the man she so passionately loves but a reunion with the career she so passionately wants.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Jimmy Durante arrived in town recently for a photographers’ benefit. As he got off the train, Jimmy and the press exchanged exuberant greetings. Mr. Durante would rush forward, shake hands vig-

orously and shout, “I LOVE reporters.” While this was going on, a little old lady was standing in the background, wistfully watching the gay commotion. Jimmy Durante spotted her, dashed over and said, “Are you a reporter?” She shook her head. “No? Well, I love you anyway.” Then he gave her a great big hug which left her blushing and beaming. What a big moment Jimmy gave to a little life!

Margaret Ann McGuire
New York City

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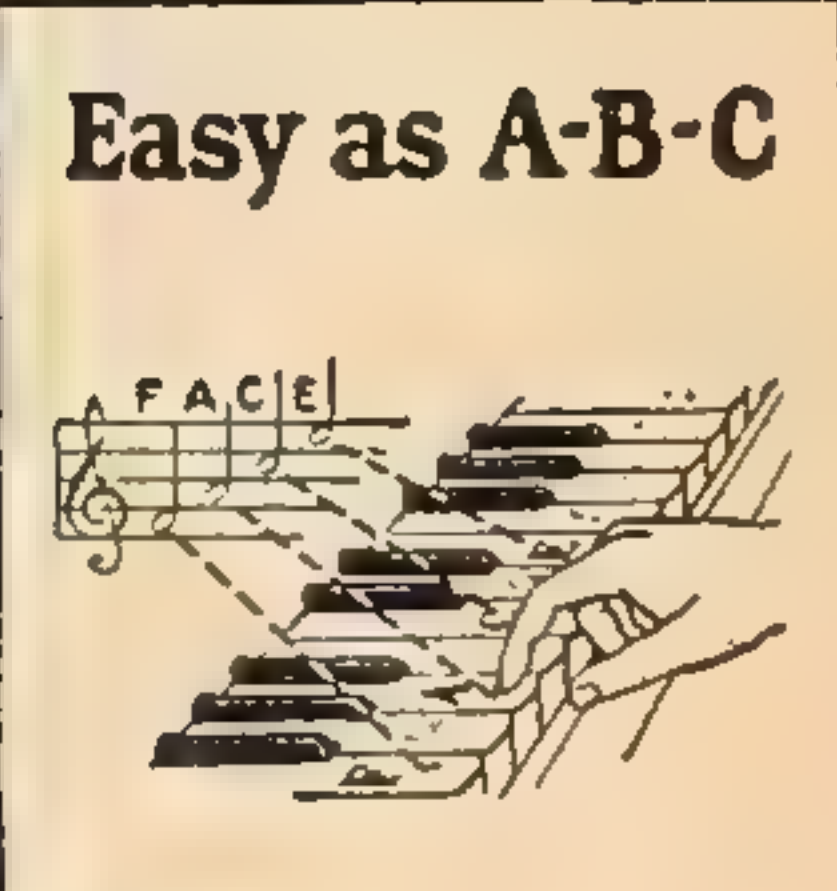
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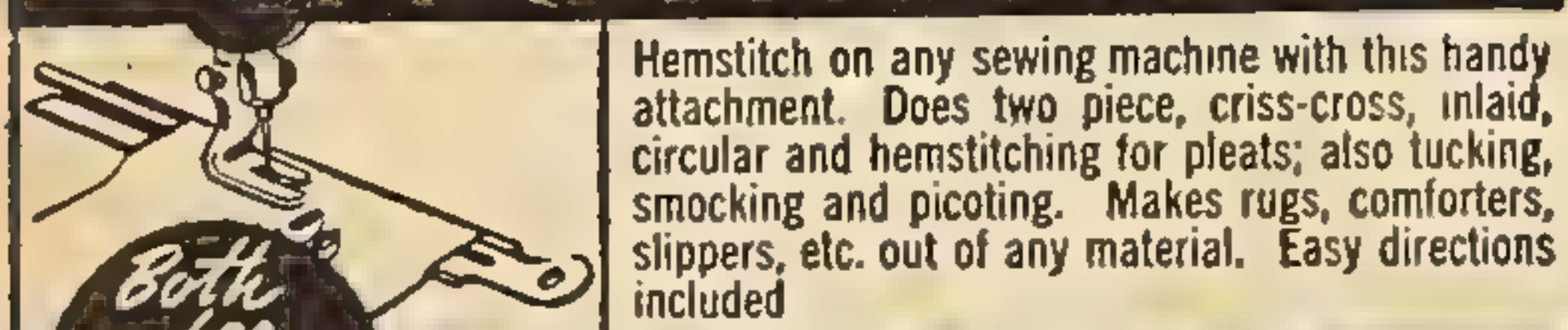


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GOOD SKATES

(Continued from page 50)

than I do. We hustled over to the bright little stand that a fellow named Homer Shields runs. The aroma of sizzling frankfurters and frying doughnuts and hot coffee was almost too much to bear.

Homer's been doing a roaring trade for 15 years and it's easy to see why. He knows almost everybody in Hollywood who's ever been on skates, and he knows if they like coffee with or coffee without.

Soon as he spotted Donald O'Connor he whipped out a toasted bun, loaded it with mustard, popped in a frankfurter and handed it over without a word. For Gwen, he omitted the mustard and drew out a chocolate peanut bar.

"And coffee, please," said Gwen.

"Without sugar," said Homer. "And that goes for Marsh Thompson, too."

Marsh Thompson, at the moment, was going for Barbara, and almost dropped the cup.

time out . . .

Armed with paper napkins and spoons and popcorn and nuts and sodas and 'burgers and whatever else we could lay our hands on we marched off to the benches and started eating as if we hadn't for three months.

As we ate, we watched the professional skaters practicing. There were a few kids in their 'teens who'd been skating here every day for the past five years in the hopes that this year Sonja Henie would choose them for her show.

"I wonder how long it would take me to make the grade," mused Roddy.

I looked at him pityingly and offered him a peanut.

"No kidding," he said. "Maybe if I practiced real hard this afternoon . . ."

"We'll send a wire to Sonja," said John Derek. "Ask her to come down and watch."

"There are a couple of guys ahead of him," grinned Farley, pointing to the rink.

Roddy bit thoughtfully into his hot dog. Suddenly he said grimly, "Here goes," leapt to his feet and made for the ice. Lurching crazily, he scooted onto the rink.

"Look at me," he shouted. "No hands!"

"No feet either!" yelled back Marsh Thompson.

That unnerved poor Roddy completely. He careened toward a plump matron who was pulling a small red-headed boy by the hand, lost his balance completely, and skidded up to her feet, where he lay.

"Why, it's Roddy McDowall!" squealed the lady incredulously. "Look, Billy, it's Roddy McDowall!"

Billy gazed at the inert mass which finally raised itself on one elbow.

"How do you do," said Roddy feebly.

"Can I have your autograph?" demanded Billy.

"If I can still use my hand," said Roddy politely, struggling to get up.

The plump lady and her little boy clutched Roddy's waist and heaved him to his feet. Immediately, the three of them began to swing round in a circle. Faster and faster they spun until it seemed as if they'd surely take off.

By this time Donald O'Connor, Marsh Thompson and Farley Granger had dropped their hot dogs and dashed to the rescue. First they pried the little boy loose from Roddy; then they stopped his mother in her mad flight and separated her; then they managed to evade Roddy's wildly clutching arms and led him to the side railing.

But that was not the end. The plump

lady approached Roddy menacingly. "Young man," she announced, "I've never taken a spill in my life."

While Roddy thought of an answer to that one, the little boy inquired nastily, "What about that autograph?"

"Of course," said Roddy. "Delighted. Delighted." He hastily found his pen and scrawled a few lines which he handed to the boy's mother.

The effect was amazing. The matron beamed. "Oh," she cooed, "Oh, that's lovely."

Roddy had written: "To Billy: One of the finest skaters I've ever met. You have a great future, kid."

And that was that.

The rest of the afternoon was almost an anti-climax. Roddy stayed off the ice.

A few of us sat around just watching the skaters and talking a little. Barbara and Marsh told us about their wedding plans—the formal satin gown, the flowers in the church, the honeymoon in Mexico . . .

And they told us about this peculiar car of theirs that doesn't fit into any garage—or else maybe garages have shrunk lately. Anyway, they can't find a place to live because of this automobile—but it's their precious possession and they'd sooner sleep on Laguna Beach than part with it.

Meanwhile, out on the ice, Corinne Calvet had gathered an audience of admirers. She'd swung into the center of the rink and was improvising a little ballet. The way she did it you pictured a whole corps de behind her—or else the very lake in northern France where she'd first learned how. Then she stopped, a little surprised that people had been watching, and glided over to us for more coffee.

Before Roddy could talk her into giving him a lesson, Corinne and Pati were caught up in a discussion of their lives in Paris before they came here and married their American husbands. It must have been a fascinating conversation, even though it was in French, and so fast that the rest of us couldn't catch a word.

Suddenly, Pati put her hand over her



HOW TIME FLIES!

Robert Taylor was starring in *The Crowd Roars*, which our reviewer called "the best prize-fighting picture ever to come out of Hollywood." Of Taylor's performance it was said: "His bag punching and his expert handling of the gloves will win him many admirers among men."—From a 1938 issue of *Modern Screen*

* * *

On the set of *The Son Of Frankenstein*, the director asked Boris Karloff to please regain his composure so the scene could be shot. "I can't," giggled the monster, "Lugosi's making faces at me."—From a 1938 issue of *Modern Screen*

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mouth. "Oh, excuse me," she said, "I forgot I was talking French."
"Cela m'est égal," said Roddy with a nonchalant Gallic shrug.
"Well, I can't understand a word," said Geraldine Brooks. "Parlez English, please."
In English it was easy; it was noisy and confused. Geraldine and Farley went off for a spin, which made room for Bob Arthur on the bench. He borrowed Roddy's pen and drew a plan of his new house for Barbara and Marsh to look over. It was a modern style house on the top of a hill with a center pillar holding it there.
"We'll rent it," said Marsh.
"We'll buy it," said Barbara.
"I haven't built it," said Bob. After the threats had fallen, Bob promised to let them have the plans when the place was actually finished.
And then they all took a last turn on the ice—Bob and Betty, Don and Gwen, John and Pati Derek, Corinne and John Bromfield, Marsh and Barbara—that left Roddy and me warming the bench, sighing wistfully.
"I tell you—" Roddy said.
"I know," I answered wearily, "I know. It's really easy—like riding a bicycle . . ."

I'M NOT MARRIED

(Continued from page 21)

with whom I grew up around Bakersfield. I'm not a very envious guy—but a few weeks ago when I heard from Danny, I sure did envy him!

He told me that for the past year or so he'd been working in commercial abalone fishing in Laguna Beach. You know—wearing a rubber suit and diver's helmet, and pulling the abalone shells off the rocks and reefs along the shore. Six months ago he met a girl in Santa Ana, which is only about 15 miles from Laguna. When he phoned me the other day, it was to announce that he'd married his Phoebe, and he kidded me about all the talk there's been about Gail and me.

"Brother, how long, how long?" he asked. "I'll be a father before you're a husband, if you don't hurry up!"

I didn't try to explain, but I did ask him how often he'd seen Phoebe during the six months. He seemed surprised. "Why . . . every day, practically!" he replied. "What else?"

What else? Well, I remember when I first met Gail. I was visiting the Paramount studios and she was entering with Billy De Wolfe. Billy and I know each other and he introduced us, naturally. Seemed to me that Gail took the introduction quite casually, and this kind of hurt, because I'd been wanting to meet her for a long time. When I was in the Navy I saw her in *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. There was one scene in which she stood on a balcony, her eyes following the flight of pigeons all about her, and that stayed in my memory from then on.

But there she was . . . just casual . . . so I guess I tried to act the same way. Nothing might have come out of it if I hadn't run across her at a party weeks later. Her attitude seemed about the same but this time I decided to find out if I stood a chance. I asked her for a date—and the answer was yes!

That was to be our first date together—only I wasn't able to keep it. While shooting a bathtub scene, I slipped and both sprained and gashed my ankle. I sent word. There was no reply.

The next time we saw each other was when Gail was picked up by some friends

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of mine and taken to visit me in my apartment where I was laid up. When we did get around to our first night out together I was on crutches and not much fun, I guess.

Ever since, it's been pretty much that way—what with pictures, play and production schedules coming between us. In the past year Gail has made six pictures, each taking about six weeks. (The next one of hers you'll see, by the way, is *El Paso*.) In that time I've made two pictures, spent eight weeks in summer stock in New England, spent six more weeks in Texas, Oklahoma, San Francisco and New Orleans. How much time do you suppose this has allowed us to have together?

The most frequently-used greeting we have when we meet is, "Howdy, Stranger!"

Even my own father doesn't seem to understand our situation.

"I was 22 when I married your mother," he points out. "She was only 18 and we went together less than half a year."

If Gail and I had married six months after we met, it would have meant that we'd have to have gone before the altar after having seen each other only about five times!

a nice plan . . .

Recently I made *When a Man's a Man* for Allied Artists. Some of the scenes were shot on location in Arizona at a ranch about a hundred miles from Gallup, New Mexico. I learned from the shooting schedule one afternoon that I'd have a day free the following week—and that day was Gail's birthday. I wrote her I was "coming in on Tuesday"—but without mentioning I knew it was her birthday. I wanted that, and my present, to be a surprise.

Everything looked swell. Then Gail checked at the home office of Allied in Hollywood to make sure there was no change in the schedule and I'd be able to make it. Somebody stood on his head to look at the calendar and told her she must be mistaken—that instead of getting in the following Tuesday, I'd be in the Tuesday after that. Gail sighed . . . it was so typical of the way things go with us.

Well, I drove the hundred miles to Gallup on Gail's birthday and then took the four-hour plane trip to Hollywood and, I thought, Gail. But when I phoned on my arrival she wasn't home. I was pretty sore at first. But then I cooled down. Experience told me that something neither one of us could control must have gone wrong.

It took me two hours to locate her. Some friends had taken her out for a small birthday party at one of the valley clubs. We had a half hour together and then it was time to go back to lonesome Arizona.

Of course, Gail and I can see each other when we're making pictures. But it doesn't work out very well. If we wait until evening, there's hardly time to talk since we've both been up since dawn and generally have two to six pages of script to go over, and sometimes memorize, before we can close our eyes for the day. And generally you're too tired when evening arrives to go stepping—feel more like going to bed as early as you can so that the next morning won't come around too soon.

Early last summer, Gail and I had a wonderful invitation to make a Honolulu trip with two couples we know. The husbands and wives concerned have been close to us for years. The chances are they knew something like this would be our only opportunity to have a vacation together, safe from the interruption of work.

Boy! I remember how I pictured Gail and myself lolling around the beach at Waikiki! We talked about it excitedly, decided to accept, made hurried preparations.

And on the day the boat sailed, I was en route to New England for my stock

work and Gail was rehearsing a new film!

We don't even kid each other about that Honolulu trip we never made. It's too touchy a subject. And nowadays we hesitate a long time before we plan any kind of a time together; Nothing is surer than elaborate planning as a guarantee we'll be apart when the time comes!

Okay. It's time for a natural question. In fact, a friend put it to me the other day:

"If you really care for each other, why do you let yourselves be split by your careers?" he asked. "Why don't you make up your minds that it's to be a married life together or your career—one or the other—and act accordingly? One of you could quit the profession—and that would solve the whole problem."

Should I quit?

If I did, the first thing I'd have to do is say goodbye to Gail—because it would take me years of work in any other line to establish myself to a point where I could marry and offer any sense of security.

Should I ask her to quit?

She's in the midst of a career into which years of hope and work have gone. Should I insist that she upset this status—which, after all, offers her a secure, comfortable way of life ahead—until I can, with reasonable assurance, guarantee the same sort of future?

Now, I'm not saying that Gail puts her career before anything else. In fact, I'm pretty sure she wouldn't let it stand in her way if she made up her mind to marry. But I want her to have that career—I wouldn't feel right taking it from her.

Of course, if I quit, that doesn't mean that Gail couldn't go on and be tremendously successful. And with your wife a big star a fellow wouldn't have to worry about money. But I'm just not that way.

I want to get married once—and once only. I want to support my wife and family, and I want to support them, not play at it. I think Gail agrees with my feeling in the matter.

It's not easy to go on like this—but we haven't any other good choice. All we know about ourselves can be said in a few sentences. We know we're young. We know we're interested in each other. We know we're interested in our careers. What else can we do but work it out from that point on?

THE END



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